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Shakespeare

GESCHENK
FRESENZUS

THE
P L A Y S
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.
VOLUME THE EIGHTH.

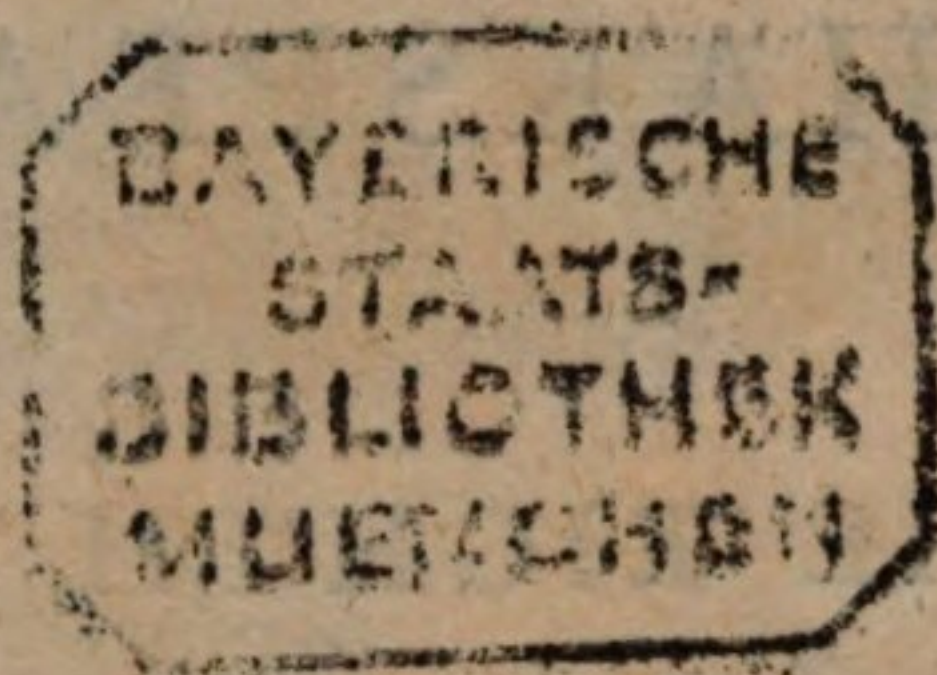
THE
PLAYS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
VOLUME THE EIGHTH

THE
PLAYS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.
VOLUME THE EIGHTH.

CONTAINING
MERCHANT OF VENICE,
AS YOU LIKE IT.

BASIL:

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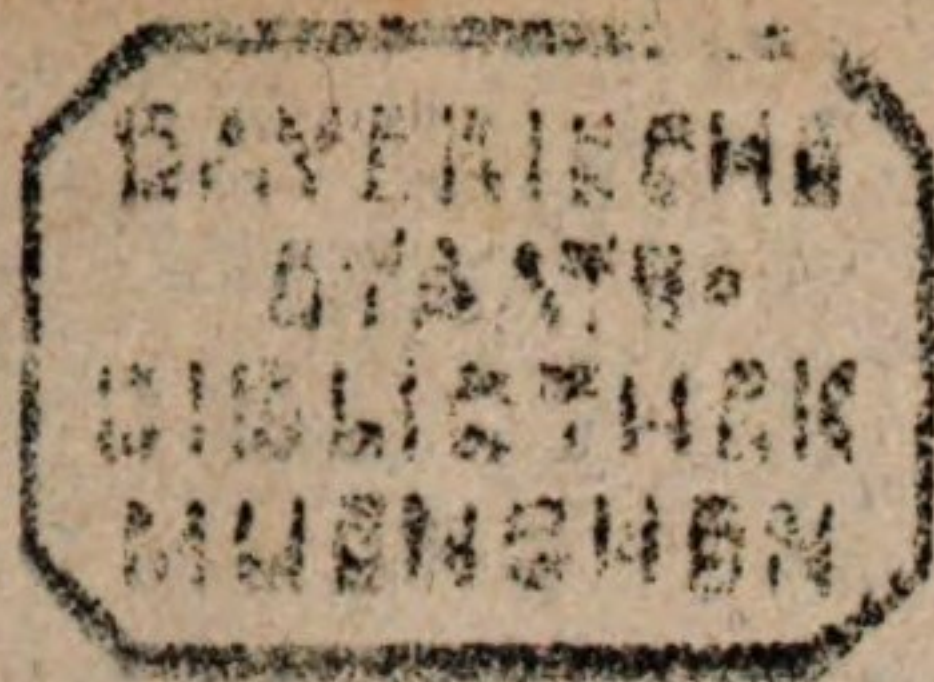


MERCHANT OF VENICE.*

VOL. VIII.

B

MERCHANT OF VENICE



* THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.] The reader will find a distinct epitome of the novels from which the story of this play is supposed to be taken, at the conclusion of the notes. It should however be remembered, that if our poet was at all indebted to the Italian novelists, it must have been through the medium of some old translation, which has hitherto escaped the researches of his most industrious editors.

It appears from a passage in Stephen Gosson's *School of Abuse*, &c. 1579, that a play, comprehending the distinct plots of Shakspeare's *Merchant of Venice*, had been exhibited long before he commenced a writer, viz. "The Jew shown at the Bull, representing the greediness of worldly choosers, and the bloody minds of usurers." "These plays, says Gosson, (for he mentions others with it) are good and sweet plays," &c. It is therefore not improbable that Shakspeare new-wrote his piece, on the model already mentioned, and that the elder performance, being inferior, was permitted to drop silently into oblivion.

This play of Shakspeare had been exhibited before the year 1598, as appears from Meres's *Wits Treasury*, where it is mentioned with eleven more of our author's pieces. It was enter'd on the books of the Stationers' Company, July 22, in the same year. It could not have been printed earlier, because it was not yet licensed. The old song of *Gernutus the Jew of Venice*, is published by Dr. Percy in the first volume of his *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*: and the ballad intitled, *The Murtherous life and terrible death of the rich Jewe of Malta*; and the tragedy on the same subject, were both entered on the Stationers' books, May 1594. STEEVENS.

The story was taken from an old translation of *The Gesta Romanorum*, first printed by Wynkyn de Worde. The book was very popular, and Shakspeare has closely copied some of the language: an additional argument, if we wanted it, of his track of reading. *Three vessels* are exhibited to a lady for her choice—The first was made of pure gold, well beset with precious stones without, and within full of dead men's bones; and thereupon was engraven this posie: *Whoso chuseth me, shall find that he deserveth*. The second vessel was made of fine silver, filled with earth and worms; the superscription was thus: *Whoso chuseth me, shall find that his nature desireth*. The third vessel was made of lead, full within of precious stones, and thereupon was insculpt this posie: *Whoso chuseth me, shall find that God hath disposed for him*—The lady after a comment upon each, chuses the leaden vessel.

In a MS. of *Lidgate*, belonging to my very learned friend, Dr. Askew, I find a *Tale of two Merchants of Egypt and of Baldad*, ex *Gestis Romanorum*. Leland therefore could not be the original author, as Bishop Tanner suspected. He lived a century after *Lidgate*. FARMER.

The two principal incidents of this play are to be found separately in a collection of odd stories, which were very popular, at least five hundred years ago, under the title of *Gesta Romanorum*. The first, *Of the bond*, is in ch. xlvi. of the copy which I chuse to refer to, as the completest of any which I have yet seen. MS. Harl. n. 2270. A knight there borrows money of a merchant, upon condition of forfeiting *all his flesh* for non-payment. When the penalty is exacted before the judge; *the knight's mistress*, disguised, *in forma viri & vestimentis pretiosis induta*, comes into court, and, by permission of the judge, endeavours to mollify the merchant. She first offers him his money, and then the double of it, &c. to all which his answer is — *Conventionem meam volo habere*. — Puella, cum hoc audisset, ait coram omnibus, Domine mi judex, da rectum judicium super his quæ vobis dixerò. — Vos scitis quod miles nunquam se obligabat ad aliud per literam nisi quod mercator habeat potestatem carnes ab ossibus scindere, *sine sanguinis effusione*, de quo nihil erat prolocutum. Statim mittat manum in eum; si vero sanguinem effuderit, *Rex contra eum actionem habet*. Mercator, cum hoc audisset, ait; date mihi pecuniam & omnem actionem ei remitto. Ait puella, Amen dico tibi, nullum denarium habebis — pone ergo manum in eum, ita ut sanguinem non effundas. Mercator vero videns se confusum abscessit; & sic vita militis salvata est, & nullum denarium dedit.

The other incident, *of the caskets*, is in ch. xcix. of the same collection. A king of Apulia sends his daughter to be married to the son of an emperor of Rome. After some adventures, (which are nothing to the present purpose,) she is brought before the emperor; who says to her, “ Puella, propter amorem filii mei multa adversa sustinuisti. Tamen si digna fueris ut uxor ejus sis cito probabo. Et fecit fieri tria vasa. PRIMUM fuit *de auro purissimo* & lapidibus pretiosis interius ex omni parte, & plenum ossibus mortuorum; & exterius erat subscriptio: *Qui me elegerit, in me inveniet quod meruit*. SECUNDUM vas erat *de argento puro* & gemmis pretiosis, plenum terra, & exterius erat subscriptio: *Qui me elegerit, in me inveniet quod natura appetit*. TERTIUM vas *de plumbo* plenum lapidibus pretiosis interius & gemmis nobilissimis; & exterius erat subscriptio talis: *Qui me elegerit, in me inveniet quod deus disposuit*. Ista tria ostendit puellæ, & dixit, si unum ex istis elegeris in quo commodum, & proficuum est, filium meum habebis. Si vero elegeris quod nec tibi nec aliis est commodum, ipsum non habebis.” The young lady, after mature consideration of the vessels and their inscriptions, chuses the *lead*, which being opened, and found to be full of gold and precious stones, the emperor says: “ Bona puella, bene elegisti — ideo filium meum habebis.”

From this abstract of these two stories, I think it appears sufficiently plain that they are the *remote* originals of the two incidents in this play. That *of the caskets* Shakspeare might take from the

English *Gesta Romanorum*, as Dr. Farmer has observed; and that of the bond might come to him from the *Pecorone*; but upon the whole I am rather inclined to suspect, that he has followed some hitherto unknown novellist, who had saved him the trouble of working up the two stories into one. TYRWHITT.

This comedy, I believe, was written in the beginning of the year, 1598. Meres's book was not published till the end of that year. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays*, Vol. II. MALONE.

PERSONS represented.*

Duke of Venice.

Prince of Morocco, } *Suitors to Portia,*
Prince of Arragon, }

Antonio, the Merchant of Venice:

Bassanio, his friend.

Salanio, ³ }
Salarino, } *Friends to Antonio and Bassanio.*
Gratiano, }

Lorenzo, in love with Jessica.

Shylock, a Jew:

Tubal, a Jew, his friend.

Launcelot Gobbo, a clown, servant to Shylock.

Old Gobbo, father to Launcelot.

Salerio, ⁴ *a messenger from Venice.*

Leonardo, servant to Bassanio.

Balthazar, } *servants to Portia,*
Stephano, }

Portia, a rich heiress:

Nerissa, her waiting-maid.

Jessica, daughter to Shylock.

*Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice,
 Jailor, Servants, and other Attendants.*

*SCENE, partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont,
 the Seat of Portia, on the Continent.*

* In the old editions in quarto, for J. Roberts, 1600, and in the old folio, 1623, there is no enumeration of the persons. It was first made by Mr. Rowe. JOHNSON.

³ It is not easy to determine the orthography of this name. In the old editions the owner of it is called, — *Salanio*, *Salino*, and *Solanio*. STEEVENS.

⁴ This character I have restored to the *Personæ Dramatis*. The name appears in the first folio: the description is taken from the quarto. STEEVENS.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Venice. *A Street.*

Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, and SALANIO.

ANT. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad;
It wearies me; you say, it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

SALAR. Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There, where your argosies⁵ with portly fail,—
Like signiors and rich burghers of the flood,⁶

⁵ — *argosies* —] A name given in our author's time to ships of great burthen, probably galleons, such as the Spaniards now use in their West India trade. JOHNSON.

In Ricaut's *Maxims of Turkish Polity*, ch. xiv. it is said, "Those vast carracks called *argosies*, which are so much famed for the vastness of their burthen and bulk, were corruptly so denominated from *Ragofies*," i. e. ships of *Ragusa*, a city and territory on the gulf of Venice, tributary to the Porte. If my memory does not fail me, the *Ragufans* lent their last great ship to the king of Spain for the Armada, and it was lost on the coast of Ireland. Shakspeare, as Mr. Heath observes, has given the name of *Ragazine* to the pirate in *Measure for Measure*. STEEVENS.

⁶ — *burghers of the flood*,] Both ancient and modern editor have hitherto been content to read — "burghers *on* the flood," though a parallel passage in *As you like it* —

" — native burghers of this desolate city," might have led to the present correction. STEEVENS.

8 MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Or as it were the pageants of the sea,—
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curt'sy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

SALAN. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grafs,⁵ to know where sits the wind;
Peering⁶ in maps, for ports, and piers, and roads;
And every object, that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
Would make me sad.

SALAR. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats;
And see my wealthy Andrew⁷ dock'd in sand,⁸
Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs,⁹

⁵ *Plucking the grafs, &c.*] By holding up the grafs, or any light body that will bend by a gentle blast, the direction of the wind is found.

“ *This way I used in shooting. When I was in the mydde way betwixt the markes, which was an open place, there I toke a fethere, or a lyttle grasse, and so learned how the wind stood.*” ASCHAM.

JOHNSON.

⁶ *Peering*——] Thus the old quarto printed by Hayes, that by Roberts, and the first folio. The quarto of 1637, a book of no authority, reads — *prying*. MALONE.

⁷ — *Andrew* —] The name of the ship. JOHNSON.

⁸ — *dock'd in sand,*] The old copies have — *docks*. Corrected by Mr Rowe. MALONE.

⁹ *Vailing her high top lower than her ribs,*] In Bullokar's *English Expositor*, 1616, *to vail*, is thus explained: “It means *to put off the hat, to strike sail, to give sign of submission.*” So, in Stephen Gosson's book, called *Playes confuted in several Actions*:—

“They might have *vailed* and bended to the king's idol.”

To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks?
Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream;
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this; and shall I lack the thought,
That such a thing, bechanc'd, would make me sad?
But, tell not me; I know, Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandize.

ANT. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore, my merchandize makes me not sad.

SALAN. Why then you are in love,

ANT. Fie, fie!

SALAN. Not in love neither? Then let's say, you
are sad,

Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy
For you, to laugh, and leap, and say, you are merry,
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,²

Again, (as Mr. Douce observes to me,) in *Hardynge's Chronicle*:

"And by th' even their sayles *avaled* were set."

Again, in Middleton's *Blurt Master Constable*, 1602:

"I'll *vail* my crest to death for her dear sake."

Again, in *The Fair Maid of the West*, 1613, by Heywood:

"—— it did me good

"To see the Spanish *carveil* *vail* her top

"Unto my mayden flag."

A *carvel* is a small vessel. It is mentioned by Raleigh, and I often meet with the word in Jarvis Markham's *English Arcadia*, 1607. STEEVENS.

² ——— Now, by two-headed Janus,] Here Shakspeare shews his knowledge in the antique. By two-headed Janus is meant those an-

Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
 Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,³
 And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper;
 And other of such vinegar aspect,
 That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,⁴
 Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, and GRATIANO.

SALAR. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble
 kinsman,

Gratiano, and Lorenzo: Fare you well;
 We leave you now with better company.

SALAR. I would have staid still I had made you
 merry,
 If worthier friends had not prevented me.

ANT. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
 I take it, your own business calls on you,
 And you embrace the occasion to depart.

SALAR. Good morrow, my good lords.

BASS. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh?
 Say, when?

You grow exceeding strange; Must it be so?

tique bifrontine heads, which generally represent a young and smiling face, together with an old and wrinkled one, being of Pan and Bacchus; of Saturn and Apollo, &c. These are not uncommon in collections of Antiques: and in the books of the antiquaries, as Montfaucon, Spanheim, &c. WARBURTON.

Here, says Dr. Warburton, Shakspeare shows his knowledge in the antique; and so does Taylor the water-poet, who describes Fortune, "Like a Janus with a double-face." FARMER.

³ ——— *peep through their eyes,*] This gives us a very picturesque image of the countenance in laughing, when the eyes appear half shut. WARBURTON.

⁴ ——— *their teeth in way of smile,*] Because such are apt enough to show their teeth in anger. WARBURTON.

SALAR. We'll make our leifures to attend on
yours. [*Exeunt SALARINO and SALANIO.*

LOR. My lord Bassanio,⁵ since you have found
Antonio,

We two will leave you: but, at dinner time,
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

BASS. I will not fail you.

GRA. You look not well, signior Antonio;
You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it,⁶ that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.

ANT. I hold the world but as the world, Gra-
tiano;

A stage, where every man must play a part,⁷
And mine a sad one.

GRA. Let me play the Fool:⁸

⁵ *My lord Bassanio, &c.*] This speech [which by Mr. Rowe and subsequent editors was allotted to *Salanio*,] is given to *Lorenzo* in the old copies; and *Salarino* and *Salanio* make their *exit* at the close of the preceding speech. Which is certainly right. *Lorenzo* (who, with *Gratiano*, had only accompanied *Bassanio*, till he should find *Antonio*) prepares now to leave *Bassanio* to his business; but is detained by *Gratiano*, who enters into a conversation with *Antonio*.

TYRWHITT.

I have availed myself of this judicious correction, by restoring the speech to *Lorenzo*, and marking the exits of *Salarino* and *Salanio* at the end of the preceding speech. STEEVENS.

⁶ — lose it,] All the ancient copies read — *loose*; a misprint, I suppose, for the word standing in the text. STEEVENS.

⁷ *A stage, where every man must play a part,*] The same thought occurs in Churchyard's *Farewell to the world*, 1593:

“ A worlding here, I must hie to my grave;
“ For this is but a May-game mixt with woe,
“ A borrowde rounge where we our Pageants play,
“ A skaffold plaine,” &c.

Again, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book II:

“ She found the world but a wearisome stage to her, where she played a part against her will.” STEEVENS.

⁸ *Let me play the Fool:*] Alluding to the common comparison of

With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
 And let my liver rather heat with wine,
 Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
 Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
 Sit like his grandfire cut in alabaster?
 Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice
 By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio,—
 I love thee, and it is my love that speaks;—
 There are a sort of men, whose visages
 Do cream⁷ and mantle, like a standing pond;
 And do a wilful stillness⁸ entertain,
 With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
 Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
 As who should say, *I am sir Oracle,*
*And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!*⁹
 O, my Antonio, I do know of these,
 That therefore only are reputed wise,
 For saying nothing; who, I am very sure,²
 If they should speak, would almost damn those ears,³

human life to a stage-play. So that he desires his may be the fool's or buffoon's part, which was a constant character in the old farces; from whence came the phrase, *to play the fool*. WARBURTON.

⁷ *There are a sort of men, whose visages*

Do cream—] The poet here alludes to the manner in which the film extends itself over milk in scalding; and he had the same appearance in his eye when writing a foregoing line:

“With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come.”

So also, the author of *Buffy d'Ambois*:

“Not any wrinkle creaming in their faces.” HENLEY.

⁸ — *a wilful stillness*—] i. e. an obstinate silence.

MALONE.

⁹ — *let no dog bark!*] This seems to be a proverbial expression. So, in *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1540: “—nor there shall no dogge barke at mine ententes.” STEEVENS.

² — *who, I am very sure,*] The old copies read—*when*, I am very sure. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

³ — *would almost damn those ears,*] Several old editions have it, *dam*, *damme*, and *daunt*. Some more correct copies, *damn*. The author's meaning is this; That some people are thought wise,

Which, hearing them, would call their brothers,
fools.

I'll tell thee more of this another time:

But fish not, with this melancholy bait,

For this fool's gudgeon, this opinion.—

Come, good Lorenzo:—Fare ye well, a while;

I'll end my exhortation after dinner.⁴

LOR. Well, we will leave you then till dinner-
time:

I must be one of these same dumb wise men,

For Gratiano never lets me speak.

GRA. Well; keep me company but two years
more,

Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

ANT. Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this gear.⁵

GRA. Thanks, i'faith; for silence is only com-
mendable

In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.

[*Exeunt GRATIANO and LORENZO.*

whilst they keep silence; who, when they open their mouths, are such stupid praters, that the hearers cannot help calling them *fools*, and so incur the judgement denounced in the Gospel. THEOBALD.

⁴ *I'll end my exhortation after dinner.*] The humour of this consists in its being an allusion to the practice of the puritan preachers of those times; who, being generally very long and tedious, were often forced to put off that part of their sermon called the *exhortation*, till after dinner. Warburton.

⁵ — *for this gear.*] In A& II. sc. ii. the same phrase occurs again: "If fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for *this gear*." This is a colloquial expression perhaps of no very determined import. STEEVENS.

So, in *Sapho and Phao*, a comedy by Lyly, 1591: "As for you, Sir boy, I will teach you how to run away; you shall be stript from top to toe, and whipt with nettles; I will handle you *for this gear* well: I say no more." Again, in Nashe's Epistle Dedicatory to his *Apologie of Pierce Pennilesse*, 1593: "I mean to trounce him after twenty in the hundred, and have a bout with him, with two flaves and a pike, *for this gear*." MALONE.

ANT. Is that any thing now?⁶

BASS. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice: His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them; and, when you have them, they are not worth the search.

ANT. Well; tell me now, what lady is this same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?

BASS. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is, to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gaged: To you, Antonio,
I owe the most, in money, and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots, and purposes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

ANT. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;
And, if it stand, as you yourself still do,

⁶ *Is that any thing now?*] All the old copies read, *is that any thing now?* I suppose we should read — *is that any thing new?*

JOHNSON.

The sense of the old reading is, — Does what he has just said amount to any thing, or mean any thing? STEEVENS.

Surely the reading of the old copies is right. Antonio asks: *Is that any thing now?* and Bassanio answers, that, *Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing* — the greatest part of his discourse is *not any thing*. TYRWHITT.

So, in *Othello*: "Can any thing be made of this?" The old copies, by a manifest error of the press, read — *It is that*, &c. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Within the eye of honour, be assur'd,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

BASS. In my school-days, when I had lost one
shaft,
I shot his fellow ⁷ of the self-same flight
The self-same way, with more advised watch,
To find the other forth; and by advent'ring both,
I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,⁸
That which I owe is lost: but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,

⁷ ——— when I had lost one shaft,

I shot his fellow, &c.] This thought occurs also in Decker's *Villanies discovered by Lanthorne and Candlelight*, &c. 4to. bl. l.
“ And yet I have seene a Creditor in Prison weepe when he beheld the Debtor, and to lay out money of his owne purse to free him; he shot a second arrow to find the first.” I learn, from a MS. note by Oldys, that of this pamphlet there were no less than eight editions; the last in 1638. I quote from that of 1616. STEEVENS.

This method of finding a lost arrow is prescribed by P. Crescentius in his *Treatise de Agricultura*, Lib. X. cap. xxviii. and is also mentioned in *Howel's Letters*, Vol. I. p. 183. edit. 1655. 12mo. DOUCE.

⁸ ——— like a wilful youth,] This does not at all agree with what he had before promised, that what followed should be *pure innocence*. For *wilfulness* is not quite so *pure*. We should read — *witless*, i. e. heedless; and this agrees exactly to that to which he compares his case, of a school-boy; who, for want of *advised watch*, lost his first arrow, and sent another after it with more attention. But *wilful* agrees not at all with it. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton confounds the time past and present. He has formerly lost his money like a *wilful* youth; he now borrows more in *pure innocence*, without disguising his former faults, or his present designs. JOHNSON.

Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

ANT. You know me well ; and herein spend but
time,

To wind about my love with circumstance ;
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have :
Then do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest unto it :⁹ therefore, speak.

BASS. In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wond'rous virtues ; sometimes from her eyes²
I did receive fair speechless messages :
Her name is Portia ; nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.

⁹ — prest unto it :] *Prest* may not here signify *impress'd*, as into military service, but *ready*. *Pret*, Fr. So, in *Cæsar and Pompey*, 1607 :

“ What must be, must be ; Cæsar's *prest* for all. ”

Again, in *Hans Beer-pot*, &c. 1618 :

“ ——— your good word

“ Is ever *prest* to do an honest man good. ”

Again, in the concluding couplet of Churchyard's *Warning to the Wanderers abroad*, 1593 :

“ Then shall my mouth, my muse, my pen and all,

“ Be *prest* to serve at each good subject's call. ”

I could add twenty more instances of the word being used with this signification. STEEVENS.

² — sometimes from her eyes —] So all the editions ; but it certainly ought to be, *sometime*, i. e. *formerly*, *some time ago*, at a *certain time* : and it appears by the subsequent scene, that Bassanio was at Belmont with the Marquis de Montferrat, and saw Portia in her father's life time. THEOBALD.

It is strange, Mr. Theobald did not know, that in old English, *sometimes* is synonymous with *formerly*. Nothing is more frequent in title-pages, than “ *sometimes fellow of such a college*. ”

FARMER.

Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
 For the four winds blow in from every coast
 Renowned suitors: and her sunny locks
 Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
 Which makes her seat of Belmont, Colchos' strand,
 And many Jasons come in quest of her.
 O my Antonio, had I but the means
 To hold a rival place with one of them,
 I have a mind presages me such thrift,
 That I should questionless be fortunate.

ANT. Thou know'st, that all my fortunes are at
 sea;

Nor have I money, nor commodity
 To raise a present sum: therefore go forth,
 Try what my credit can in Venice do;
 That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
 To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
 Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
 Where money is; and I no question make,
 To have it of my trust, or for my sake. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

POR. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is a-
 weary of this great world.

NER. You would be, sweet madam, if your misfe-
 ries were in the same abundance as your good for-
 tunes are: And, yet, for aught I see, they are as
 sick, that surfeit with too much, as they that starve
 with nothing: It is no mean happiness therefore,

to be seated in the mean ; superfluity comes sooner by white hairs,³ but competency lives longer.

POR. Good sentences, and well pronounced.

NER. They would be better, if well followed.

POR. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages, princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood ; but a hot temper leaps over a cold decree: such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband:—O me, the word choose ! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike ; so is the will of a living daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father:—Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none ?

NER. Your father was ever virtuous ; and holy men, at their death, have good inspirations ; therefore, the lottery, that he hath devised in these three chests, of gold, silver, and lead, (whereof who chooses his meaning, chooses you,) will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one who you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come ?

POR. I pray thee, over-name them ; and as thou namest them, I will describe them ; and, according to my description, level at my affection.

³ — *superfluity comes sooner by white hairs,*] i. e. Superfluity sooner acquires white hairs ; becomes old. We still say, How did he come by it? MALONE.

NER. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.⁴

POR. Ay, that's a colt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse;⁵ and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself: I am much afraid, my lady his mother played false with a smith.

NER. Then, is there the county Palatine.⁶

POR. He doth nothing but frown; as who should say, *An if you will not have me, choose*: he hears merry tales, and smiles not: I fear, he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

⁴ ——— *the Neapolitan prince.*] The Neapolitans in the time of Shakspeare, were eminently skilled in all that belongs to horsemanship, nor have they, even now, forfeited their title to the same praise. STEEVENS.

Though our author, when he composed this play, could not have read the following passage in Florio's translation of Montaigne's *Essays*, 1603, he had perhaps met with the relation in some other book of that time: "While I was a young lad, (says old Montaigne,) I saw the *prince* of Salmona, at *Naples*, manage a young, a rough, and fierce horse, and show all manner of horsemanship; to hold testons or reals under his knees and toes so fast as if they had been nayled there, and all to show his sure, steady, and unmoveable sitting." MALONE.

⁵ *Ay, that's a colt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse;*] *Colt* is used for a witless, heady, gay youngster, whence the phrase used of an old man too juvenile, that he still retains his *colt's tooth*. See *Henry VIII.* A& I. sc. iii. See also Vol. VII. p. 227. JOHNSON.

⁶ ——— *is there the county Palatine.*] I am almost inclined to believe, that Shakspeare has more allusions to particular facts and persons than his readers commonly suppose. The count here mentioned was, perhaps, Albertus a Lasco, a Polish Palatine, who visited England in our author's life-time, was eagerly carested, and splendidly entertained; but running in debt, at last stole away, and endeavoured to repair his fortune by enchantment. JOHNSON.

County and *Count* in old language were synonymous. — The Count Alasco was in London in 1583. MALONE.

NER. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

POR. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker; But, he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the count Palatine: he is every man in no man: if a throstle⁷ sing, he falls straight a capering; he will fence with his own shadow: if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands: If he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

NER. What say you then to Faulconbridge, the young baron of England?

POR. You know, I say nothing to him; for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian;⁸ and you will come into the court and swear, that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture;⁹ But, alas! who can converse with a dumb show? How oddly he is suited! I think, he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour every where.

⁷ — if a throstle —] Old Copies — *trassell*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. The *throstle* is the thrush. The word occurs again, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

“The *throstle* with his note so true —.” MALONE.

That the *throstle* is a distinct bird from the *thrush*, may be known from T. Newton's *Herball to the Bible*, quoted in a note on the foregoing passage in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, Vol. VII. p. 81.

STEEVENS.

⁸ — he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian;] A satire on the ignorance of the young English travellers in our author's time.

WARBURTON.

⁹ — a proper man's picture;] *Proper* is handsome. So, in *Othello*:

“This Ludovico is a *proper* man.” STEEVENS.

NER. What think you of the Scottish lord,² his neighbour?

POR. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again, when he was able: I think, the Frenchman became his surety,³ and sealed under for another.

NER. How like you the young German,⁴ the duke of Saxony's nephew?

POR. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast: an the worst fall that ever fell, I hope, I shall make shift to go without him.

NER. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

POR. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket: for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

NER. You need not fear, lady, the having any of

² ——— Scottish lord,] Scottish, which is in the quarto, was omitted in the first folio, for fear of giving offence to king James's countrymen. THEOBALD.

³ I think, the Frenchman became his surety,] Alluding to the constant assistance, or rather constant promises of assistance, that the French gave the Scots in their quarrels with the English. This alliance is here humorously satirized. WARBURTON.

⁴ How like you the young German, &c.] In Shakspeare's time the duke of Bavaria visited London, and was made knight of the garter. Perhaps in this enumeration of Portia's suitors, there may be some covert allusion to those of queen Elizabeth. JOHNSON.

these lords; they have acquainted me with their determinations: which is indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit; unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

POR. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will: I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

NER. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

POR. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think, so was he called.

NER. True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes look'd upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

POR. I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.—How now! what news?

Enter a Servant.

SERV. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a fore-runner come from a fifth, the prince of Morocco; who brings word, the prince, his master, will be here to-night.

POR. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition^s of a faint, and the complexion of a devil,

^s ——— *the condition* ———] i. e. the temper, qualities. So, in *Othello*: “—— and then, of so gentle a condition!” MALONE.

I had rather he should thrive me than wive me.
Come, Nerissa.—Sirrah, go before.—Whiles we
shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at
the door. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Venice. *A publick Place.*

Enter BASSANIO and SHYLOCK.

SHY. Three thousand ducats,—well

BASS. Ay, sir, for three months.

SHY. For three months,—well.

BASS. For the which, as I told you, Antonio
shall be bound.

SHY. Antonio shall become bound,—well.

BASS. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me?
Shall I know your answer.

SHY. Three thousand ducats, for three months,
and Antonio bound.

BASS. Your answer to that.

SHY. Antonio is a good man.

BASS. Have you heard any imputation to the
contrary?

SHY. Ho, no, no, no, no;—my meaning, in say-
ing he is a good man, is to have you understand me,
that he is sufficient: yet his means are in supposi-
tion: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another
to the Indies; I understand moreover upon the Ri-
alto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for Eng-
land,—and other ventures he hath, squander'd
abroad: But ships are but boards, sailors but men:
there be land-rats, and water-rats, water-thieves,
and land-thieves; I mean, pirates; and then, there

is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks: The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient:—three thousand ducats;—I think, I may take his bond.

BASS. Be assured you may.

SHY. I will be assured, I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me: May I speak with Antonio?

BASS. If it please you to dine with us.

SHY. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into:⁶ I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto?—Who is he comes here?

Enter ANTONIO.

BASS. This is signior Antonio.

SHY. [*Aside.*] How like a fawning publican he looks!

I hate him for he is a christian:
But more, for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,⁷

⁶ — the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into:] Perhaps there is no character through all Shakspeare, drawn with more spirit, and just discrimination, than Shylock's. His language, allusions, and ideas, are every where so appropriate to a Jew, that Shylock might be exhibited for an exemplar of that peculiar people. HENLEY.

⁷ *If I can catch him once upon the hip;*] This, Dr. Johnson observes, is a phrase taken from the practice of wrestlers; and (he might have added) is an allusion to the angel's thus laying hold on Jacob when he wrestled with him. See Gen. xxxii. 24, &c.

HENLEY.

I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest: Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

BASS. Shylock, do you hear?

SHY. I am debating of my present store;
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats: What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me: But soft; How many months
Do you desire?—Rest you fair, good signior;

[To ANTONIO.]

Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

ANT. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking, nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a custom:—Is he yet possess'd,⁹
How much you would?

SHY. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

ANT. And for three months.

SHY. I had forgot, —three months, you told me so.
Well then, your bond; and, let me see, ——— But
hear you;

⁸ ———the ripe wants of my friend,] *Ripe wants* are wants come to the height, wants that can have no longer delay. Perhaps we might read —*rise wants*, wants that come thick upon him. JOHNSON.

Ripe is, I believe, the true reading. So afterwards:

“But stay the very riping of the time.” MALONE.

Again, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

“Here is a brief how many sports are ripe.” STEEVENS.

⁹ ———possess'd,] i. e. acquainted, informed. So, in *Twelfth-Night*: “Possess us, possess us, tell us something of him.”

STEEVENS.

Methought, you said, you neither lend, nor borrow,
Upon advantage.

ANT. I do never use it.

SHY. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep,
This Jacob from our holy Abraham was
(As his wife mother wrought in his behalf,)
The third possessor; ay, he was the third.

ANT. And what of him? did he take interest?

SHY. No, not take interest; not, as you would
say,

Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himself were compromis'd,
That all the eanlings⁹ which were streak'd, and pied,
Should fall as Jacob's hire, the ewes, being rank,
In the end of autumn turned to the rams:
And when the work of generation was
Between these woolly breeders in the act,
The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands,²
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,³
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes;

⁹ — the eanlings —] Lambs just dropt: from *ean*, *eniti*.

MUSGRAVE.

² — certain wands,] A *wand* in our author's time was the usual term for what we now call a *switch*. MALONE.

³ — of kind,] i. e. of nature. So, Turbervile, in his book of *Falconry*, 1575, p. 127:

"So great is the curtesy of *kind*, as she ever seeketh to recompense any defect of hers with some other better benefit."

Again, in Drayton's *Mooncalf*:

"—— nothing doth so please her mind,

"As to see mares and horses *do their kind*." COLLINS.

⁴ — the fulsome ewes;] *Fulsome*, I believe in this instance, means lascivious, obscene. The same epithet is bestowed on the night, in *Acolastus his After-Witte*. By S. N. 1600:

"Why shines not Phœbus in the *fulsome* night?"

In the play of *Muleasses the Turk*, Madam *Fulsome* a Bawd is introduced. The word, however, sometimes signifies offensive in smell. So, in Chapman's version of the 17th Book of the *Odyssey*:

"—— and fill'd his *fulsome* scrip," &c.

Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.⁵
This was a way to thrive,⁶ and he was blest;
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

ANT. This was a venture, fir, that Jacob serv'd
for;

A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd, and fashion'd, by the hand of heaven.
Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and silver, ewes and rams?

It is likewise used by Shakspeare in *King John*, to express some quality offensive to nature:

"And stop this gap of breath with *fulsome* dust."

Again, in Thomas Newton's *Herball to the Bible*, 8vo. 1587:

"Having a strong sent and *fulsome* smell, which neither men nor beastes take delight to smell unto."

Again, *ibid*:

"Boxe is naturally dry, juicelesse, *fulsomely* and loathsomely smelling."

Again, in Arthur Golding's Translation of *Ovid's Metamorphosis*, B. XV:

"But what have you poore sheepe misdone, a cattell meek
and meeld,

"Created for to manteine man, whose *fulsome* dugs doe
yeeld

"Sweete nectar," &c. STEEVENS.

Minshew supposes it to mean *nauseous* in so high a degree as to excite vomiting. MALONE.

⁵ — and those were Jacob's] See Genesis, xxx. 37, &c.

STEEVENS.

⁶ This was a way to thrive, &c.] So, in the ancient song of *Gernutus the Jew of Venice*:

"His wife must lend a shilling,

"For every weeke a penny,

"Yet bring a pledge that is double worth,

"If that you will have any.

"And see, likewise, you keepe your day,

"Or else you lose it all:

"This was the living of the wife,

"Her cow she did it call."

Her cow, &c. seems to have suggested to Shakspeare Shylock's argument for usury. PERCY.

28 MERCHANT OF VENICE.

SHY. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast:⁴—
But note me, signior.

ANT. Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.⁵
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart:
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!⁶

SHY. Three thousand ducats,—'tis a good round
sum.

Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

ANT. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to
you?

SHY. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my monies, and my usances:⁷

* ——— *I make it breed as fast:*] So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

“Foul cank'ring rust the hidden treasure frets;

“But gold that's put to use more gold begets.” MALONE.

⁵ *The devil can cite scripture, &c.*] See St. Matthew. iv. 6.

HENLEY.

⁶ *O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!*] *Falseness*, which as *truth* means *honesty*, is taken here for *treachery* and *knavery*, does not stand for *falsehood* in general, but for the dishonesty now operating.

JOHNSON.

⁷ ——— *my usances:*] *Use* and *Usance* are both words anciently employ'd for *usury*, both in its favourable and unfavourable sense. So, in *The English Traveller*, 1633:

“Give me my *use*, give me my principal.”

Again,

“A toy; the main about five hundred pounds,

“And the *use* fifty.” STEEVENS.

Mr. Ritson asks, whether Mr. Steevens is not mistaken in saying that *use* and *usance*, were anciently employed for *usury*. “*Use* and *usance*, (he adds) mean nothing more than *interest*; and the former word is still used by country people in the same sense.” That Mr. Steevens however is right respecting the word in the text, will appear from the following quotation. “I knowe a

Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;⁸
 For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe:
 You call me—misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
 And spit⁹ upon my Jewish gaberdine,
 And all for use of that which is mine own.
 Well then, it now appears, you need my help:
 Go to then; you come to me, and you say,
Shylock,² *we would have monies*; You say so;
 You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
 And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
 Over your threshold; monies is your suit.

gentleman borne to five hundred pounce lande, did never receyve above a thousand pound of nete money, and within certeyne yeres ronnyng still upon usurie and double usurie, the merchants termyng it *usance* and *double usance*, by a more clenly name he did owe to master usurer five thousand pound at the last, borowyng but one thousande pounce at first, so that his land was clean gone, beyng five hundred pounces inherytance, for one thousand pound in money, and the usurie of the same money for so fewe yeres; and the man now beggeth." *Wylson on Usurye*, 1572, p. 32. REED.

Usance, in our author's time, I believe, signified *interest of money*. It has been already used in this play in that sense:

"He lends out money gratis, and brings down

"The rate of *usance* with us here in Venice."

Again, in a subsequent part, he says, he will take "no *doit of usance* for his monies." Here it must mean *interest*. MALONE.

⁸ *Still have I borne it with a patient shrug*;] So, in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, (written and acted before 1593,) printed in 1633:

"I learn'd in Florence how to kiss my hand,

"Heave up my shoulders when they call me *dogge*."

MALONE.

⁹ *And spit*—] The old copies always read *spet*, which spelling is followed by Milton:

——— the womb

"Of Stygian darkness *spets* her thickest gloom."

STEEVENS.

² *Shylock*,] Our author, as Dr. Farmer informs me, took the name of his Jew from an old pamphlet entitled, "*Caleb Shillocke, his prophesie; or the Jewes Prediction*." London, printed for T. P. (Thomas Pavyer.) No date. STEEVENS.

What should I say to you; Should I not say,
Hath a dog money? is it possible,
A cur can lend three thousand ducats? or
 Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
 With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
 Say this,——

Fair sir, you spit on me on wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me—dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much monies.

ANT. I am as like to call thee so again,
 To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
 If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
 As to thy friends; (for when did friendship take
 A breed for barren metal of his friend?)³
 But lend it rather to thine enemy;
 Who if he break, thou may'st with better face
 Exact the penalty.

SHY. Why, look you, how you storm!
 I would be friends with you, and have your love,
 Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
 Supply your present wants, and take no doit

³ *A breed for barren metal of his friend?*] A breed, that is interest money bred from the principal. By the epithet *barren*, the author would instruct us in the argument on which the advocates against usury went, which is this; that money is a *barren* thing, and cannot, like corn and cattle, multiply itself. And to set off the absurdity of this kind of usury, he put *breed* and *barren* in opposition. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton very truly interprets this passage. Old Meres says, "Usurie and encrease by gold and silver is unlawful, because against nature; nature hath made them *sterill* and *barren*, and usurie makes them *procreative*." FARMER.

The honour of starting this conceit belongs to Aristotle. See *De Repub.* Lib. I. HOLT WHITE.

Thus both the quarto printed by Roberts, and that by Heyes, in 1600. The folio has—a breed of. MALONE.

Of usance for my monies, and you'll not hear me:
This is kind I offer.

ANT. This were kindness.

SHY. This kindness will I show:—
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum, or sums, as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

ANT. Content, in faith; I'll seal to such a bond,
And say, there is much kindness in the Jew.

BASS. You shall not seal to such a bond for me,
I'll rather dwell in my necessity.⁴

ANT. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it;
Within these two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

SHY. O father Abraham, what these Christians
are;

Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this;
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?

A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship:

⁴ — dwell in my necessity.] To dwell seems in this place to mean the same as to continue. To abide has both the senses of habitation and continuance. JOHNSON.

If he will take it, so ; if not, adieu ;
And, for my love, I pray you, wrong me not.

ANT. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

SHY. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's ;
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight ;
See to my house, left in the fearful guard¹
Of an unthrifty knave ; and presently
I will be with you. [*Exit.*

ANT. Hie thee, gentle Jew.

This Hebrew will turn Christian ; he grows kind.

BASS. I like not fair terms,⁶ and a villain's mind.

ANT. Come on ; in this there can be no dismay,
My ships come home a month before the day. [*Exeunt.*

¹ — left in the fearful guard, &c.] *Fearful guard*, is a guard that is not to be trusted, but gives cause of fear. To *fear* was anciently to *give* as well as *feel* terrours. JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.

“ A mighty and a *fearful* head they are. ” STEEVENS.

⁶ *I like not fair terms,*] Kind words, good language. JOHNSON.

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

Flourish of Cornets. Enter the Prince of Morocco,⁷ and his train; PORTIA, NERISSA, and other of her attendants.

MOR. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the isicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his, or mine.⁸
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant;⁹ by my love, I swear,
The best-regarded virgins of our clime
Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

POR. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes:
Besides, the lottery of my destiny

⁷ — *the Prince of Morocco,*] The old stage direction is "Enter Morochus a tawny Moore, all in white, and three or foure followers accordingly." &c. STEEVENS.

⁸ *To prove whose blood is reddest, his, or mine.*] To understand how the tawny prince, whose savage dignity is very well supported, means to recommend himself by this challenge, it must be remembered that *red* blood is a traditionary sign of courage: Thus Macbeth calls one of his frightened soldiers, a *lily-liver'd* boy; again, in this play, Cowards are said to *have livers as white as milk*; and an effeminate and timorous man is termed a *milk-sop*. JOHNSON.

⁹ *Hath fear'd the valiant;*] i. e. *terrify'd*. To *fear* is often used by our old writers, in this sense. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III.

"For Warwick was a bug that *fear'd* us all." STEEVENS.

34 MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Bars me the right of voluntary choosing:
 But, if my father had not scanted me,
 And hedg'd me by his wit,² to yield myself
 His wife, who wins me by that means I told you,
 Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair,
 As any comer I have look'd on yet,
 For my affection.

MOR. Even for that I thank you;
 Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets,
 To try my fortune. By this scimitar,—
 That slew the Sophy,³ and a Persian prince,
 That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,—
 I would out-stare the sternest eyes that look,
 Out-brave the heart most daring on the earth,
 Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she bear,
 Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
 To win thee, lady: But, alas the while!
 If Hercules, and Lichas, play at dice
 Which is the better man, the greater throw
 May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
 So is Alcides beaten by his page;⁴

² *And hedg'd me by his wit,*] I suppose we may safely read —
and hedg'd me by his will. Confined me by his will. JOHNSON.

As the ancient signification of *wit*, was sagacity, or power of
 mind, I have not displaced the original reading. See our author,
passim. STEEVENS.

³ *That slew the Sophy, &c.*] Shakspeare seldom escapes well when
 he is entangled with geography. The prince of Morocco must have
 travelled far to kill the Sophy of Persia. JOHNSON.

It were well, if Shakspeare had never *entangled* himself with
 geography worse than in the present case. If the prince of Morocco
 be supposed to have served in the army of sultan *Solyman* (*the second*
 for instance), I see no *geographical* objection to his having killed
 the Sophi of Persia. See *D'Herbelot in Solyman Ben Selim.*

TYRWHITT.

⁴ *So is Alcides beaten by his page;*] The ancient copies read — his
rage. STEEVENS.

Though the whole set of editions concur in this reading, it is
 corrupt at bottom. Let us look into the poet's drift, and the

And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

POR. You must take your chance ;
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or swear, before you choose,—if you choose wrong,
Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage ; therefore be advis'd.⁵

MOR. Nor will not ; come, bring me unto my
chance.

POR. First, forward to the temple ; after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.

MOR. Good fortune then ! [*Cornets.*
To make me blest⁶, or curs'd⁶ among men.
[*Exeunt.*

history of the persons mentioned in the context. If Hercules, (says he,) and Lichas were to play at dice for the decision of their superiority, Lichas, the weaker man, might have the better cast of the two. But how then is Alcides beaten by his *rage*? The poet means no more, than, if Lichas had the better throw, so might Hercules himself be beaten by Lichas. And who was he, but a poor unfortunate servant of Hercules, that unknowingly brought his master the envenomed shirt, dipt in the blood of the Centaur Nessus, and was thrown headlong into the sea for his pains ; this one circumstance of Lichas's quality known, sufficiently ascertains the emendation I have substituted, *page* instead of *rage*. THEOBALD.

⁵ ——— *therefore be advis'd.*] Therefore be not precipitant ; consider well what you are to do. *Advis'd* is the word opposite to *rash*. JOHNSON.

So, in *King Richard III*:

“ ——— who in my wrath

“ Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be *advis'd*.” STEEVENS.

⁶ ——— *blest*,] i. e. *bless'd*. So, in *King Richard III*:

“ ——— harmless⁶ creature ;” a frequent vulgar contraction in Warwickshire. STEEVENS.

S C E N E II.

Venice. *A Street.**Enter* LAUNCELOT GOBBO.⁶

LAUN. Certainly, my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew my master: The fiend is at mine elbow; and tempts me, saying to me, *Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away: My conscience says,—no; take heed honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo; or, as afore said, honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels:*⁷ Well, the most courageous fiend bids

⁶ The old copies read — *Enter the Clown alone*; and throughout the play this character is called the *Clown* at most of his entrances or exits. STEEVENS.

⁷ —[*scorn running with thy heels:*] Launcelot was designed for a wag, but perhaps not for an absurd one. We may therefore suppose, no such expression would have been put in his mouth, as our author had censured in another character. When Pistol says, “he hears with ears,” Sir Hugh Evans very properly is made to exclaim, “The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, *he hears with ears?* why it is affectations.” To talk of *running with one’s heels*, has scarce less of absurdity. It has been suggested, that we should read and point the passage as follows: “Do not run; scorn running; *withe thy heels:*” i. e. connect them with a *withe*, (a band made of osiers) as the legs of cattle are hampered in some countries, to prevent their straggling far from home. The Irishman in *Sir John Oldcastle* petitions to be hanged in a *withe*; and Chapman has the following passage:

“ — There let him lie

“ Till I, of cut-up osiers, did imply

“ A *withe*, a fathom long, with which his feete

“ I made together in a sure league meete.”

I think myself bound, however, to add, that in *Much ado about Nothing*, the very phrase, that in the present instance is disputed, occurs:

“ O illegitimate construction! I *scorn* that *with my heels*,” i. e. I recalcitrate, kick up contemptuously at the idea, as animals throw up their hind legs. Such also may be Launcelot’s meaning.

STEEVENS.

me pack; *via!* says the fiend; *away!* says the fiend, *for the heavens;*^s *rouse up a brave mind,* says the fiend, *and run.* Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me,—*my honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son,—or rather an honest woman's son;—for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste;—well, my conscience says,—Launcelot, budge not; budge,* says the fiend; *budge not,* says my conscience: Conscience, say I, you counsel well; fiend, say I, you counsel well: to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who, (God blefs the mark!) is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself: Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnation; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew: The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment, I will run.

I perceive no need of alteration. The pleonasm appears to me consistent with the general tenour of Launcelot's speech. He had just before expressed the same thing in three different ways:—"Use your legs; take the start; run away." MALONE.

2 —away! *says the fiend, for the heavens;*] As it is not likely that Shakspeare should make the *Devil* conjure Launcelot to do any thing for *Heaven's* sake, I have no doubt but this passage is corrupt, and that we ought to read,

Away! says the fiend, for the *haven,*

By which Launcelot was to make his escape, if he was determined to run away. M. MASON.

—away! *says the fiend, for the heavens;*] i. e. *Begone to the heavens.* So again, in *Much ado about Nothing*: "So I deliver up my apes, [to the devil,] and away to St. Peter, *for the heavens.*"

MALONE.

Enter old GOBBO,⁹ with a basket.

GOB. Master, young man, you, I pray you; which is the way to master Jew's?

LAUN. [*aside.*] O heavens, this is my true begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not:—I will try conclusions² with him.

GOB. Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

LAUN. Turn up on your right hand,³ at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

GOB. By God's fonties,⁴ 'twill be a hard way to

⁹ *Enter old Gobbo,*] It may be inferred from the name of Gobbo, that Shakspeare designed this character to be represented with a hump-back. STEEVENS.

² —try conclusions—] To *try conclusions* is to try experiments. So, in Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1611:

“ —since favour

“ Cannot attain thy love, I'll *try conclusions*.”

Again, in *The Lancashire Witches*, 1634:

“ Nay then I'll *try conclusions*:

“ Mare, Mare, see thou be,

“ And where I point thee, carry me.” STEEVENS.

So quarto R. — Quarto H. and folio read — *confusions*. MALONE.

³ *Turn up on your right hand, &c.*] This arch and perplexed direction to puzzle the enquirer, seems to imitate that of Syrus to Demia in the *Brothers of Terence*:

“ — *ubi eas præterieris,*

“ *Ad finistram hac rectâ plateâ: ubi ad Dianæ veneris,*

“ *Ito ad dextram: prius quam ad portam venias,*” &c.

THEOBALD.

⁴ —God's⁹ fonties,] I know not exactly of what oath this is a corruption. I meet with *God's santy* in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1635:

Again, in *The longer thou livest the more Fool thou art*, a comedy, bl. 1. without date:

“ *Goods santie*, this is a goodly book indeed,”

hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him, or no?

LAUN. Talk you of young master Launcelot?—Mark me now; [*aside.*] now will I raise the waters:—Talk you of young master Launcelot?

GOB. No master, sir, but a poor man's son; his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

LAUN. Well, let his father be what he will, we talk of young master Launcelot.

GOB. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.⁵

LAUN. But I pray you *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech you; Talk you of young master Launcelot?

GOB. Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

LAUN. *Ergo*, master Launcelot; talk not of master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning,) is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say, in plain terms, gone to heaven.

GOB. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

LAUN. Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-post, a staff, or a prop?—Do you know me, father?

Perhaps it was once customary to swear by the *santè*, i. e. *health*, of the Supreme Being, or by his *saints*; or, as Mr. Ritson observes to me, by his *sanctity*. Oaths of such a turn are not unfrequent among our ancient writers. All, however, seem to have been so thoroughly convinced of the crime of profane swearing, that they were content to disguise their meaning by abbreviations which were permitted silently to terminate in irremediable corruptions. STEEVENS.

⁵ Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.] Dr. Farmer is of opinion we should read *Gobbo* instead of *Launcelot*. STEEVENS.

— and Launcelot, sir.] i. e. plain Launcelot; and not, as you term him, *master* Launcelot. MALONE.

GOB. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, (God rest his soul!) alive, or dead?

LAUN. Do you not know me, father?

GOB. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind, I know you not.

LAUN. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father, that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son: Give me your blessing: ⁶ truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long, a man's son may; but, in the end, truth will out.

GOB. Pray you, sir, stand up; I am sure, you are not Launcelot, my boy.

LAUN. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing; I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be. ⁷

GOB. I cannot think, you are my son.

LAUN. I know not what I shall think of that:

⁶ — *give me your blessing:*] In this conversation between Launcelot and his blind father, there are frequent references to the deception practised on the blindness of Isaac, and the blessing obtained in consequence of it. HENLEY.

⁷ — *your child that shall be:*] Launcelot probably here indulges himself in talking nonsense. So afterwards: — “you may tell every finger I have with my ribs.” An anonymous critick supposes, “he means to say, *I was your child, I am your boy, and shall ever be your son.*” But *son* not being first mentioned, but placed in the middle member of the sentence, there is no ground for supposing such an inversion intended by our author. Besides; if Launcelot is to be seriously defended, what would his father learn, by being told that *he* who was his *child*, shall be his *son*? MALONE.

Launcelot may mean, that he shall hereafter prove his claim to the title of child, by his dutiful behaviour. Thus says the Prince of Wales to King Henry IV; I will redeem my character;

“And, in the closing of some glorious day,

“Be bold to tell you, that *I am your son.*” STEEVENS.

but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man; and, I am sure, Margery, your wife, is my mother.

GOB. Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipp'd might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin my thill-horse has on his tail.⁸

LAUN. It should seem then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward; I am sure, he had more hair on his tail, than I have on my face, when I last saw him.

GOB. Lord, how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present; How 'gree you now?

LAUN. Well, well; but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground: my master's a very Jew; Give him a present! give him a halter: I am famish'd in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come; give me your present to one master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries; if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground.—O rare fortune! here comes the man;—to him father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

⁸ — my thill-horse —] *Thill* or *fill*, means the shafts of a cart or waggon. So, in *A Woman never Vex'd*, 1632:

“ ——— I will

“ Give you the fore-horse place, and I will be

“ I' the *fills*.”

Again, in *Fortune by Land and Sea*, 1655, by Tho. Heywood and W. Rowley: “ ——— acquaint you with Jock the fore-horse, and Fibb the *fil-horse*,” &c. STREVENS.

All the ancient copies have *phil-horse*, but no dictionary that I have met with acknowledges the word. It is, I am informed, a corruption used in some counties for the proper term, *thill-horse*.

MALONE.

Enter BASSANIO, with LEONARDO, and other followers.

BASS. You may do so;—but let it be so hasted, that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock: See these letters deliver'd; put the liveries to making; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. [Exit a Servant.

LAUN. To him, father.

GOB. God bless your worship!

BASS. Gramercy; Would'st thou aught with me?

GOB. Here's my son, fir, a poor boy,——

LAUN. Not a poor boy, fir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, fir, as my father shall specify,——

GOB. He hath a great infection, fir, as one would say, to serve——

LAUN. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and I have a desire, as my father shall specify,——

GOB. His master and he, (saving your worship's reverence,) are scarce cater-cousins:

LAUN. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being I hope an old man, shall frutify unto you,——

GOB. I have here a dish of doves, that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is,——

LAUN. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet, poor man, my father.

BASS. One speak for both;—What would you?

LAUN. Serve you, fir.

GOB. This is the very defect of the matter, fir.

BASS. I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy
suit:

Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee; if it be preferment,
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

LAUN. The old proverb is very well parted be-
tween my master Shylock and you, fir; you have
the grace of God, fir, and he hath enough.

BASS. Thou speak'st it well: Go, father, with
thy son:—

Take leave of thy old master, and enquire
My lodging out:—Give him a livery

[to his followers.

More guarded⁹ than his fellows': See it done.

LAUN. Father, in:—I cannot get a service, no;
—I have ne'er a tongue in my head.—Well; [*look-
ing on his palm.*] if any man in Italy have a fairer
table, which doth offer to swear upon a book.²—I

⁹ — more guarded —] i. e. more ornamented. So, in *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599:

“ *Piston*. But is there no reward for my false dice?

“ *Erastus*. Yes, fir, a *guarded* suit from top to toe.”

Again, in *Albumazar*, 1615:

“ — turn my ploughboy Dick to two *guarded* footmen.”

STEEVENS.

² Well; if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to swear upon a book.] Table is the palm of the hand extended. Launcelot congratulates himself upon his dexterity and good fortune, and, in the height of his rapture, inspects his hand, and congratulates himself upon the felicities in his table. The act of expanding his hand puts him in mind of the action in which the palm is shown, by raising it to lay it on the book, in judicial attestations. Well, says he, if any man in Italy have a fairer table, that doth offer to swear upon a book.—Here he stops with an abruptness very common, and proceeds to particulars. JOHNSON.

shall have good fortune;³ Go to, here's a simple line of life! here's a small trifle of wives: Alas,

Dr. Johnson's explanation thus far appears to me perfectly just. In support of it, it should be remembered, that *which* is frequently used by our author and his contemporaries, for the personal pronoun, *who*. It is still so used in our Liturgy. In *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Mrs. Quickly addresses Fenton in the same language as is here used by Launcelot:—"I'll be *sworn on a book* she loves you:" a vulgarism that is now superseded by another of the same import—"I'll take my bible-oath of it." MALONE.

Without examining the expositions of this passage, given by the three learned annotators, [Mr. T. Dr. W. and Dr. J.] I shall briefly set down what appears to me to be the whole meaning of it. Launcelot, applauding himself for his success with Bassanio, and looking into the palm of his hand, which by fortune-tellers is called *the table*, breaks out into the following reflection: *Well: if any man in Italy have a fairer table; which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune*—i. e. a table, which doth (not only promise, but) offer to swear (and to swear upon a book too) that *I shall have good fortune*.—(He omits the conclusion of the sentence which might have been) *I am much mistaken; or, I'll be hanged, &c.* TYRWHITT.

³ *I shall have good fortune;*] The whole difficulty of this passage (concerning which there is a great difference of opinion among the commentators) arose, as I conceive, from a word being omitted by the compositor or transcriber. I am persuaded the author wrote—I shall have *no* good fortune. These words, are not, I believe, connected with what goes before, but with what follows; and begin a new sentence. Shakspeare, I think, meant, that Launcelot, after this abrupt speech—*Well; if any man that offers to swear upon a book, has a fairer table than mine*—[I am much mistaken:] should proceed in the same manner in which he began:—*I shall have no good fortune; go to; here's a simple line of life!*" &c. So before: "I cannot get a service, *no*;"—I have *ne'er* a tongue in my head." And afterwards: "Alas! fifteen wives is *nothing*." The Nurse, in *Romeo and Juliet*, expresses herself exactly in the same style: "Well, you have made a *simple* choice; you know *not* how to choose a man; Romeo? *no*, *not* he;—he is *not* the flower of courtesy," &c. So also, in *K. Henry IV*. "Here's *no* fine villainy!" Again, more appositely, in the anonymous play of *K. Henry V*: "Ha! me have *no* good luck." Again, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: "We are *simple* men; we do *not* know what's brought about under the profession of fortune-telling."

Almost every passage in these plays, in which the sense is abruptly broken off, as I have more than once observed, has been corrupted.

fifteen wives is nothing; eleven widows, and nine maids, is a simple coming-in for one man: and then, to 'scape drowning thrice; and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed;³—here are simple 'scapes! Well, if fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this geer.—Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye. [*Exeunt* LAUNCELOT and old GOBBO.

BASS. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this; These things being bought, and orderly bestow'd, Return in haste, for I do feast to-night My best esteem'd acquaintance; hie thee, go.

LEON. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter GRATIANO.

GRA. Where is your master?

LEON. Yonder, sir, he walks.
[*Exit* LEONARDO.

GRA. Signior Bassanio,—

BASS. Gratiano!

It is not without some reluctance that I have excluded this emendation from a place in the text. Had it been proposed by any former editor or commentator, I should certainly have adopted it; being convinced that it is just. But the danger of innovation is so great, and partiality to our own conceptions so delusive, that it becomes every editor to distrust his own emendations; and I am particularly inclined to do so in the present instance, in which I happen to differ from that most respectable and judicious critick, whose name is subjoined to the preceding note. According to his idea, the mark of an abrupt sentence should not be after the word *book*, but *fortune*.

MALONE.

³ — in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed;] A cant phrase to signify the danger of marrying.— A certain French writer uses the same kind of figure, “ O mon Ami, j'aimerois mieux être tombé sur la pointe d'un oreiller, & m'être rompu le cou.” —

WARBURTON.

GRA. I have a suit to you.

BASS. You have obtain'd it.

GRA. You must not deny me; I must go with you to Belmont.

BASS. Why, then you must;—But hear thee, Gratiano;

Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;—
Parts, that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why, there they
show

Something too liberal;³—pray thee, take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit;⁴ lest, through thy wild be-
haviour,

I be misconstrued in the place I go to,
And loose my hopes.

GRA. Signior Bassanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes⁵
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say, amen;
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent⁶

³ *Something too liberal;*] Liberal I have already shown to be mean, gross, coarse, licentious. JOHNSON.

So, in *Othello*: “Is he not a most profane and liberal counsellor?” STEEVENS.

⁴ ——— *allay with some cold drops of modesty*

Thy skipping spirit;] So, in *Hamlet*:

“Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper

“Sprinkle cool patience.” STEEVENS.

⁵ ——— *hood mine eyes*—] Alluding to the manner of covering a hawk's eyes. So, in *The Tragedy of Cæsar*, 1604:

“And like a hooded hawk,” &c. STEEVENS.

⁶ ——— *sad ostent*—] Grave appearance; show of staid and serious behaviour. JOHNSON.

To please his grandam, never trust me more.

BASS. Well, we shall see your bearing.⁷

GRA. Nay, but I bar to-night; you shall not
gage me

By what we do to-night.

BASS. No, that were pity;
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment: But fare you well,
I have some business.

GRA. And I must to Lorenzo, and the rest;
But we will visit you at supper-time. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

The same. A Room in Shylock's House.

Enter JESSICA and LAUNCELOT.

JES. I am sorry, thou wilt leave my father so;
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness:
But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee.
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see

Ostent is a word very commonly used for *show* among the old
dramatick writers, So, in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632:

" ——— you in those times

" Did not affect *ostent*."

Again, in Chapman's translation of *Homer*, edit. 1598, B. VI:

" ——— did bloodie vapours raine

" For *sad ostent*," &c. STEEVENS.

⁷ ——— your bearing.] *Bearing* is carriage, deportment. So, in
Twelfth-Night:

" Take and give back affairs, and their despatch,

" With such a smooth, discreet, and stable *bearing*."

STEEVENS.

48. MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest :
Give him this letter ; do it secretly,
And so farewell ; I would not have my father
See me talk with thee.

LAUN. Adieu !—tears exhibit my tongue.—
Most beautiful pagan,—most sweet Jew ! If a Chris-
tian do not play the knave, and get thee,^s I am
much deceived : But, adieu ! these foolish drops do
somewhat drown my manly spirit ; adieu ! [*Exit.*

JES. Farewel, good Launcelot.—
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me,
To be ashamed to be my father's child !
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners : O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife ;
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*

S C E N E IV.

The same. A Street.

*Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, and
SALANIO.*

LOR. Nay, we will flink away in supper-time ;
Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.

^s — *and get thee,*] I suspect that the waggish Launcelot de-
signed this for a broken sentence — “ and get thee ” — implying, *get
thee with child.* Mr. Malone, however, supposes him to mean
only — *carry thee away from thy father's house.* STEEVENS.

I should not have attempted to explain so easy a passage, if the
ignorant editor of the second folio, thinking probably that the word
get must necessarily mean *beget*, had not altered the text, and sub-
stituted *did* in the place of *do*, the reading of all the old and authen-
tick editions ; in which he has been copied by every subsequent

GRA. We have not made good preparation.

SALAR. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.⁹

SALAN. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd;

And better, in my mind, not undertook.

LOR. 'Tis now but four a-clock; we have two hours

To furnish us:—

Enter LAUNCELOT, with a letter.

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

LAUN. An it shall please you to break up this,² it shall seem to signify.

LOR. I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand; And whiter than the paper it writ on, Is the fair hand that writ.

GRA. Love-news, in faith.

LAUN. By your leave, sir.

editor. Launcelot is not talking about Jessica's father, but about her future husband. I am aware that, in a subsequent scene, he says to Jessica, "Marry, you may partly hope your father got you not;" but he is now on another subject. MALONE.

From the general censure expressed in the preceding note I take leave to except Mr. Reed; who, by following the first folio was no sharer in the inexpressible guilt of the second. STEEVENS.

⁹ — torch-bearers.] See the note in *Romeo and Juliet*, A&I. sc. iv. We have not *spoke us yet*, &c. i. e. *we have not yet bespoke us*, &c. Thus the old copies. It may, however, mean, we have not as yet consulted on the subject of torch-bearers. Mr. Pope reads — "*spoke as yet*." STEEVENS.

² — to break up this,] To break up was a term in carving. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, A&III. sc. i:

" — Boyet, you can carve;

" Break up this capon."

See the note on this passage. STEEVENS.

LOR. Whither goest thou?

LAUN. Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to sup to night with my new master the Christian.

LOR. Hold here, take this:—tell gentle Jessica, I will not fail her;—speak it privately; go.—

Gentlemen, [Exit LAUNCELOT.]

Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?

I am provided of a torch-bearer.

SALAR. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

SALAN. And so will I.

LOR. Meet me, and Gratiano,
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

SALAR. 'Tis good we do so.

[Exeunt SALAR. and SALAN.]

GRA. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

LOR. I must needs tell thee all: She hath directed,
How I shall take her from her father's house;
What gold, and jewels, she is furnish'd with;
What page's suit she hath in readiness.
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake:
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she do it under this excuse,—
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.

Come, go with me; peruse this, as thou goest:
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E V.

The same. Before Shylock's House.

Enter SHYLOCK and LAUNCELOT.

SHY. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,



Painted by R. Smirke R.A.

Engraved by H. Parrot.

SHAKSPEARE.

Merchant of Venice.

ACT II. SCENE V.

Shylock's House.

Shylock, Jessica and Launcelot.

*Shy. What are these masques? Hear you my Jessica:
Look up my doors, and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,*

*Nor thrust your head into the public street,
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces:
But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements;
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house.*

The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio :—
 What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandize,
 As thou hast done with me ;—What, Jessica!
 And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out ;—
 Why, Jessica, I say !

LAUN. Why, Jessica !

SHY. Who bids thee call ? I do not bid thee call.

LAUN. Your worship was wont to tell me, I
 could do nothing without bidding.

Enter JESSICA.

JES. Call you ? What is your will ?

SHY. I am bid forth^a to supper, Jessica ;
 There are my keys :—But wherefore should I go ?
 I am not bid for love ; they flatter me :
 But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
 The prodigal Christian.³—Jessica, my girl,
 Look to my house :—I am right loth to go ;
 There is some ill a brewing towards my rest,
 For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

LAUN. I beseech you, sir, go ; my young master
 doth expect your reproach.

SHY. So do I his.

LAUN. And they have conspired together, — I
 will not say, you shall see a masque ; but if you do,
 then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a

^a *I am bid forth*——] I am invited. To *bid* in old language
 meant to *pray*. MALONE.

³ —— *to feed upon*

The prodigal Christian.] Shylock forgets his resolution. In a
 former scene he declares he will neither *eat*, *drink*, nor *pray* with
 Christians. Of this circumstance the poet was aware, and meant
 only to heighten the malignity of the character, by making him
 depart from his most settled resolve, for the prosecution of his re-
 venge. STEEVENS.

bleeding on Black-Monday last,⁴ at six o'clock i'the morning, falling out that year on Ash-wednesday was four year in the afternoon.

SHY. What! are there masques? Hear you me Jessica:

Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife,⁵
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the publick street,
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces:
But stop my house's ears, I mean, my casements;
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house.—By Jacob's staff, I swear,
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night:
But I will go.—Go you before me, sirrah;

⁴ ——— then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on Black-Monday last.] “Black-Monday is Easter-Monday, and was so called on this occasion: in the 34th of Edward III. (1360) the 14th of April, and the morrow after Easter-day, king Edward, with his host, lay before the city of Paris; which day was full dark of mist and hail, and so bitter cold, that many men died on their horses' backs with the cold. Wherefore, unto this day, it hath been called the *Blacke-Monday*.” Stowe, p. 264—6. GREY.

It appears from a passage in Lodge's *Rosalynde*, 1592, that some superstitious belief was annexed to the accident of *bleeding at the nose*: “As he stood gazing, his nose on a sudden bled, which made him conjecture it was some friend of his.” STEEVENS.

Again, in *The Dutchess of Malfy*, 1640, A& I. sc. ii:

“How superstitiously we mind our evils?
“The throwing downe salt, or crossing of a hare,
“*Bleeding at nose*, the stumbling of a horse,
“Or singeing of a creket, are of power
“To daunt whole man in us.”

Again, A& I. sc. iii:

“My nose bleeds. One that was superstitious would count this ominous, when it merely comes by chance.” REED.

⁵ Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife,]

Primâ nocte domum claude; neque in vias

Sub cantu querulæ despice tibîæ. *Hor. Lib. III. Od. vii.*

MALONE.

Say, I will come.

LAUN. I will go before, fir.—
Mistress, look out at window, for all this;
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewels' eye.⁶ [Exit LAUN.

SHY. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring,
ha?

JES. His words were, Farewel, mistress; nothing
else.

SHY. The patch is kind enough;⁷ but a huge
feeder,

Snail-flow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild cat; drones hive not with me;
Therefore I part with him; and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse.—Well, Jessica, go in;
Perhaps, I will return immediately;
Do, as I bid you,
Shut doors⁸ after you: Fast bind, fast find;
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [Exit.

JES. Farewel; and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [Exit.

⁶ *There will come a Christian by,*
Will be worth a Jewels' eye.] *It's worth a Jew's eye*, is a pro-
verbial phrase. WHALLEY.

⁷ *The patch is kind enough;*] This term should seem to have come
into use from the name of a celebrated fool. This I learn from
Wilson's *Art of Rhetorique*, 1553: "A word-making, called of
the Grecians Onomatopoeia, is when we make words of our own
mind, such as be derived from the nature of things;—as to call one
Patche, or Cowlson, whom we see to do a thing foolishly; because
these two in their time were notable fools."

Probably the dress which the celebrated *Patche* wore, was, in
allusion to his name, patched or parti-coloured. Hence the stage
fool has ever since been exhibited in a motley coat. *Patche*, of
whom Wilson speaks, was Cardinal Wolsey's fool. MALONE.

⁸ *Shut doors* —] *Doors* is here used as a dissyllable. MALONE.

S C E N E VI.

*The same.**Enter GRATIANO, and SALARINO, masqued.*

GRA. This is the pent-house, under which Lorenzo

Desir'd us to make stand.⁸

SALAR. His hour is almost past.

GRA. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

SALAR. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly⁹
To seal love's bonds new made, than they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

GRA. That ever holds: Who riseth from a feast,
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse, that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd,
How like a younker,¹⁰ or a prodigal,

⁸ *Desir'd us to make stand.*] *Desir'd us stand*, in ancient elliptical language, signifies — desired us *to stand*. The words — *to make*, are an evident interpolation, and consequently spoil the measure.

STEEVENS.

⁹ *O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly —*] Lovers have in poetry been always called *Turtles* or *Doves*, which in lower language may be pigeons. JOHNSON.

¹⁰ — *a younker,*] All the old copies read *a younker*.

But Rowe's emendation may be justified by Falstaff's question in the first part of *K. Henry IV*: — "I'll not pay a denier. What will you make a younker of me?" STEEVENS.

How like a younker, or a prodigal,

The scarfed bark puts from her native bay, &c.] Mr. Gray (dropping the particularity of allusion to the parable of the prodigal

The scarfed bark³ puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!⁴
How like a prodigal doth she return;⁵
With over-weather'd ribs,⁶ and ragged fails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

Enter LORENZO.

SALAR. Here comes Lorenzo; — more of this hereafter.

LOR. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;

Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait:
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,

gal) seems to have caught from this passage the imagery of the following:

“ Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
“ While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
“ In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
“ Youth on the Prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
“ Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
“ That hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening-prey.”

The *grim-repose* however, was suggested by Thomson's

“ — deep fermenting tempest brew'd
“ In the grim evening sky.” HENLEY.

3 ——— scarfed bark ———] i. e. the vessel decorated with flags. So, in *All's well that ends well*:] “ Yet the *scarfs* and the bannerets about thee, did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great burden.” STEEVENS.

4 ——— embraced by the strumpet wind!] So, in *Othello*:
“ The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets.” MALONE.

5 ——— doth she return;] Surely the bark ought to be of the masculine gender, otherwise the allusion wants somewhat of propriety. This indiscriminate use of the personal for the neuter, at least obscures the passage. A ship, however, is commonly spoken of in the feminine gender. STEEVENS.

6 With over-weather'd ribs,] Thus both the quartos. The folio has *over-wither'd*. MALONE.

I'll watch as long for you then.—Approach ;
Here dwells my father Jew :—Ho ! who's within ?

Enter JESSICA above, in boy's clothes.

JES. Who are you ? Tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

LOR. Lorenzo, and thy love.

JES. Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed;
For who love I so much? And now who knows,
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

LOR. Heaven, and thy thoughts, are witnesses that
thou art.

JES. Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains.

I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much ashamed of my exchange :
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit ;
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

LOR. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

JES. What, must I hold a candle to my flames?
They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love;
And I should be obscur'd.

LOR. So are you, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once ;
For the close night doth play the run-away,
And we are staid for at Bassanio's feast.

5 *I'll watch as long for you then. — Approach;*] Read, with a slight variation from Sir T. Hanmer:

"I'll watch as long for you. *Come then, approach.*"

RITSON.

JES. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.

[*Exit, from above.*

GRA. Now, by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew.⁶

LOR. Beshrew me, but I love her heartily :
For she is wise, if I can judge of her ;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true ;
And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself ;
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter JESSICA, below.

What, art thou come ?—On, gentlemen, away ;
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.

[*Exit, with JESSICA and SALARINO.*

Enter ANTONIO.

ANT. Who's there ?

GRA. Signior Antonio ?

ANT. Fie, fie, Gratiano ! where are all the rest ?
'Tis nine o'clock ; our friends all stay for you :—

⁶ *Now, by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew.*] A jest arising from the ambiguity of *Gentile*, which signifies both a *Heathen*, and one well born. JOHNSON.

So at the conclusion of the first part of *Jeronimo*, &c. 1605 :

“ ——— So, good night kind *gentles*,

“ For I hope there's never a *Jew* among you all.”

Again, in *Sweetnam Arraign'd*, 1620 :

“ Joseph the *Jew* was a better *Gentile* far.” STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnson rightly explains this. There is an old book by one Ellis, entitled, “ *The Gentile Sinner, or England's brave Gentleman.*” FARMER.

To understand Gratiano's oath, it should be recollected that he is in a masqued habit, to which it is probable that formerly, as at present, a large cape or *hood* was affixed. MALONE.

Gratiano alludes to the practice of friars, who frequently swore by this part of their habit. STEEVENS.

No masque to-night ; the wind is come about,
 Bassanio presently will go aboard :
 I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

GRA. I am glad on't ; I desire no more delight,
 Than to be under sail, and gone to-night. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VII.

Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

Flourish of Cornets. Enter PORTIA, with the Prince of Morocco, and both their trains.

POR. Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover
 The several caskets to this noble prince :—
 Now make your choice.

MOR. The first, of gold, who this inscription
 bears ;—

Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.
 The second, silver, which this promise carries ;—
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.
 This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt ;⁷—
Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.
 How shall I know if I do choose the right ?

POR. The one of them contains my picture, prince ;
 If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

MOR. Some god direct my judgment ! Let me see,
 I will survey the inscriptions back again :
 What says this leaden casket ?

Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.
 Must give—For what ? for lead ? hazard for lead ?
 This casket threatens : Men, that hazard all,
 Do it in hope of fair advantages :

⁷ — as blunt ;] That is, as gross as the dull metal.

A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross ;
 I'll then nor give, nor hazard, aught for lead.
 What says the silver, with her virgin hue?
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.
 As much as he deserves?—Pause there, Morocco,
 And weigh thy value with an even hand :
 If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
 Thou dost deserve enough ; and yet enough
 May not extend so far as to the lady ;
 And yet to be afraid of my deserving,
 Were but a weak disabling of myself.
 As much as I deserve!—Why, that's the lady :
 I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
 In graces, and in qualities of breeding ;
 But, more than these, in love I do deserve.
 What if I stray'd no further, but chose here?—
 Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold.
Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.
 Why, that's the lady ; all the world desires her :
 From the four corners of the earth they come,
 To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing faint.
 The Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds
 Of wide Arabia, are as through-fares now,
 For princes to come view fair Portia :
 The watry kingdom, whose ambitious head
 Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
 To stop the foreign spirits ; but they come,
 As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
 One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
 Is't like, that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation,
 To think so base a thought ; it were too gross
 To rib^s her cerecloth in the obscure grave.

^s To rib —] i. e. inclose, as the ribs inclose the viscera. So, in *Cymbeline* :

“ — ribb'd and paled in

“ With rocks unscaleable, and roaring waters.” STEEVENS.

Or shall I think, in silver she's immur'd,
 Being ten times undervalued to try'd gold?
 O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem
 Was set in worse than gold. They have in Eng-
 land

A coin, that bears the figure of an angel
 Stamped in gold; but that's insculp'd upon;⁸
 But here an angel in a golden bed
 Lies all within.—Deliver me the key;
 Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!

POR. There, take it, prince, and if my form lie
 there,

Then I am yours. [*He unlocks the golden casket.*]

MOR. O hell! what have we here?
 A carrion death, within whose empty eye
 There is a written scroll? I'll read the writing.

*All that glisters is not gold,
 Often have you heard that told:
 Many a man his life hath sold,
 But my outside to behold:
 Gilded tombs do worms infold.⁹*

⁸ — insculp'd upon;] To *insculp* is to engrave. So, in a comedy called *A new Wonder, a Woman never Vex'd*, 1632:

“ ——— in golden text

“ Shall be *insculp'd* ———” STEEVENS.

The meaning is that the figure of the angel is raised or embossed on the coin, not engraved on it. TUTOR.

⁹ *Gilded tombs do worms infold.*] In all the old editions this line is written thus:

Gilded timber do worms infold.

From which Mr. Rowe and all the following editors have made:

Gilded wood may worms infold.

A line not bad in itself, but not so applicable to the occasion as that which, I believe, Shakspeare wrote:

Gilded tombs do worms infold.

A tomb is the proper repository of a *death's-head*. JOHNSON.

*Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgement old,
Your answer had not been inscol'd:²
Fare you well; your suit is cold.*

Cold, indeed; and labour lost:
Then, farewell, heat; and, welcome, frost.—
Portia, adieu! I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part. [*Exit.*
POR. A gentle riddance:—Draw the curtains,
go;—
Let all of his complexion choose me so.³ [*Exeunt.*

The thought might have been suggested by Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book I:

“ But gold can guild a rotten piece of wood.” STEEVENS.

Tombes (for such was the old spelling) and *timber* were easily confounded. Yet perhaps the old reading may be right. The construction may be—Worms do infold gilded timber. This, however, is very harsh, and the ear is offended. In a poem entitled, *Of the Silke Wormes and their flies*, 4to. 1599, is this line:

“ Before thou wast, were timber-worms in price.” MALONE.

More than the ear, I think, would be offended on this occasion: for how is it possible for worms live bred within timber, to *infold* it? STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnson's emendation is supported by Shakspeare's 101st Sonnet:

“ —it lies in thee

“ To make thee much out-live a gilded tomb.” MALONE.

² Your answer had not been inscol'd:] Since there is an answer *inscol'd* or written in every casket, I believe for *your* we should read — *this*. When the words were written *y^r* and *y^s*, the mistake was easy. JOHNSON.

³ — *choose me so.*] The old quarto editions of 1600 have no distribution of acts, but proceed from the beginning to the end in an unbroken tenour. This play, therefore, having been probably divided without authority by the publishers of the first folio, lies open to a new regulation, if any more commodious division can be proposed. The story is itself so wildly incredible, and the changes of the scene so frequent and capricious, that the probability of action does not deserve much care; yet it may be proper to observe, that, by concluding the second act here, time is given for Bassanio's passage to Belmont. JOHNSON.

S C E N E VIII.

Venice. *A Street.*

Enter SALARINO and SALANIO.

SALAR. Why man, I saw Bassanio under sail;
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And their ship, I am sure, Lorenzo is not.

SALAN. The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the
duke;
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

SALAR. He came too late, the ship was under
sail:

But there the duke was given to understand,
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica:
Besides, Antonio certify'd the duke,
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

SALAN. I never heard a passion so confus'd,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:
*My daughter!—O my ducats!—O my daughter!
Fled with a Christian?—O my christian ducats!—
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats stol'n from me by my daughter!
And jewels; two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stol'n by my daughter! Justice! find the girl!
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!*

SALAR. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying, his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

SALAN. Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.

SALAR.

Marry, well remember'd:

I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday;⁴
 Who told me, in the narrow seas, that part
 The French and English, there miscarried
 A vessel of our country, richly fraught:
 I thought upon Antonio, when he told me;
 And wish'd in silence, that it were not his.

SALAN. You were best to tell Antonio what you
 hear;

Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

SALAR. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
 I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:
 Bassanio told him, he would make some speed
 Of his return; he answer'd *Do not so,*
Slubber not' business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time;
And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
*Let it not enter in your mind of love:*⁶
Be merry; and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such fair ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there:

⁴ *I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday;*] i. e. I conversed. So, in *King John*:

"Our griefs, and not our manners *reason* now."

Again, in Capman's Translation of the fourth book of the *Odyssey*:

"The morning shall yield time to you and me,

"To do what fits, and *reason* mutually." STEEVENS.

The Italian *ragionare* is used in the same sense. M. MASON.

⁵ *Slubber not*——] To *slubber* is to do any thing carelessly, imperfectly. So, in Nash's *Lenten Stuff*, 1599:

"—— they *slubber'd* thee over so negligently."

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit without Money*:

"I am as haste ordain'd me, a thing *slubber'd*."

STEEVENS.

⁶ —— *your mind of love.*] So all the copies, but I suspect some corruption. JOHNSON.

This imaginary corruption is removed by only putting a comma after *mind*. LANGTON.

And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,⁷
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted.

SALAN. I think, he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go, and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heaviness⁸
With some delight or other.

SALAR.

Do we so. [Exeunt.]

Of love, is an adjuration sometimes used by Shakspeare. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, A& II. sc. vii:

“Quick. — desires you to send her your little page, of *all loves*.” i. e. she desires you to send him *by all means*.

Your *mind of love* may, however, in this instance, mean — your *loving mind*. So, in the *Tragedie of Cæsus*, 1604: “A *mind of treason* is a *treasanable mind*.”

“Those that speak freely, have no *mind of treason*.”

STEEVENS.

If the phrase is to be understood in the former sense, there should be a comma after *mind*, as Mr. Langton and Mr. Heath have observed. MALONE.

⁷ *And even there, his eye being big with tears,*

Turning his face, he put his hand behind him, &c.] So curious an observer of nature was our author, and so minutely had he traced the operation of the passions, that many passages of his works might furnish hints to painters. It is indeed surprizing that they do not study his plays with this view. In the passage before us, we have the outline of a beautiful picture. MALONE.

⁸ — embraced *heaviness* —] The heaviness which he indulges, and is fond of. EDWARDS.

When I thought the passage corrupted, it seemed to me not improbable that Shakspeare had written — *entranced heaviness*, musing, abstracted, moping melancholy. But I know not why any great efforts should be made to change a word which has no incommodious or unusual sense. We say of a man now, *that he hugs his sorrows*, and why might not Antonio *embrace heaviness*? JOHNSON.

So, in *Much ado about Nothing*, sc. i:

“You *embrace* your charge too willingly.”

Again, in this play of *The Merchant of Venice*, A& III. sc. ii:

“—— doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrac'd despair.”

STEEVENS.

S C E N E IX.

Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

Enter NERISSA, with a Servant.

NER. Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain⁹
straight;

The prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

*Flourish of Cornets. Enter the Prince of Arragon,
PORTIA, and their trains.*

POR. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince:
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd;
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

AR. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage; lastly
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

POR. To these injunctions every one doth swear,
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

AR. And so have I address'd me:² Fortune now
To my heart's hope! Gold, silver, and base lead.

⁹ —draw the curtain—] i. e. draw it open. So, in an old stage-direction in *King Henry VIII*: "The king draws the curtain, and sits reading pensively." STEEVENS.

² And so have I address'd me:] To address is to prepare. The meaning is, I have prepared myself by the same ceremonies. So, in *All's well that ends well*: "Do you think he will make no deed of all this, that so seriously he doth address himself unto?"

STEEVENS.

Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath:
 You shall look fairer, ere I give, or hazard.
 What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:
 Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.
 What many men desire. That many may be meant⁹
 By the fool multitude,² that choose by show,
 Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
 Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,
 Builds in the weather on the outward wall,

I believe we should read:

"And so have I. *Address* me, Fortune, now,

"To my heart's hope!"

So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, A³ III. scene the last, Falstaff says, "——— I will then *address* me to my appointment."

TYRWHITT.

⁹ — *That many may be meant* —] The repetition of *many* is a mere blunder. It is unnecessary to the sense, and destroys the measure. RITSON.

² — *That many may be meant*

By *the fool multitude*,] i. e. By that many may be meant the foolish multitude, &c. The fourth folio first introduced a phraseology more agreeable to our ears at present. — "*Of the fool multitude*," — which has been adopted by all the subsequent editors; — but change merely for the sake of elegance is always dangerous. Many modes of speech were familiar in Shakspeare's age, that are now no longer used.

So, in Plutarch's *Life of Cæsar*, as translated by North, 1575: "— he answered, that these fat long-heared men made him not affrayed, but the lean and whitely-faced fellows; *meaning that by Brutus and Cassius*." i. e. meaning by that, &c. Again, in Sir Thomas More's *Life of Edward the Fifth*; — Holinshed, p. 1374: "— that meant he by the lordes of the queenes kindred that were taken before," i. e. by that he meant the lords, &c. Again, *ibidem*, p. 1371: "My lord, quoth lord Hastings, on my life, never doubt you; for while one man is there, — never can there be, &c. This meant he by *Catesby*, which was of his near secrete counsaile." i. e. by this he meant Catesby, &c.

Again, Puttenham in his *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589, p. 157, after citing some enigmatical verses, adds, "— the good old gentleman would tell us that were children, how *it was meant* by a furr'd glove." i. e. a furr'd glove was meant by it, — i. e. by the enigma. Again *ibidem*, p. 161: "Any simple judgement might easily perceive by whom *it was meant*, that is, by lady Elizabeth, queene of England." MALONE.

Even in the force ³ and road of casualty.
 I will not choose what many men desire,
 Because I will not jump ⁴ with common spirits,
 And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
 Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
 Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves;
 And well said too; For who shall go about
 To cozen fortune, and be honourable
 Without the stamp of merit! Let none presume
 To wear an undeserved dignity.
 O, that estates, degrees, and offices,
 Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear honour
 Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
 How many then should cover, that stand bare?
 How many be commanded, that command?
 How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
 From the true seed of honour? ⁵ and how much honour
 Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
 To be new varnish'd? ⁶ Well, but to my choice:

³ — in the force —] i. e. the power. So, in *Much ado about Nothing*: “ — in the force of his will.” STEEVENS.

⁴ — jump —] i. e. agree with. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I. “ — and in some sort it jumps with my humour.” STEEVENS.

⁵ *How much low peasantry would then be glean'd From the true seed of honour?*] The meaning is, *How much meanness would be found among the great, and how much greatness among the mean.* But since men are always said to glean corn though they may pick chaff, the sentence had been more agreeable to the common manner of speech if it had been written thus:

How much low peasantry would then be pick'd From the true seed of honour? how much honour Glean'd from the chaff? JOHNSON.

⁶ — how much honour Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times, To be new varnish'd;] This confusion and mixture of the metaphors, makes me think that Shakspeare wrote,

To be new vanned. —

i. e. winnow'd, purged, from the French word, *vanner*; which

Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves:
 I will assume desert;—Give me a key for this,
 And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

POR. Too long a pause for that which you find there.

AR. What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,

Presenting me a schedule? I will read it.

How much unlike art thou to Portia?

How much unlike my hopes, and my deservings?

Who chooseth me, shall have as much as he deserves.

Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?

Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

POR. To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,
 And of opposed natures.

is derived from the Latin *vannus*, *ventilabrum*, the fan used for winnowing the chaff from the corn. This alteration restores the metaphor to its integrity: and our poet frequently uses the same thought. So, in the second Part of *Henry IV*:

“ We shall be *winnow'd* with so rough a wind,

“ That even our *corn* shall seem as light as *chaff*.”

WARBURTON.

Shakspeare is perpetually violating the integrity of his metaphors, and the emendation proposed seems to me to be as faulty as unnecessary; for what is already *selected from the chaff* needs not be new *vanned*. I wonder Dr. Warburton did not think of changing the word *ruin* into *rowing*, which in some counties of England, is used to signify the second and inferior crop of grass which is cut in autumn.

So, in one of our old pieces, of which I forgot to set down the name when I transcribed the following passage:

“ — when we had taken the first crop, you might have then been bold to eat the *rowens*.” The word occurs, however, both in the notes on *Tusser*, and in *Mortimer*. STEEVENS.

Steevens justly observes, that honour when picked from the chaff, could not require to be *new vanned*; but honour, mixed with the chaff and ruin of the times, might require to be *new varnished*.

M. MASON.

‘ I will assume desert; — Give me a key for this,] The words —
 for this, which (as Mr. Ritson observes) destroy the measure, should
 be omitted. STEEVENS.

AR. What is here?

*The fire seven times tried this;
Seven times tried that judgement is,
That did never choose amiss :
Some there be, that shadows kifs ;
Such have but a shadow's blifs :
There be fools alive, I wis,⁶
Silver'd o'er ; and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,⁷
I will ever be your head :
So begone, sir,⁸ you are sped.
Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here :
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.—
Sweet, adieu ! I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth.⁹*

Exeunt Arragon and train.

POR. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.
O these deliberate fools ! when they do choose,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

⁶ — *I wis,*] I know. *Wissen*, German. So, in *K. Henry VI*:

“ *I wis* your grandame had no worser match.”

Again, in the comedy of king *Cambyfes* :

“ Yea, *I wis*, shall you, and that with all speed.”

Sidney, Ascham and Waller use the word. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Take what wife you will to bed,*] Perhaps the poet had forgotten that he who missed Portia was never to marry any woman.

JOHNSON.

⁸ *So begone, sir,*] *Sir*, which is not in the old copies, was supplied by the editor of the second folio, for the sake of the metre.

MALONE.

⁹ — *to bear my wroth.*] The old editions read — “ to bear my wroath.” *Wroath* is used in some of the old books for *misfortune*; and is often spelt like *ruth*, which at present signifies only *pity*, or *sorrow for the miseries of another*. Caxton's *Recuyell of the historyes of Troye*, &c. 1417, has frequent instances of *wroth*. The modern editors read — *my wrath*. STEEVENS.

NER. The ancient saying is no herefy ;—
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

POR. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Servant.

SERV. Where is my lady?

POR. Here ; what would my lord ?⁸

SERV. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify the approaching of his lord :
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets ;⁹
To wit, besides commends, and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value ; yet I have not seen
So likely an embassador of love :
A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

POR. No more, I pray thee ; I am half afeard,
Thou wilt say anon, he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit² in praising him.—
Come, come, Nerissa ; for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post, that comes so mannerly.

NER. Bassanio, lord love, if thy will it be !

[*Excunt.*

⁸ Por. *Here ; what would my lord ?*] Would not this speech to the servant be more proper in the mouth of *Nerissa* ? TYRWHITT.

⁹ — regreets ;] i. e. salutations. So, in *K. John*, Act III. sc. i :

“ Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regret.”

STEEVENS.

² — high-day wit —] So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* :
“ — he speaks holiday.” STEEVENS.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Venice. *A Street.*

Enter SALANIO and SALARINO.

SALAN. Now, what news on the Rialto?

SALAR. Why, yet it lives there uncheck'd, that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wreck'd on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcases of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip report be an honest woman of her word.

SALAN. I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as ever knapp'd ginger,³ or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband: But it is true, without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain high-way of talk, that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio, O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!

SALAR. Come, the full stop.

SALAN. Ha,—what say'st thou? Why the end is, he hath lost a ship.

SALAR. I would it might prove the end of his losses!

SALAN. Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer;⁴ for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.—

³ — knapp'd ginger;] To knap is to break short. The word occurs in the *Common Prayer*: "He knappeth the spear in funder." STEEVENS.

⁴ — my prayer;] i. e. the prayer or wish, which you have just now uttered, and which I devoutly join in by saying amen to it. Mr. Theobald and Dr. Warburton unnecessarily, I think, read — *thy* prayer.

Enter SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants?

SHY. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

SALAR. That's certain; I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

SALAN. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledg'd; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

SHY. She is damn'd for it.

SALAR. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

SHY. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

SALAN. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

SHY. I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

SALAR. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and rhenish: But tell us, do you hear, whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

SHY. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, ' who dare scarce show his head

The people pray as well as the priest, though the latter only pronounces the words, which the people make their own by saying *Amen* to them. It is, after this, needless to add, that the Devil (in the shape of a Jew) could not cross *Salarino's* prayer, which as far as it was singly his, was already ended. HEATH.

' — *a bankrupt, a prodigal,*] This is spoke of Antonio. But why a prodigal? his friend Bassanio indeed had been too liberal; and with this name the Jew honours him when he is going to sup with him:

on the Rialto; a beggar, that used to come so smug upon the mart; let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy;—let him look to his bond.

SALAR. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh; What's that good for?

SHY. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me of half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew: Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? if you prick us, do we not bleed? ⁶ if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if

—— *I'll go in hate to feed upon*

The prodigal Christian ——

But Antonio was a plain, reserved, parsimonious merchant; be assured therefore we should read — *a bankrupt* FOR *a prodigal*, i. e. he is become bankrupt by supplying the extravagancies of his friend Bassanio. WARBURTON.

There is no need of alteration. There could be, in Shylock's opinion, no prodigality more culpable than such liberality as that by which a man exposes himself to ruin for his friend. JOHNSON.

His lending money without interest, "*for a christian courtesy*," was likewise a reason for the Jew to call Antonio prodigal.

EDWARDS.

⁶ — *if you prick us, do we not bleed?*] Are not Jews made of the same materials as Christians, says Shylock; thus in Plutarch's life of Cæsar, p. 140. 4to. v. iv: "Cæsar does not consider his subjects are mortal, and bleed when they are pricked," "εἰς ἀπὸ τῶν τραυματῶν λογίζεται Καῖσαρ ἐτι θνητῶν μὲν ἀρκεῖ." S. W.

you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge: If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge. The villainy, you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.

Enter a Servant.

SERV. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

SALAR. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter TUBAL.

SALAN. Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew. [*Exeunt* SALAN. SALAR. and SERVANT.

SHY. How now, Tubal, what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

TUB. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

SHY. Why there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now:—two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels.—I would, my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! 'would she were hears'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why, so:—and I know not what's spent in the search: Why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring, but

what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs, but o' my breathing; no tears, but o' my shedding.

TUB. Yes, other men have ill luck too; Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

SHY. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

TUB.—hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

SHY. I thank God, I thank God:—Is it true? is it true?

TUB. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

SHY. I thank thee, good Tubal;—Good news, good news: ha! ha!—Where? in Genoa?

TUB. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats.

SHY. Thou stick'st a dagger in me: I shall never see my gold again: Fourscore ducats at a fitting! fourscore ducats!

TUB. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

SHY. I am very glad of it: I'll plague him; I'll torture him; I am glad of it.

TUB. One of them showed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

SHY. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor:⁷ I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

⁷ — it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor:] A turquoise is a precious stone found in the veins of the mountains on the confines of Persia to the east, subject to the Tartars. As Shylock had been married long enough to have a daughter

TUB. But Antonio is certainly undone.

SHY. Nay, that's true, that's very true: Go, Tubal, see me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before: I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will: Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. [*Exeunt.*

grown up, it is plain he did not value this turquoise on account of the money for which he might hope to sell it, but merely in respect of the imaginary virtues formerly ascribed to the stone. It was said of the Turkey-stone, that it faded or brightened in its colour, as the health of the wearer increased or grew less. To this B. Jonson refers, in his *Sejanus*:

“ And true as *Turkise* in my dear lord's ring,

“ Look well, or ill with him.”

Again, in *The Muses Elysium*, by Drayton:

“ The *turkesse*, which who haps to wear,

“ Is often kept from peril.”

Again, Edward Fenton in *Secrete Wonders of Nature*, bl. l. 4to. 1569. “ The *Turkeys* doth move when there is any perill prepared to him that weareth it.” P. 51. b.

But *Leah* (if we may believe Thomas Nicols, sometimes of Jesus College in Cambridge, in his *Lapidary*, &c.) might have presented *Shylock* with his *Turquoise* for a better reason; as this stone “ is likewise said to take away all enmity, and to reconcile man and wife.”

Other superstitious qualities are imputed to it, all of which were either monitory or preservative to the wearer.

The same quality was supposed to be resident in coral. So, in *The Three Ladies of London*, 1584:

“ You may say jet will take up a straw, amber will make one fat,

“ Coral will look pale when you be sick, and chrystal will stanch blood.”

Thus Holinshed, speaking of the death of *King John*: “ And when the king suspected them (the pears) to be poisoned indeed, by reason that such *precious Stones* as he had about him cast forth a certain sweat as it were bewraeing the poison,” &c. STEEVENS.

S C E N E II.

Belmont, *A Room in Portia's House.*

*Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA,
and Attendants. The caskets are set out.*

POR. I pray you, tarry; pause a day or two,
Before you hazard; for, in choos'ing wrong,
I loose your company; therefore, forbear a while:
There's something tells me, (but it is not love,)
I would not lose you; and you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality:
But lest you should not understand me well,
(And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,)
I would detain you here some month or two,
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choose right, but then I am forsworn;
So will I never be: so may you miss me;
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
They have o'er-look'd me, and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,
Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours,
And so all yours:⁸ O! these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights;
And so, though yours, not yours. Prove it so,⁹

⁸ *And so all yours:]* The latter word is here used as a dissyllable. In the next line but one below, where the same word occurs twice, our author, with his usual licence, employs one as a word of two syllables, and the other as a monosyllable. MALONE.

⁹ *And so, though yours, not yours. — Prove it so,]* It may be more grammatically read:

And so though yours I'm not yours, JOHNSON.

Let fortune go to hell for it, not I.²
 I speak too long; but 'tis to peize the time;³
 To eke it, and to draw it out in length,
 To stay you from election.

BASS. Let me choose;
 For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

POR. Upon the rack, Bassanio? then confess
 What treason there is mingled with your love.

BASS. None, but that ugly treason of mistrust,
 Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love:
 There may as well be amity and life
 'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

POR. Ay, but, I fear, you speak upon the rack,
 Where men enforced do speak any thing:

BASS. Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

POR. Well then, confess, and live.

BASS. Confess, and love,
 Had been the very sum of my confession:
 O happy torment, when my torturer

² *Let fortune go to hell for it, — not I.*] The meaning is, "If the worst I fear should happen, and it should prove in the event, that I, who am justly yours by the free donation I have made you of myself, should yet not be yours in consequence of an unlucky choice, let fortune go to hell for robbing you of your just due, not I for violating my oath." HEATH.

³ ——— *to peize the time;*] Thus the old copies. *To peize* is from *peser*, Fr. So, in *K. Richard III.*

"Left leaden slumber *peize* me down to-morrow."

To peize the time, therefore, is *to retard it by hanging weights upon it*. The modern editors read, without authority, — *piece*.

STEEVENS.

To peize, is to *weigh*, or *balance*; and figuratively, *to keep in suspense*, to *delay*.

So, in Sir P. Sydney's *Apology for Poetry*: — "not speaking words as they changeably fall from the mouth, but *peyzing* each syllable."

HENLEY.

Doth teach me answers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

POR. Away then: I am lock'd in one of them;
If you do love me, you will find me out.—
Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof.
Let musick sound, while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in musick: that the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream,
And wat'ry death-bed for him: He may win;
And what is musick then? then musick is
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch: such it is,
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no less presence,⁴ but with much more love,
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the sea-monster:⁵ I stand for sacrifice,
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With bleared visages, come forth to view
The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules!
Live thou, I live: With much much more dismay
I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray.⁶

⁴ *With no less presence,*] With the same *dignity of mien.* JOHNSON.

⁵ *To the sea-monster:*] See Ovid. *Metamorph.* Lib. XI. ver. 199, & seqq. Shakspeare however, I believe, had read an account of this adventure in *The Destruction of Troy*:—“Laomedon cast his eyes all bewept on him, [Hercules] and was all abashed to see his greatness and his beauty.” See B. I. p. 221, edit. 1617. MALONE.

⁶ *Live thou, I live:*—*With much much more dismay*

I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray.] One of the quartos [Roberts's] reads:

*Live then, I live with much more dismay
To view the fight, than, &c.*

Musick, whilst BASSANIO comments on the caskets to himself.

S O N G.

1. *Tell me, where is fancy⁶ bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?*

Reply.⁷

2. *It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies:
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it,—Ding dong, bell.*

All. *Ding dong, bell.*

BASS. So may the outward shows⁸ be least themselves;

The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,⁹
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it² with a text,

The folio, 1623, thus:

*Live thou, I live with much more dismay
I view the fight, than, &c.*

Heyes's quarto gives the present reading. JOHNSON.

⁶ ———fancy—] i. e. Love. So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

“Than sighs and tears, poor fancy's followers.” STEEVENS.

⁷ Reply.] The words, *reply, reply*, were in all the late editions, except Sir T. Hanmer's, put as verse in the song; but in all the old copies stand as a marginal direction. JOHNSON.

⁸ So may the outward shows——] He begins abruptly; the first part of the argument has passed in his mind. JOHNSON.

⁹ ——gracious voice,] Pleasing; winning favour. JOHNSON.

² —approve it—] i. e. justify it. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“——I am full sorry

“That he approves the common liar, fame.” STEEVENS.

Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
 There is no vice³ so simple, but assumes
 Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
 How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
 As flairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
 The beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars;
 Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk?
 And these assume but valour's excrement,⁴
 To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
 And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight;⁵
 Which therein works a miracle in nature,
 Making them lightest that wear most of it:⁶
 So are those crisped⁷ snaky golden locks,
 Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
 Upon supposed fairness, often known
 To be the dowry of a second head,
 The scull that bred them, in the sepulchre.⁸

³ *There is no vice* —] The old copies read — *voice*. The emendation was made by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

⁴ — *valour's excrement*,] i. e. what a little higher is called the *beard* of Hercules. So, "*pedler's excrement*," in *The Winter's Tale*. MALONE.

⁵ — *by the weight*;] That is, *artificial beauty* is purchased so; as, false hair, &c. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Making them lightest that wear most of it*:] *Lightest* is here used in a wanton sense. So afterwards:

"Let me be light, but let me not seem light." MALONE.

⁷ — *crisped* —] i. e. curled. So, in *The Philosopher's Satires*, by Robert Anton:

"Her face as beauteous as the *crisped* morn." STEEVENS.

⁸ — *in the sepulchre*.] See a note on *Timon of Athens*, A& IV. sc. iii. Shakspeare has likewise satirized this yet prevailing fashion in *Love's Labour's Lost*. STEEVENS.

The prevalence of this fashion in Shakspeare's times is evinced by the following passage in an old pamphlet entitled *The Honestie of this Age, proving by good circumstance that the world was never honest till now*, by Barnabe Rich, quarto, 1615: — "My lady holdeth on her way, perhaps to the tire-maker's shop, where she shaketh her crownes to bestow upon some new fashioned attire, upon such artificial deformed *periwigs*, that they were fitter to furnish a theatre,

Thus ornament is but the guiled shore⁹
 To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
 Veiling an Indian beauty;² in a word,
 The seeming truth which cunning times put on
 To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
 Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee:
 Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
 'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meager lead,
 Which rather threat'nest, than dost promise aught,
 Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence,³
 And here choose I; Joy be the consequence!

or for her that in a stage-play should represent some hag of hell, than to be used by a christian woman." Again, *ibid*: "These attire-makers within these fortie yeares were not known by that name; and but now very lately they kept their lowzie commodity of *periwigs*, and their monstrous attires closed in boxes; — and those women that used to weare them would not buy them but in secret. But now they are not ashamed to set them forth upon their stalls, — such monstrous mop-powles of haire, so proportioned and deformed, that but within these twenty or thirty yeares would have drawne the passers-by to stand and gaze, and to wonder at them."

MALONE.

⁹ — *the guiled shore* —] i. e. the *treacherous* shore. I should not have thought the word wanted explanation, but that some of our modern editors have rejected it, and read *gilded*. *Guiled* is the reading of all the ancient copies. Shakspeare in this instance, as in many others, confounds the participles. *Guiled* stands for *guiling*. STEEVENS.

² — *Indian beauty*;] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads:
 — *Indian dowdy*. JOHNSON.

³ *Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence*,] The old copies read — *paleness*. STEEVENS.

Bassanio is displeased at the golden *casket* for its *gaudiness*, and the silver one for its *paleness*; but what! is he charmed with the leaden one for having the very same quality that displeased him in the silver? The poet certainly wrote:

Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence:

This characterizes the lead from the silver, which *paleness* does not, they being both *pale*. Besides, there is a beauty in the antithesis between *plainness* and *eloquence*; between *paleness* and *eloquence* none. So it is said before of the *leaden casket*:

"*This third, dull lead, with warning all is blunt.*"

WARBURTON.

POR. How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrac'd despair,
And shudd'ring fear and green-ey'd jealousy.
O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy,
In measure rain thy joy,⁴ scant this excess;

It may be that Dr. Warburton has altered the wrong word, if any alteration be necessary. I would rather give the character of *silver*.

" — Thou *stale*, and common drudge

" 'Tween man and man." —

The *paleness* of *lead* is for ever alluded to.

" Diane declining, *pale* as any *ledde*,"

Says Stephen Hawes. In *Fairfax's Tasso*, we have

" The lord Tancredie, *pale* with rage as *lead*,"

Again, Sackville, in his *Legend of the Duke of Buckingham*:

" Now *pale* as *lead*, now cold as any stone."

And in the old ballad of *The King and the Beggar*:

" — She blushed scarlet red,

" Then straight again, as *pale as lead*."

As to the antithesis, Shakspeare has already made it in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

" When (says Theseus) I have seen great clerks look *pale*,

" I read as much, as from the rattling tongue

" Of saucy and audacious eloquence." FARMER.

By laying an emphasis on *Thy*, [*Thy paleness moves me, &c.*] Dr. W's. objection is obviated. Though Bassanio might object to silver, that "*pale and common drudge*," *lead*, though *pale* also, yet not being in daily use, might, in his opinion, deserve a preference. I have therefore great doubts concerning Dr. Warburton's emendation. MALONE.

⁴ *In measure rain thy joy,*] The first quarto edition reads:

In measnre range thy joy.

The folio, and one of the quartos:

In measure raine thy joy.

I once believ'd Shakspeare meant:

In measure rein thy joy.

The words *rain* and *rein* were not in these times distinguished by regular orthography. There is no difficulty in the present reading, only where the copies vary, some suspicion of error is always raised.

JOHNSON.

Having frequent occasion to make the same observation in the perusal of the first folio, I am also strongly inclined to the former word; but as the text is intelligible, have made no change. *Rein* in the second instance quoted below by Mr. Steevens is spelt in the old copy as it is here; — *raine*. So, in *The Tempest*, edit. 1623:

" — do not give dalliance

" Too much the *raigne*." MALONE.

I feel too much thy blessing, make it less,
For fear I surfeit!

BASS. What find I here? ⁴

[*Opening the leaden casket.*

Fair Portia's counterfeit? ⁵ What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are fever'd lips,
Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar

I believe Shakspeare alluded to the well-known proverb, *It cannot rain, but it pours.*

So, in *The Laws of Candy*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

“ ——— pour not too fast joys on me,

“ But sprinkle them so gently, I may stand them.”

The following quotation by Mr. Malone from *King Henry IV.* P. I. confirms my sense of the passage:

“ ——— but in short space

“ It rain'd down fortune show'ring on thy head,

“ And such a flood of greatness fell on you,” &c.

Mr. Tollet is of opinion that *rein* is the true word, as it better agrees with the context; and more especially on account of the following passage in *Coriolanus*, which approaches very near to the present reading:

“ ——— being once chaf'd, he cannot

“ Be rein'd again to temperance.”

So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act V. sc. ii.

“ Rein thy tongue.” STEEVENS.

⁴ *What find I here?*] The latter word is here employed as a dissyllable. MALONE.

Some monosyllable appears to have been omitted. There is no example of — *here*, used as a dissyllable; and even with such assistance, the verse, to the ear at least, would be defective. Perhaps our author designed Portia to say —

“ For fear I surfeit me.” STEEVENS.

⁵ *Fair Portia's counterfeit?*] *Counterfeit*, which is at present used only in a bad sense, anciently signified a *likeness*, a *resemblance*, without comprehending any idea of fraud. So, in *The Wit of a Woman*, 1604: “I will see if I can agree with this stranger, for the drawing of my daughter's *counterfeit*.”

Again, (as Mr. M. Mason observes) Hamlet calls the pictures he shows to his mother,

“ The *counterfeit* presentment of two brothers.”

STEEVENS.

Should funder fuch sweet friends : Here in her hairs
The painter plays the fpider; and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: But her eyes,—
How could he fee to do them? having made one,
Methinks, it fhould have power to steal both his,
And leave itfelf unfurnish'd: ⁶ Yet look, how far
The fubftance of my praife doth wrong this fhadow
In underprizing it, fo far this fhadow
Doth limp behind the fubftance. Here's the fcroll,
The continent and fummary of my fortune.

*You that choofe not by the view,
Chance as fair, and choofe as true!*

⁶ Methinks, it fhould have power to steal both his,
And leave itfelf unfurnish'd:] Perhaps it might be:
And leave himfelf unfurnish'd. JOHNSON.

If this be the right reading, *unfurnished* muft mean “ unfurnished with a companion, or fellow.” M. MASON.

Dr. Johnson's emendation would altogether fubvert the poet's meaning. If the artift, in painting *one* of Portia's eyes, fhould lofe both his own, that eye which he had painted, muft neceffarily be *left unfurnished*, or deftitute of its fellow. HENLEY.

And leave itfelf unfurnish'd:] i. e. and leave itfelf incomplete; unaccompanied with the other ufual component parts of a portrait, viz. another eye, &c. The various features of the face our author feems to have confidered as the *furniture* of a picture. So, in *As you like it*: “ — he was *furnish'd* like a huntsman;” i. e. had all the appendages belonging to a huntsman. MALONE.

The hint for this paffage appears to have been taken from Greene's *History of Faire Bellora*; afterwards published under the title of *A Paire of Turtle Doves, or the Tragical History of Bellora and Fidelio*, bl. 1: “ If Apelles had beene tasked to have drawne her *counterfeit*, her two bright-burning lampes would have fo dazled his quicke-feeing fences, that quite difpairing to exprefle with his cunning penfill fo admirable a worke of nature, he had been inforced to have ftaid his hand, and *left* this earthly Venus *unfinifhed*.”

A preceding paffage in Baffanio's fpeech might have been fugged by the fame novel.

A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men: “ What are our curled and crisped lockes, but *snarcs and nets* to catch and entangle the hearts of gazers,” &c. STEEVENS.

*Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seek no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your blifs,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kifs.*

A gentle scroll; Fair lady, by your leave;
[*Kissing her.*

I come by note, to give, and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause, and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing, in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise⁷ be his or no;
So, thrice fair lady, stand I, even so;
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratify'd by you.

POR. You see me, lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though, for myself alone,
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you,
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich;
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full sum of me

⁷ — peals of praise —] The second quarto reads — *pearles* of praise. JOHNSON.

This reading may be the true one. So, in Whetstone's *Arbours of Virtue*, 1576:

"The *pearles* of praise that deck a noble name."

Again, in R. C's verses in praise of the same author's *Rock of Regard*:

"But that that bears the *pearle* of praise away."

STEEVENS.

Is sum of something; ⁸ which, to term in grofs,
Is an unleſſon'd girl, unſchool'd, unpraſtis'd:
Happy in this, ſhe is not yet ſo old
But ſhe may learn; ⁹ and happier than this,
She is not bred ſo dull but ſhe can learn;
Happieſt of all, is, that her gentle ſpirit
Commits itſelf to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myſelf, and what is mine, to you, and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair manſion, maſter of my ſervants,
Queen o'er myſelf; and even now, but now,
This houſe, theſe ſervants, and this ſame myſelf,
Are yours, my lord; I give them with this ring;
Which when you part from, loſe, or give away,
Let it preſage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

BASS. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood ſpeaks to you in my veins:
And there is ſuch confuſion in my powers,
As, after ſome oration fairly ſpoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear

⁸ *Is ſum of ſomething;*] We ſhould read — *ſome* of ſomething,
i. e. only a piece, or part only of an imperfect account; which
ſhe explains in the following line. WARBURTON.

Thus one of the quartos. The folio reads:

“ *Is ſum of nothing.* ”

The purport of the reading in the text ſeems to be this:

“ — the full *ſum* of me — ”

Is ſum of ſomething, i. e. is not entirely ideal, but amounts to as
much as can be found in — *an unleſſon'd girl*, &c. STEEVENS.

⁹ *But ſhe may learn;*] The latter word is here uſed as a diſſylla-
ble. MALONE.

Till the reader has reconciled his ear to this diſſyllabical pro-
nunciation of the word *learn*, I beg his acceptance of — *and*, a harm-
leſs monosyllable which I have ventured to introduce for the ſake
of obvious metre. STEEVENS.

Among the buzzing pleased multitude ;
 Where every something, being blent together,²
 Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
 Express'd, and not express'd : But when this ring
 Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence ;
 O, then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead.

NER. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
 That have stood by, and seen our wishes prosper,
 To cry, good joy ; Good joy, my lord, and lady !

GRA. My lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady,
 I wish you all the joy that you can wish ;
 For, I am sure, you can wish none from me :³
 And, when your honours mean to solemnize
 The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
 Even at that time I may be married too.

BASS. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

GRA. I thank your lordship ; you have got me one.
 My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours :
 You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid ;
 You lov'd, I lov'd ; for intermission⁴
 No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
 Your fortune stood upon the caskets there ;
 And so did mine too, as the matter falls :
 For wooing here, until I sweat again ;
 And swearing, till my very roof was dry
 With oaths of love ; at last,—if promise last,—
 I got a promise of this fair one here,
 To have her love, provided that your fortune

² — being blent together,] i. e. blended. STEEVENS.

³ — you can wish none from me:] That is, none away from me ; none that I shall lose, if you gain it. JOHNSON.

⁴ — for intermission—] *Intermission* is pause, intervening time, delay. So, in *Macbeth* :

“ — gentle heaven

“ Cut short all intermission !” STEEVENS.

Achiev'd her mistrefs.

POR. Is this true, Neriffa?

NER. Madam, it is, fo you ftand pleas'd withal.

BASS. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

GRA. Yes, 'faith, my lord.

BASS. Our feaft fhall be much honour'd in your marriage.

GRA. We'll play with them, the firft boy, for a thoufand ducats.

NER. What, and ftake down?

GRA. No; we fhall ne'er win at that fport, and ftake down.—

But who comes here? Lorenzo, and his infidel?

What, and my old Venetian friend, Salerio?

Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, and SALERIO.

BASS. Lorenzo, and Salerio, welcome hither;
If that the youth of my new intereft here
Have power to bid you welcome:— By your leave,
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

POR. So do I, my lord;
They are entirely welcome.

LOR. I thank your honour:—For my part, my lord,
My purpofe was not to have feen you here;
But meeting with Salerio by the way,
He did entreat me, paff all faying nay,
To come with him along.

SALE. I did, my lord,
And I have reafon for it. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you. [*Gives BASSANIO a letter.*]

BASS. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.

SALE. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will show you his estate.

GRA. Nerissa, cheer yon' stranger; bid her welcome.

Your hand, Salerio; What's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
I know, he will be glad of our success;
We are the Jafons, we have won the fleece.⁵

SALE. 'Would you had won the fleece that he hath
lost!

POR. There are some shrewd contents in yon'
same paper,

That steal the colour from Bassanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse?—
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of any thing
That this same paper brings you.

BASS. O sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words,
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true: and yet, dear lady,

⁵ *We are the Jafons, we have won the fleece.*] So, in Abraham Fleming's "*Rythme Decasyllabicall*, upon this last luckie voyage of worthie Capteine Frobisher 1577:"

"The golden fleece (like Jason) hath he got,
"And rich return'd, saunce losse or luckless lot."

Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
 How much I was a braggart: When I told you
 My state was nothing, I should then have told you
 That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,
 I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,
 Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,
 To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
 The paper as the body⁶ of my friend,
 And every word in it a gaping wound,
 Issuing life-blood. But is it true, Salerio?
 Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
 From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
 From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?
 And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch
 Of merchant-marring rocks?

SALE. Not one, my lord.
 Besides, it should appear, that if he had
 The present money to discharge the Jew,
 He would not take it: Never did I know
 A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
 So keen and greedy to confound a man:
 He plies the duke at morning, and at night;
 And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
 If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,
 The duke himself, and the magnificoes
 Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;
 But none can drive him from the envious plea
 Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

JES. When I was with him, I have heard him swear,

⁶ *The paper as the body*—] I believe, the author wrote—*is the body*—. The two words are frequently confounded in the old copies. So, in the first quarto edition of this play, A& IV: "Is dearly bought, *as mine*," &c. instead of—*is mine*. MALONE.

The expression is somewhat elliptical: "The paper *as the body*," means—the paper resembles the body, is as the body. STEEVENS.

To Tubal, and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh,
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him: and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

POR. Is it your dear friend, that is thus in trouble?

BASS. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

POR. What sum owes he the Jew?

BASS. For me, three thousand ducats.

POR.

What, no more?

Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.
First, go with me to church, and call me wife;
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over;
When it is paid, bring your true friend along:
My maid Nerissa, and myself, mean time,
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away;
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day:
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer;⁵
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

⁵ — cheer;] i. e. countenance. So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, Vol. VII. p. 161:

"That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheer."
See note on this passage. STEEVENS,



R. Westall pinx.

J. G. Bock sculpsit.

SHAKSPEARE.
Merchant of Venice
ACT. III. SCEN. III.

BASS. [reads.] *Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since, in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I,⁶ if I might but see you at my death: notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.*

POR. O love, despatch all business, and be gone.

BASS. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste: but, till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
No rest be interposer 'twixt us twain. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

Venice. A Street.

Enter SHYLOCK, SALANIO, ANTONIO, and Gaoler.

SHY. Gaoler, look to him;——Tell not me of mercy;——

This is the fool that lent out money gratis;—
Gaoler, look to him.

ANT. Hear me yet, good Shylock.

SHY. I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond;

I have sworn an oath, that I will have my bond:
Thou call'dst me dog, before thou had'st a cause:
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The duke shall grant me justice.—I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond⁷

⁶ —and I,] This inaccuracy, I believe, was our author's. Mr. Pope reads —and me. MALONE.

⁷ —so fond—] i. e. so foolish. So, in the old comedy of *Mother Bombie*, 1594, by Lyly: "—that the youth seeing her fair cheeks, may be enamoured before they hear her fond speech." STEEVENS.

Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,²
 There must be needs a like proportion
 Of lineaments, of manners,³ and of spirit;
 Which makes me think, that this Antonio,
 Being the bosom lover of my lord,⁴

² *Whose souls do bear an equal yoke, &c.]* The folio, 1623, reads — *egal*, which, I believe, in Shakspeare's time was commonly used for *equal*. So it was in Chaucer's:

“ I will presume hym so to dignifie

“ Yet be not *egal*.”

Prol. to *The Remedy of Love*,

Again, in *Gorboduc*:

“ Sith all as one do bear you *egal* faith.” STEEVENS.

³ *Of lineaments, of manners, &c.]* The wrong pointing has made this fine sentiment nonsense. As implying that friendship could not only make a similitude of manners, but of *faces*. The true sense is, *lineaments of manners*, i. e. form of the *manners*, which, says the speaker, must needs be proportionate. WARBURTON.

The poet only means to say, *that corresponding proportions of body and mind are necessary for those who spend their time together*. So, in *K. Henry IV. P. II*:

“ *Dol.* Why doth the prince love him so then?

“ *Fal.* Because *their legs are both of a bigness*,” &c.

Every one will allow that the friend of a toper should have a strong head, and the intimate of a sportsman such an athletic constitution as will enable him to acquit himself with reputation in the exercises of the field. The word *lineaments* was used with great laxity by our ancient writers. In *The learned and true Assertion of the Original, Life, &c. of King Arthur, translated from the Latin of John Leland, 1582*, it is used for the human frame in general. Speaking of the removal of that prince's bones,—he calls them *Arthur's lineaments three times translated*: and again, *all the lineaments of them remaining in that most stately tomb, saving the shin bones of the king and queen, &c.*

Again, in Greene's *Farewell to Follie, 1617*: “ Nature hath so curiously performed his charge in the *lineaments* of his body,” &c.

Again, in Chapman's translation of the twenty-third book of *Homer's Iliad*:

“ ————so over-labour'd were

“ His goodly *lineaments* with chase of Hector,” &c.

STEEVENS.

⁴ ————*the bosom lover of my lord,*] In our author's time this term was applied to those of the same sex who had an esteem for each other. Ben Jonson concludes one of his letters to Dr. Donne, by

Must needs be like my lord : If it be so,
 How little is the cost I have bestow'd,
 In purchasing the semblance of my soul
 From out the state of hellish cruelty ?
 This comes too near the praising of myself ;
 Therefore, no more of it : hear other things. —
 Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
 The husbandry and manage of my house,
 Until my lord's return : for mine own part,
 I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow,
 To live in prayer and contemplation,
 Only attended by Nerissa here,
 Until her husband and my lord's return :
 There is a monastery two miles off,
 And there we will abide. I do desire you,
 Not to deny this imposition ;
 The which my love, and some necessity,
 Now lays upon you.

LOR. — Madam, with all my heart ;
 I shall obey you in all fair commands.

POR. My people do already know my mind,
 And will acknowledge you and Jessica
 In place of lord Bassanio and myself.
 So fare you well, till we shall meet again.

LOR. Fair thoughts, and happy hours, attend on
 you !

telling him, " he is his true lover." So, in *Coriolanus* : " I tell thee, fellow, thy general is my lover." Many more instances might be added. See our author's Sonnets, passim. MALONE.

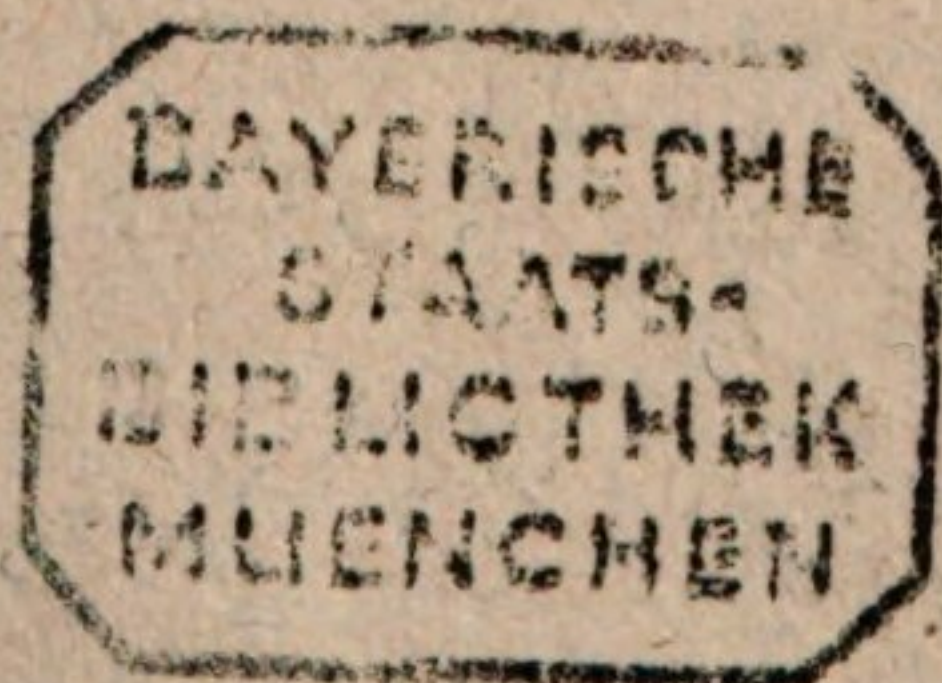
— hear other things.] In former editions :

*This comes too near the praising of myself ;
 Therefore no more of it : here other things,
 Lorenzo, I commit, &c.*

Portia finding the reflections she had made came too near self-praise, begins to chide herself for it ; says, She'll say no more of that sort ; but call a new subject. The regulation I have made in the text was likewise prescribed by Dr. Thirlby. THEOBALD.

VOL. VIII.

H



JES. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

POR. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleas'd
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.—

[*Exeunt* JESSICA and LORENZO.

Now, Balthazar,

As I have ever found thee honest, true,

So let me find thee still: Take this same letter,

And use thou all the endeavour of a man,

In speed to Padua;⁸ see thou render this

Into my cousin's hand, doctor Bellario;

And, look, what notes and garments he doth give
thee,

Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed⁹

Unto the tranect,² to the common ferry

Which trades to Venice:—waste no time in words,

⁸ *In speed to Padua;*] The old copies read — *Mantua*; and thus all the modern editors implicitly after them. But 'tis evident to any diligent reader, that we must restore, as I have done, — *In speed to Padua*: for it was there, and not at *Mantua*, Bellario liv'd. So afterwards; — *A messenger, with letters from the Doctor, new come from Padua* — and again, *Came you from Padua, from Bellario?* — And again, *It comes from Padua from Bellario*. — Besides, *Padua*, not *Mantua*, is the place of education for the civil law in Italy.

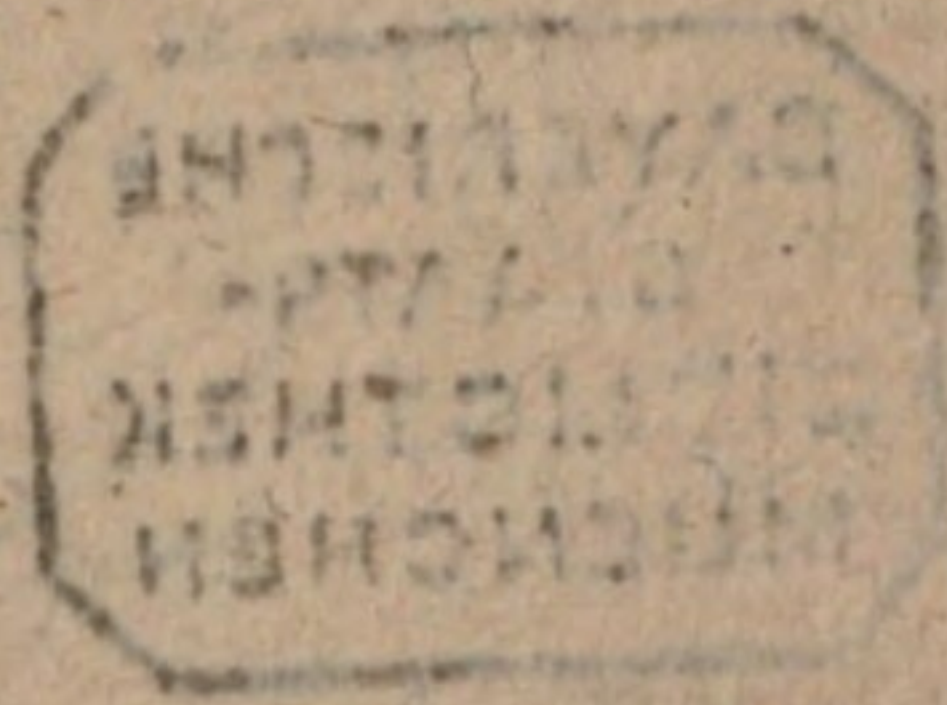
THEOBALD.

⁹ — *with imagin'd speed* —] i. e. with celerity like that of imagination. So, in the Chorus preceding the third act of *K. Henry V*:
“ Thus with *imagin'd* wing our swift scene flies.”

Again, in *Hamlet*: “ — swift as *meditation* — ” STEEVENS.

² *Unto the tranect,*] The old copies concur in this reading, which appears to be derived from *tranare*, and was probably a word current in the time of our author, though I can produce no example of it. STEEVENS.

Mr. Rowe reads — *traject*, which was adopted by all the subsequent editors. — Twenty miles from Padua, on the river Brenta there is a dam or sluice, to prevent the water of that river from mixing with that of the marshes of Venice. Here the passage-boat is drawn out of the river, and lifted over the dam by a crane. From hence to Venice the distance is five miles. Perhaps some novel-writer of Shakspeare's time might have called this dam by the name of the *tranect*. See Du Gange in v. *Trana*. MALONE.



But get thee gone; I shall be there before thee.

BALTH. Madam, I go with all convenient speed.
[Exit.]

POR. Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand,
That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands
Before they think of us.

NER. Shall they see us?

POR. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With what we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accouter'd³ like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;
And speak, between the change of man and boy,
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies fought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died;
I could not do with all;⁴—then I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them:
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,
That men shall swear, I have discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth:—I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practise.

NER. Why, shall we turn to men?

POR. Fie! what a question's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter?
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device

³ — accouter'd —] So the earliest quarto, and the folio. The other quarto — apparel'd. MALONE.

⁴ — do with all;] For the sense of the word *do*, in this place, See a note on *Measure for Measure*, Vol. VI. p. 19. COLLINS.

The old copy reads — *withall*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

The same. A Garden.

Enter LAUNCELOT and JESSICA.

LAUN. Yes, truly:—for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children; therefore, I promise you, I fear you.⁵ I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter: Therefore be of good cheer; for, truly, I think, you are damn'd. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good; and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

JES. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

LAUN. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.

JES. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed; so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

LAUN. Truly then I fear you are damn'd both by father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother:⁶ well, you are gone both ways.

⁵ — *therefore, I promise you, I fear you.*] I suspect *for* has been inadvertently omitted; and we should read — *I fear for you.*

MALONE.

There is not the slightest need of emendation. The disputed phrase is authorized by a passage in *K. Richard III*:

“The king is fickle, weak, and melancholy,

“And his physicians fear him mightily.” STEEVENS.

⁶ — *thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis. your mother:]* Originally from the *Alexandreis* of Philippe Gualtier;

JES. I shall be saved by my husband; ⁷ he hath made me a Christian.

but several translations of this adage were obvious to Shakspeare. Among other places, it is found in an ancient poem, entitled "*A Dialogue between Custom and Veritie*, concerning the use and abuse of Dauncing and Minstrelsie." bl. l. no date.

"While *Silla* they do seem to shun,

"In *Charibd* they do fall." &c.

Philip Gualtier de Chatillon (afterwards Bishop of Megala) was born towards the latter end of the 12th Century. In the fifth book of his heroic Poem, Darius (who escaping from Alexander, fell into the hands of Bessus) is thus apostrophized:

Nactus equum Darius, rorantia cæde suorum
Retrogrado fugit arva gradu. Quo tendis inertem
Rex periture fugam? nescis, heu! perditæ, nescis
Quem fugias, hostes incurris dum fugis hostem:
Incidis in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charibdim,
Bessus, Narzabanes, rerum pars magna tuarum,
Quos inter procures humili de plebe locasti,
Non veriti temerare fidem, capitique verendi
Perdere caniciem, spreto moderamine juris,
Proh dolor! in domini conjurant fata clientes.

The author of the line in question (who was unknown to Erasmus) was first ascertained by Galeottus Marius, who died in 1476; (See *Menagiana*, Vol. I. p. 173. edit. 1729.) and we learn from *Henricus Gandavensis de Scriptoribus Ecclesiasticis*, [i. e. Henry of Gaunt,] that the *Alexandreis* had been a common school-book. In *scholis Grammaticorum tantæ fuisse dignitatis, ut præ ipso veterum Poetarum lectio negligeretur*. Barthius also, in his notes on Claudian, has words to the same effect. *Et media barbarie non plane ineptus versificator Galterus ab Insula (qui tempore Joannis Saresberiensis, ut ex hujus ad eum epistolis discimus, vixit) Tam autem postea clarus fuit, ut expulsis quibusvis bonis auctoribus, scholas tenuerit*. Freinheim, however, in his comment on Quintus Curtius, confesses that he had never seen the work of Gualtier.

The corrupt state in which this poem (of which I have not met with the earliest edition) still appears, is perhaps imputable to frequent transcription, and injudicious attempts at emendation. Every pedagogue through whose hands the Ms. passed, seems to have made some ignorant and capricious changes in its text; so that in many places it is as apparently interpolated and corrupted as the ancient copies of Shakspeare. *Galterus* (says Hermann in his *Conspectus Reipublicæ Literariæ*, p. 120.) *secutus est Curtium, & sæpe ad verbum expressit, unde ejus cum Curtio collatione, nonnulla ex hoc menda tolli*

LAUN. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians enough before; e'en as many as could well live, one by another: This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs; if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Enter LORENZO.

JES. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say; here he comes.

LOR. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

JES. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo; Launcelot and I are out: he tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter: and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth; for, in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

LOR. I shall answer that better to the commonwealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

LAUN. It is much, that the Moor should be more⁸ than reason: but if she be less than an honest woman, she is, indeed, more than I took her for.

possunt; id quod experiendo didici. See also I. G. Vossius *de Poet. Lat.* p. 74, and *Journal des Sçavans* pour Avril, 1760.

Though Nicholas Grimoald (without mention of his original) had translated a long passage of the *Alexandreis* into blank verse before the year 1557, (See Surrey's Poems, and Warton's History of English Poetry, Vol. III. p. 63.) it could have been little known in England, as it is not enumerated in Philips's *Theatrum*, &c. a work understood to be enriched by his uncle Milton's extensive knowledge of modern as well as ancient poetry. STEEVENS.

⁷ *I shall be saved by my husband,*] From St. Paul:

“The unbelieving wife is sanctified by the husband.”

HENLEY.

⁸ *It is much that the Moor should be more, &c.*] This reminds

LOR. How every fool can play upon the word! I think, the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence; and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots.—Go in, firrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

LAUN. That is done, fir; they have all stomachs.

LOR. Goodly lord,⁹ what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

LAUN. That is done too, fir; only, cover is the word.

LOR. Will you cover then, fir?

LAUN. Not so, fir, neither; I know my duty.

LOR. Yet more quarrelling with occasion! Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

LAUN. For the table, fir, it shall be served in; for the meat, fir, it shall be covered; for your com-

us of the quibbling epigram of Milton, which has the same kind of humour to boast of:

“ *Galli ex concubitu gravidam te, Pontia, Mori,*

“ *Quis bene moratam, morigeramque neget?*”

So, in *The Fair Maid of the West*, 1631:

“ And for you Moors thus much I mean to say,

“ I’ll see if *more* I eat the *more* I may.” STEEVENS.

Shakspeare, no doubt, had read or heard of the old epigram on Sir Thomas More:

“ When *More* some years had chancellor been,

“ No *more* suits did remain;

“ The like shall never *more* be seen,

“ Till *More* be there again.” RITSON.

⁹ *Goodly lord,*] Surely this should be corrected *Good lord!* as it is in Theobald’s edition. TYRWHITT.

ing in to dinner, fir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. [Exit LAUNCELOT.]

LOR. O dear discretion, how his words are suited! ²

The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; And I do know
A many fools, that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricky word
Dely the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,
How dost thou like the lord Bassanio's wife?

JES. Past all expressing: It is very meet,
The lord Bassanio live an upright life;
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
And, if on earth he do not mean it, it
Is reason he should never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

LOR. Even such a husband

² — *how his words are suited!*] I believe the meaning is — What a series or suite of words he has independent of meaning; how one word draws on another without relation to the matter. JOHNSON.

I cannot think either that the word *suit*ed is derived from the word *suite*, as Johnson supposes, as that, I believe, was introduced into our language long since the time of Shakspeare; or that Launcelot's words were independent of meaning. Lorenzo expresses his surprize that a fool should apply them so properly. So Jaques says to the Duke in *As you like it*:

“ I met a fool

“ That laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,

“ And rail'd at Lady Fortune in good terms,

“ In good *set* terms:”

That is, in words well suited. M. MASON.

Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

JES. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

LOR. I will anon; first, let us go to dinner.

JES. Nay, let me praise you, while I have a stomach.

LOR. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;
Then, howsoever thou speak'st, 'mong other things
I shall digest it.

JES. Well, I'll set you forth. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Venice. *A Court of Justice.*

Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes; ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALARINO, SALANIO, and others.

DUKE. What, is Antonio here?

ANT. Ready, so please your grace.

DUKE. I am sorry for thee; thou art come to answer

A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

ANT. I have heard,
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach,³ I do oppose

³ — his envy's reach,] Envy in this place means hatred or

My patience to his fury ; and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

DUKE. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

SALAN. He's ready at the door: he comes my
lord.

Enter SHYLOCK.

DUKE. Make room, and let him stand before our
face.—

Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then, 'tis thought,
Thou'lt show thy mercy, and remorse,⁴ more strange
Than is thy strange apparent⁵ cruelty:
And, where⁶ thou now exact'st the penalty,
(Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,)
Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,
But touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back;

malice. So, in Reynolds's *God's Revenge against Murder*, 1621:
“ — he never looks on her (his wife) with affection, but *envy*.”
p. 109. edit. 1679. So also (as Mr. Malone observes) in Lazarus
Pyot's *Orator*, &c. [See the notes at the end of this play.] “ — they
had slain him for verie *envie*.” STEEVENS.

⁴ — *remorse*,] i. e. pity. So, in *Othello*:

“ And to obey shall be in me *remorse*.” STEEVENS.

⁵ — *apparent* —] That is, *seeming*; not real. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *where* —] For *whereas*. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

“ And *where* I thought the remnant of mine age

“ Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty,” &c.

STEEVENS.

Enough to press a royal merchant down,⁷
 And pluck commiseration of his state
 From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,
 From stubborn Turks, and Tartars, never train'd
 To offices of tender courtesy.
 We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

SHY. I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose ;
 And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn,
 To have the due and forfeit of my bond :

⁷ *Enough to press a royal merchant down,*] We are not to imagine the word *royal* to be only a ranting sounding epithet. It is used with great propriety, and shows the poet well acquainted with the history of the people whom he here brings upon the stage. For when the French and Venetians, in the beginning of the thirteenth century, had won Constantinople, the French under the emperor Henry, endeavoured to extend their conquests into the provinces of the Grecian empire on the *Terra firma*; while the Venetians, who were masters of the sea, gave liberty to any subjects of the republick, who would fit out vessels, to make themselves masters of the isles of the Archipelago, and other maritime places; and to enjoy their conquests in sovereignty; only doing homage to the republick for their several principalities. By virtue of this licence, the Sanudo's, the Justiniani, the Grimaldi, the Summaripo's, and others, all Venetian merchants, erected principalities in several places of the Archipelago, (which their descendants enjoyed for many generations) and thereby became truly and properly *royal merchants*. Which indeed was the title generally given them all over Europe. Hence, the most eminent of our own merchants (while publick spirit resided amongst them, and before it was aped by faction) were called *royal merchants*. WARBURTON.

This epithet was in our poet's time more striking and better understood, because Gresham was then commonly dignified with the title of the *royal merchant*. JOHNSON.

Even the pulpit did not disdain the use of this phrase. I have now before me "The Merchant Royal a Sermon, preached at Whitehall, before the king's majestie, at the nuptials of the right honourable the Lord Hay and his lady, upon the twelfth day last, being Jan. 6, 1607." STEEVENS.

If you deny it, let the danger light
 Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
 You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
 A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
 Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that:
 But, say, it is my humour;⁹ Is it answer'd?
 What if my house be troubled with a rat,
 And I be pleas'd to give then thousand ducats
 To have it baned? What, are you answer'd yet?
 Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;²

⁹ — *I'll not answer that:*

But, say, it is my humour;] The Jew being asked a question which the law does not require him to answer, stands upon his right, and refuses; but afterwards gratifies his own malignity by such answers as he knows will aggravate the pain of the enquirer. I will not answer, says he, as to a legal or serious question, but since you want an answer, will this serve you? JOHNSON.

— *say, it is my humour;*] Suppose it is my particular fancy.
 HEATH.

² — *a gaping pig,*] So, in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy*, 1623:

"He could not abide to see a pig's head gaping;

"I thought your grace would find him out a Jew."

Again, in *The Masque*, &c. or, *A Collection of Epigrams and Satires*:

"Darkas cannot endure to see a cat,

"A breast of mutton, or a pig's head gaping." STEEVENS.

Shakspeare might have read of such another antipathy [to a "*pigge stufte*"] in Goulart's *Histories*, of which there was an earlier edition than that of 1607. RITSON.

By a *gaping* pig, Shakspeare, I believe, meant a pig prepared for the table; for in that state is the epithet, *gaping*, most applicable to this animal. So, in Fletcher's *Elder Brother*:

"And they stand *gaping* like a roasted pig."

A passage in one of Nashe's pamphlets (which, perhaps furnished our author with his instance) may serve to confirm the observation:

"The causes conducting unto wrath are as diverse as the actions of a man's life. Some will take on like a madman, if they see a pig come to the table. Sotericus the surgeon was cholerick at the sight of surgeon," &c. *Pierce Pennylesse his Supplication to the Devil*, 1592. MALONE.

Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bag pipe sings i' the nose,
Cannot contain their urine; For affection,
Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loaths:³ Now, for your answer;

³ *Cannot contain their urine; &c.*] Mr. Rowe reads:

Cannot contain their urine for affection.

Masterless passion sways is to the mood

Of what it likes, or loaths.

Masterless passion Mr. Pope has since copied. I don't know what word there is to which this relative *it* is to be referred. The ingenious Dr. Thirlby would thus adjust the passage:

Cannot contain their urine; for affection,

Master of passion, sways it, &c.

And then *it* is govern'd of passion. The two old quartos and folios read — *Masters of passion, &c.*

It may be objected, that *affection* and *passion* mean the same thing. But I observe, the writers of our author's age made a distinction; as Jonson in *Sejanus*:

“ ——— *He hath studied*

“ Affection's passions, knows their springs and ends.”

And then, in this place, *affection* will stand for that *sympathy* or *antipathy* of soul, by which we are provok'd to show a *liking* or *disgust* in the working of our *passions*. THEOBALD.

Masters of passion, is certainly right. He is speaking of the power of sound over the human affections, and concludes, very naturally, that the *masters of passion* (for so he finely calls the musicians) sway the passions or affections as they please. Alluding to what the ancients tell us of the feats that Timotheus and other musicians worked by the power of music. Can any thing be more natural? WARBURTON.

Does not the verb *sway*, which governs the two nominative cases *affection* and *masters*, require that both should be plural, and consequently direct us to read thus?

For *affections*, *masters* of passion sway it, &c.

SIR JOHN HAWKINS.

That *affections* and *passions* anciently had different significations, may be known from the following instance in Greene's *Never too Late*, 1616:

“ His heart was fuller of *passions* than his eyes of *affections*.”

Affections, as used by Shylock, seem to signify *imaginings*, or *prejudices*. In *Othello*, A&I. is a passage somewhat similar. “ And

As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;

though we have here a substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects, throws a more safe voice on you." STEEVENS.

Of this much controverted passage, my opinion was formerly very different from what it is at present. *Sways*, the reading of the old copies, I conceived, could not agree with *masters* as a substantive; but very soon after my former note on these words was printed, I found that this was not only our author's usual phraseology, but the common language of the time. Innumerable instances of the same kind occur in these plays; in all of which I have followed the practice of my predecessors, and silently reduced the substantive and the verb to concord. [See Vol. III. p. 73. n. 5.] This is the only change that is now made in the present passage: for all the ancient copies read — *affection*, not *affections*, as the word has been printed in late editions, in order to connect it with the following line:

"Cannot contain their urine for *affection*," I believe, means only — Cannot, &c. on account of *their being affected* by the noise of the bagpipe; or, in other words, on account of an involuntary antipathy to such a noise. In the next line, which is put in apposition with that preceding, the word *it* may refer either to *passion*, or *affection*. To explain it, I shall borrow Dr. Johnson's words, with a slight variation: "Those who know how to operate on the passion of men, rule it, (or rule the sympathetick feeling,) by making it operate in obedience to the notes which please or disgust it." *It*, ("sway it") in my opinion, refers to *affection*, that is, to the sympathetick feeling. MALONE.

The true meaning undoubtedly is, — The masters of passion, that is, such as are possessed of the art of engaging and managing the human passions, influence them by a skilful application to the particular likings or loathings of the person they are addressing; this is a proof that men are generally governed by their likings and loathings, and therefore it is by no means strange or unnatural that I should be so too in the present instance. HEATH.

The reading of all the old editions is:

"And others, when the bag-pipe sings i' th' nose,
"Cannot contain their urine for *affection*.
"Masters of passion *sways* it to the mood
"Of what it likes or loaths."

i. e. "some men when they hear the sound of a bag-pipe, are so affected therewith that they cannot retain their urine. For those things

Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a swollen bag-pipe;⁴ but of force

which are masters over passion, make it like or loath whatever they will. RITSON.

After all that has been said about this contested passage, I am convinced we are indebted for the true reading of it to Mr. Waldron, the ingenious editor and continuator of Ben Jonson's *Sad Shepherd*.

In his Appendix, p. 212, he observes that "*Mistress* was formerly spelt *Maistress* or *Maiſtres*. In Upton's and Church's *Spenser* we have

" — young birds, which he had taught to ſing

" His *maiſtreſſe* praises." B. III. c. vii. ſt. 17.

This, I preſume, is the reading of the firſt edition of the three firſt books of *The Fairy Queen*, 1590, which I have not; in the ſecond edition, 1596, and the folio's 1609 and 1611, it is ſpelt *miſtreſſe*.

In Bulleyn's Dialogue we have " my maiſter, and my *maiſtreſſe*." See page 219 of this Appendix.

Perhaps *Maiſtreſſe* (easily corrupted, by the tranſpoſition of the *r* and *e*, into *Maiſters*, which is the reading of the ſecond folio of Shakspeare) might have been the poet's word.

Mr. Steevens, in his note on this difficult paſſage, gives a quotation from *Othello*, which countenances this ſuppoſed difference of gender in the noun:—" And though we have here a ſubſtitute of moſt allowed ſufficiency, yet *opinion* a ſovereign *miſtreſſe* of effects, throws a more ſafe voice on you;"

Admitting *maiſtres* to have been Shakspeare's word, we may, according to modern orthography, read the paſſage thus:

" — for affection

" *Miſtreſſe* of paſſion, ſways it to the mood

" Of what it likes, or loaths."

In the Latin, it is to be obſerved, *Affectio* and *Paſſio* are feminine."

To the foregoing amendment, ſo well ſupported, and ſo modeſtly offered, I cannot reſuſe a place in the text of our author.

This emendation may alſo receive countenance from the following paſſage in the fourth Book of Sidney's *Arcadia*: " — She ſaw in him how much fancy doth not only darken reaſon, but beguile ſenſe; ſhe found *opinion* *miſtreſſe* of the Lover's judgement."

So likewiſe in the Prologue to a Mſ. entitled *The Boke of Huntyng, that is cleped Mayſter of Game*.—" ymaginacion *maiſtreſſe* of alle workes," &c. STEEVENS.

⁴ Why he, a ſwollen bag-pipe;] This incident Shakspeare ſeems

Must yield to such inevitable shame,
As to offend, himself being offended;

to have taken from J. C. Scaliger's *Exot. Exercit.* against Cardan. A book that our author was well read in, and much indebted to for a great deal of his physics: it being then much in vogue, and indeed is excellent, though now long since forgot. In his 344 *Exercit. Sect. vi.* he has these words: "*Narrabo nunc tibi jocofum Sympathiam Reguli Vasconis equitis. Is dum viveret, audito phormingis sono, urinam illico facere cogeatur.*" — And to make this jocular story still more ridiculous, Shakspeare, I suppose, translated *phorminx* by *bag-pipes*. But what I would chiefly observe from hence is this, that as Scaliger uses the word *Sympathiam*, which signifies, and so he interprets it, *communem affectionem duabus rebus*, so Shakspeare translates it by *affection*:

Cannot contain their urine for affection.

Which shows the truth of the preceding emendation of the text according to the old copies; which have a full stop at *affection*, and read *Masters of passion*. WARBURTON.

In an old translation from the French of Peter de Loier, intitled *A Treatise of Spectres, or strange Sights, Visions, &c.* we have this identical story from Scaliger; and what is still more, a marginal note gives us in all probability the very fact alluded to, as well as the word of Shakspeare. "Another gentleman of this quality lived of late in Devon, neere Excester, who could not endure the playing on a *bag-pipe*." We may justly add, as some observation has been made upon it, that *affection* in the sense of *sympathy*, was formerly *technical*; and so used by lord Bacon, sir K. Digby, and many other writers. FARMER.

As all the editors agree with complete uniformity in reading *wollen bag-pipe*, I can hardly forbear to imagine that they understood it. But I never saw a *woollen bag-pipe*, nor can well conceive it, I suppose the authour wrote *wooden bag-pipe*, meaning that the bag was of leather, and the pipe of *wood*. JOHNSON.

This passage is clear from all difficulty, if we read *swelling* or *swollen bag-pipe*, which, that we should, I have not the least doubt.

SIR JOHN HAWKINS.

A passage in *Turbervile's Epitaphes*, p. 13. supports the emendation proposed by Sir John Hawkins:

"First came the rustick forth

"With pipe and *puffed* bag."

This instance was pointed out to me by Dr. Farmer.

STEEVENS.

So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing,
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

answer'd

BASS. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

SHY. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

BASS. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

SHY. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

BASS. Every offence is not a hate at first.

SHY. What, would'st thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

ANT. I pray you, think you question' with the Jew:

You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines

Perhaps Shakspeare calls the bagpipe *woollen*, from the bag being generally covered with woollen cloth. I have seen one at Alnwick, belonging to one of the pipers in the Percy family, covered with black velvet, and guarded with silver fringe. R. G. ROBINSON.

An anonymous writer, in support of the old reading, observes, that the skin or bladder of a bag-pipe is frequently covered with flannel. I am, however, of opinion that the old is the true reading. MALONE.

As the aversion was not caused by the outward appearance of the bag-pipe, but merely by the sound arising from its inflation, I have placed the conjectural reading — *swollen*, in the text. STEEVENS.

5 — you question —] To question is to converse. So, in *Measure for Measure*:

“ — in the loss of *question* — ” i. e. conversation that leads to nothing. To *reason* had anciently the same meaning. STEEVENS.

To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
 When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;⁵
 You may as well do any thing most hard,
 As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)
 His Jewish heart:—Therefore, I do beseech you,
 Make no more offers, use no further means,
 But, with all brief and plain conveniency,
 Let me have judgement, and the Jew his will.

BASS. For thy three thousand ducats here is fix.

SHY. If every ducat in fix thousand ducats
 Were in fix parts, and every part a ducat,
 I would not draw them, I would have my bond.

DUKE. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring
 none?

SHY. What judgement shall I dread, doing no
 wrong?

You have among you many a purchas'd slave,⁶
 Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
 You use in abject and in slavish parts,
 Because you bought them:—Shall I say to you,
 Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
 Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds
 Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
 Be season'd with such viands? You will answer,

⁵ — the mountain pines

To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,

When they are fretted, with the gusts of heaven;] This image
 seems to have been caught from Golding's version of Ovid, 1587.
 Book XV. p. 196:

“Such noise as pine-trees make, what time the headdy easterne wind

“Doth whizz amongst them.” — STEEVENS.

⁶ — many a purchas'd slave,] This argument, considered as
 used to the particular persons, seems conclusive. I see not how
 Venetians or Englishmen, while they practise the purchase and
 sale of slaves, can much enforce or demand the law of *doing to others*
as we would that they should do to us. JOHNSON.

The slaves are ours:—So do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, is mine,⁷ and I will have it:
If you deny me, fie upon your law!

There is no force in the decrees of Venice:
I stand for judgement: answer; shall I have it?

DUKE. Upon my power, I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for⁸ to determine this,
Come here to-day.

SALAR. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

DUKE. Bring us the letters; Call the messenger.

BASS. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man? courage yet!

The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

ANT. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death; the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me:
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

⁷ —is mine,] The first quarto reads—as mine, evidently a misprint for is. The other quarto and the folio—'tis mine.

MALONE.

⁸ — Bellario, a learned doctor,

Whom I have sent for —] The doctor and the court are here somewhat unskilfully brought together. That the duke would, on such an occasion, consult a doctor of great reputation, is not unlikely; but how should this be foreknown by Portia? JOHNSON.

I do not see any necessity for supposing that *this* was foreknown by Portia. She consults Bellario as an eminent lawyer, and her relation. If the Duke had not consulted him, the only difference would have been, that she would have come into court, as an advocate perhaps, instead of a judge. TYRWHITT.

And for thy life let justice be accus'd.
 Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
 To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
 That souls of animals infuse themselves
 Into the trunks of men : thy currish spirit
 Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,
 Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
 And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
 Infus'd itself in thee ; for thy desires
 Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd and ravenous.

SHY. Till thou can'st rail the seal from off my
 bond,
 Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud :
 Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
 To cureless ruin.—I stand here for law.

DUKE. This letter from Bellario doth commend
 A young and learned doctor to our court :—
 Where is he ?

NER. He attendeth here hard by,
 To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

DUKE. With all my heart :—some three or four
 of you,
 Go give him courteous conduct to this place.—
 Mean time, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

[Clerk reads.] *Your grace shall understand, that,
 at the receipt of your letter, I am very sick : but in the
 instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was
 with me a young doctor of Rome, his name is Balthasar :
 I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between
 the Jew and Antonio the merchant : we turn'd o'er
 many books together : he is furnish'd with my opinion ;
 which, better'd with his own learning, (the greatness
 whereof I cannot enough commend,) comes with him
 at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my*

stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.

DUKE. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes :

And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—

Enter PORTIA, dressed like a doctor of laws.

Give me your hand: Came you from old Bellario?

POR. I did, my lord.

DUKE. You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?

POR. I am informed throughly of the cause.

Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

DUKE. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

POR. Is your name Shylock?

SHY. Shylock is my name.

POR. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you,⁴ as you do proceed.—
You stand within his danger,⁵ do you not?

[To ANTONIO,

ANT. Ay, so he says.

⁴ *Cannot impugn you,*] To *impugn* is to oppose, to controvert. So, in the *Tragedy of Darius*, 1603:

“ Yet though my heart would fain *impugn* my word.”

Again;

“ If any press t' *impugn* what I impart.” STEEVENS.

⁵ *You stand within his danger,*] So, in the *Corvyfor's Play*, among the collection of Whitsun Mysteries represented at Chester. See Ms. Harl. 1013, p. 106;

POR. Do you confess the bond?

ANT. I do.

POR. Then must the Jew be merciful.

SHY. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

POR. The quality of mercy is not strain'd; ⁶
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest'd;
It blesteth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this scepter'd sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. ⁷ Therefore, Jew,

"Two detters some tyme there were

"Oughten money to an usurere,

"The one was in his daungere

"Fyve hundred poundes tolde." STEEVENS.

There are frequent instances in *The Passion Letters* of the use of this phrase in the same sense; whence it is obvious, from the common language of the time, that *to be in DEBT* and *to be in DANGER*, were synonymous terms. HENLEY.

Again, in *Powel's History of Wales*, 1587: "—laying for his excuse that he had offended manie noblemen of England, and therefore would not come in their danger." MALONE.

⁶ *The quality of mercy is not strain'd; &c.*] In composing these beautiful lines, it is probable that Shakspeare recollected the following verse in *Ecclesiasticus*, xxxv. 20: "Mercy is seasonable in the time of affliction, as clouds of rain in the time of drought."

DOUCE.

⁷ *And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice.*] So, in *King Richard III.* a tragedy, 1596:

"And kings approach the nearest unto God,

"By giving life and safety unto men." MALONE.

Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
 That, in the course of justice, none of us
 Should see salvation: ⁷ we do pray for mercy;
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
 The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,
 To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
 Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
 Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

SHY. My deeds upon my head! ⁸ I crave the law,
 The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

POR. Is he not able to discharge the money?

BASS. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
 Yea, twice the sum: ⁹ if that will not suffice,
 I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
 On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
 If this will not suffice, it must appear
 That malice bears down truth. ² And I beseech you
 Wrest once the law to your authority:
 To do a great right, do a little wrong;
 And curb this cruel devil of his will.

⁷ — in the course of justice, none of us

Should see salvation:] Portia referring the Jew to the Christian doctrine of salvation, and the Lord's Prayer, is a little out of character. BLACKSTONE.

⁸ My deeds upon my head?] An imprecation adopted from that of the Jews to Pilate: "His blood be on us, and our children!"

HENLEY.

⁹ Yea, twice the sum:] We should read — thrice the sum. — Portia, a few lines below, says

"Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee."

And Shylock himself supports the emendation:

"I take his offer then; — pay the bond thrice."

The editions, indeed, read — this offer; but Mr. Steevens has already proposed the alteration we ought to adopt. RITSON.

² — malice bears down truth.] Malice oppresses honesty; a true man in old language is an honest man. We now call the jury good men and true. JOHNSON.

POR. It must not be; there is no power in Venice

Can alter a decree established:

'Twill be recorded for a precedent;

And many an error, by the same example,

Will rush into the state: it cannot be.

SHY. A Daniel come to judgement! yea, a Daniel!—

O wise young judge, how do I honour thee!

POR. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

SHY. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

POR. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

SHY. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?

No, not for Venice.

POR. Why, this bond is forfeit:
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart:—Be merciful;
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

SHY. When it is paid according to the tenour.—
It doth appear, you are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgement: by my soul I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.

ANT. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgement.

POR. Why then, thus it is.
You must prepare your bosom for his knife:

SHY. O noble judge! O excellent young man!

POR. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

SHY. 'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

POR. Therefore, lay bare your bosom.

SHY. Ay, his breast:
So says the bond;—Doth it not, noble judge?—
Nearest his heart, those are the very words.

POR. It is so. Are there balance here, to weigh
The flesh?

SHY. I have them ready.

POR. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your
charge,

To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

SHY. Is it so nominated in the bond?

POR. It is not so express'd; But what of that?
'Twere good, you do so much for charity.

SHY. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.

POR. Come, merchant, have you any thing to
say?

ANT. But little; I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.—
Give me your hand, Bassanio; fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use,
To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such a misery² doth she cut me off.

² *Of such a misery*——] The first folio destroys the measure by omitting the particle — *a*; which, nevertheless, is found in the corrected second folio, 1632. STEEVENS.

Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the process of Antonio's end,
Say, how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

BASS. Antonio, I am married to a wife,
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life:
I would loose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

POR. Your wife would give you little thanks for
that,
If she were by, to hear you make the offer.

GRA. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love;
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this curriish Jew.

NER. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

SHY. These be the christian husbands: I have a
daughter;
'Would, any of the stock of Barrabas²
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian!

[*Aside.*]

² — the stock of Barrabas —] The name of this robber is differently spelt as well as accented in the *New Testament*; [*Μὴ τέτον, ἀλλὰ τον Βαραββάν. ἦν δὲ ὁ Βαραββᾶς ληστής;*] but Shakspeare seems to have followed the pronunciation usual to the theatre, *Barabbas* being sounded Barabas throughout Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*. Our poet might otherwise have written —

“ Would any of Barabbas' stock had been —

“ Her husband, rather than a christian!” STEEVENS.

We trifle time; I pray thee, pursue sentence.

POR. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine;

The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

SHY. Most rightful judge!

POR. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast;

The law allows it, and the court awards it.

SHY. Most learned judge!—A sentence; come, prepare.

POR. Tarry a little;—there is something else.—
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh:
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.

GRA. O upright judge!—Mark, Jew;—O learned judge!

SHY. Is that the law?

POR. Thyself shalt see the act:
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd,
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.

GRA. O learned judge!—Mark, Jew;—a learned judge!

SHY. I take this offer then;³—pay the bond thrice,

³ *I take this offer then;*] Perhaps we should read—*his*, i. e. Bassanio's, who offers *twice* the sum, &c. STEEVENS.

This offer is right. Shylock specifies the offer he means, which is, "to have the bond paid thrice." M. MASON.

He means, I think, to say, "I take *this* offer that has been made me." Bassanio had offered at first but *twice* the sum, but Portia had gone further—"Shylock there's *thrice* thy money," &c. The Jew naturally insists on the larger sum. MALONE.

And let the Christian go.

BASS. Here is the money.

POR. Soft;

The Jew shall have all justice;—soft!—no haste;—
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

GRA. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!

POR. Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.⁴
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor more,
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more,
Or less, than a just pound,—be it but so much
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple; nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,—
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

GRA. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

⁴ *Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.*] This judgement is related by *Gracian*, the celebrated Spanish jesuit, in his *Hero*, with a reflexion at the conclusion of it. “—Compite con la del Salomon la promptitud de aquel gran Turco. Pretendia un Judio cortar una onza de carne á un Christiano, pena sobre usura. Insistia en ello con igual terqueria á su Principe, que perfidia á su Dios. Mando el gran Juez traer peso, y cuchillo; conminole con el deguello si cortava mas ni menos. Y fue dar agudo corte á la lid, y al mundo milagro del ingenio.” *El Heroe de Lorenzo Gracian*. Primor. 3. Thus rendered by Sir John Skeffington, 1652.

“The vivacity of that great Turke enters in competition with that of Solomon: a Jew pretended to cut an ounce of the flesh of a Christian upon a penalty of usury; he urged it to the Prince, with as much obstinacy, as perfidiousness towards God. The great Judge commanded a pair of scales to be brought, threatening the Jew with death if he cut either more or less: And this was to give a sharp decision to a malicious process, and to the world a miracle of subtilty.” *The Heroe*, p. 24, &c.

Gregorio Leti, in his *Life of Sixtus V.* has a similar story. The papacy of Sixtus began in 1583. He died Aug. 29, 1590. The reader will find an extract from *Farnsworth's Translation*, at the conclusion of the play. STEEVENS.

POR. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.

SHY. Give me my principal, and let me go.

BASS. I have it ready for thee; here it is.

POR. He hath refus'd it in the open court;
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

GRA. A Daniel, still say I? a second Daniel! —
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

SHY. Shall I not have barely my principal?

POR. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

SHY. Why then the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question.

POR. Tarry, Jew;
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice, —
If it be prov'd against an alien,
That by direct, or indirect attempts,
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party, 'gainst the which he doth contrive,
Shall seize on half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st:
For it appears by manifest proceeding,
That, indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

GRA. Beg, that thou may'st have leave to hang
thyself:

And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,

Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

DUKE. That thou shalt see the difference of our
spirit,

I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

POR. Ay, for the state;⁵ not for Antonio.

SHY. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that:
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.

POR. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

GRA. A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake.

ANT. So please my lord the duke, and all the
court,

To quit the fine for one half of his goods;
I am content,⁶ so he will let me have

⁵ *Ay, for the state; &c.*] That is, the state's moiety may be commuted for a fine, but not Antonio's. MALONE.

⁶ *I am content,*] The terms proposed have been misunderstood. Antonio declares, that as the duke quits one half of the forfeiture, he is likewise content to abate his claim, and desires not the property but the *use* or produce only of the half, and that only for the Jew's life, unless we read, as perhaps is right, *upon my death*.

JOHNSON.

Antonio tells the duke, that if he will abate the fine for the state's half, he (Antonio) will be contented to take the other, *in trust*, after Shylock's death, to render it to his daughter's husband. That is, it was, during Shylock's life, to remain *at interest* in Antonio's hands, and Shylock was to enjoy the produce of it. RITSON.

Antonio's offer is, "that he will quit the fine for one half of his fortune, provided that he will let him have it at interest during the Jew's life, to render it on his death to Lorenzo." That is the meaning of the words *to let me have in use*. M. MASON.

The other half in use, — to render it,
 Upon his death, unto the gentleman
 That lately stole his daughter.
 Two things provided more, — That, for this favour,
 He presently become a Christian;
 The other, that he do record a gift,
 Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
 Unto his son Lorenzo, and his daughter.

DUKE. He shall do this; or else I do recant
 The pardon, that I late pronounced here.

POR. Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou
 say?

SHY. I am content.

POR. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

SHY. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
 I am not well; send the deed after me,
 And I will sign it.

DUKE. Get thee gone, but do it.

GRA. In christening thou shalt have two godfa-
 thers;

Had I been judge, thou should'st have had ten more,⁷
 To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

[Exit SHYLOCK.

DUKE. Sir, I entreat you home with me to din-
 ner.

⁷ ——— *thou should'st have had ten more,*] i. e. a jury of twelve
 men, to condemn thee to be hanged. THEOBALD.

So, in *The Devil is an Ass*, by Ben Jonson:

“ ——— I will leave you

“ To your godfathers in law. Let *twelve men* work.”

STEEVENS.

This appears to have been an old joke. So, in *A Dialogue both
 pleasaunt and pietifull*, &c. by Dr. William Bulleyne, 1564, (which
 has been quoted in a former page,) one of the speakers, to show
 his mean opinion of an ostler at an inn, says, “I did see him aske
 blessinge to xii godfathers at ones.” MALONE.

POR. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon;⁸
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet, I presently set forth.

DUKE. I am sorry, that your leisure serves you not.
Antonio, gratify this gentleman;
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exeunt Duke, Magnificoes, and Train.*]

BASS. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend,
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

ANT. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.

POR. He is well paid, that is well satisfied;
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account myself well paid;
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me, when we meet again;
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

BASS. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further;
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

POR. You press me far, and therefore I will
yield.

⁸ ——— *grace of pardon;*] Thus the old copies: the modern editors read, less harshly, but without authority, — *your grace's pardon.* The same kind of expression occurs in *Othello*: — "*I humbly do beseech you of your pardon.*"

In the notes to *As You like It*, and *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, I have given repeated instances of this phraseology. STEEVENS.

Your *grace's pardon*, was found in a copy of no authority, the 4to. of 1637. MALONE.

Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake;
 And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you:—
 Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more;
 And you in love shall not deny me this.

BASS. This ring, good sir,—alas, it is a trifle;
 I will not shame myself to give you this.

POR. I will have nothing else but only this;
 And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.

BASS. There's more depends on this, than on the
 value.

The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
 And find it out by proclamation;
 Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

POR. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:
 You taught me first to beg; and now, methinks,
 You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

BASS. Good sir, this ring was given me by my
 wife;

And, when she put it on, she made me vow,
 That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

POR. That 'scuse serves many men to save their
 gifts.

An if your wife be not a mad woman,
 And know how well I have deserv'd this ring,
 She would not hold out enemy for ever,⁹
 For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!

[*Exeunt* PORTIA and NERISSA.]

ANT. My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring;
 Let his deservings, and my love withal,
 Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandement.

⁹ *She would not hold out enemy for ever;*] An error of the press.
 —Read “hold out enmity.” M. MASON.

I believe the reading in the text is the true one. So, in *Much
 ado about nothing*, Act I. sc. i. the Messenger says to Beatrice — “I
 will hold friends with you, lady.” STEEVENS.

BASS. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him,
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou can'st,
Unto Antonio's house:—away, make haste.

[Exit GRATIANO.]

Come, you and I will thither presently;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont: Come, Antonio. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

The same. A Street.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

POR. Enquire the Jew's house out, give him this
deed,

And let him sign it; we'll away to-night,
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter GRATIANO.

GRA. Fair sir, you are well overtaken:
My lord Bassanio, upon more advice,²
Hath sent you here this ring; and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.

POR. That cannot be:
This ring I do accept most thankfully,
And so, I pray you, tell him: Furthermore,
I pray you, shew my youth old Shylock's house.

GRA. That will I do.

NER. Sir, I would speak with you:—
I'll see if I can get my husband's ring, [to PORTIA.]

² — upon more advice,] i. e. more reflection. So, in *All's well that ends well*: "You never did lack advise so much," &c.

Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

POR. Thou may'st, I warrant: We shall have
old swearing,²

That they did give the rings away to men;
But we'll outface them, and outswear them too.

Away, make haste; thou know'st where I will
tarry.

NER. Come, good sir, will you show me to this
house? [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Belmont. *Avenue to Portia's House.*

Enter LORENZO and JESSICA.

LOR. The moon shines bright:—In such a night
as this,³

² — old *swearing*,] Of this once common augmentative in colloquial language, there are various instances in our author. Thus in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: “Here will be an *old* abusing of God's patience and the King's English.” Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II: “— here will be *old* utis.” The same phrase also occurs in *Macbeth*. STEEVENS.

³ — *In such a night as this*,] The several speeches beginning with these words, &c. are imitated in the old Comedy of *Wily Beguiled*: which though not ascertaining the exact date of that play, prove it to have been written after Shakspeare's:

“ In such a night did Paris win his love.

“ *Lelia*. In such a night, Æneas prov'd unkind.

“ *Sophos*. In such a night did Troilus court his dear.

“ *Lelia*. In such a night, fair Phillis was betray'd.”

Orig. of the Drama, Vol. III. p. 365. WHALLEY.

Wily Beguil'd was written before 1596, being mentioned by Nashe in one of his pamphlets published in that year. MALONE.



Painted by W. Hodges. R.A.

LOR. How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this bank!

Here we will sit, and let the sounds of music

Crawl in our ears; soft stilts, and the night

Shall be the touch of sweet harmony.

His Jessica: Look how the floor of heaven

SHAKESPEARE.

Merchant of Venice.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Hyacinth, & Laun, before Portia's House

Hyacinth, Lorenzo, and Stephano.

Allegretto, & Claudio.

To think on this, it will put me to flight.

There is not the smallest of which thou shouldst be.

But in this motion like an angel sing.

Still quivering to the young-eyed cherubins.

Such harmony is in immortal souls;

When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise ; in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls, ⁴
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

JES. In such a night,
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew;
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.

LOR. In such a night,
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand ⁵
Upon the wild sea-banks, and wav'd her love
To come again to Carthage.

JES. In such a night, ⁶

⁴ *Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,*] This image is from Chaucer's *Troilus and Cresseide*, 5 B. 666 and 1142:

" Upon the wallis fast eke would he walke,
" And on the Grekis host he would yfe, &c.
" The daie goth fast, and after that came eve
" And yet came not to Troilus Cresseide,
" He lokith forth, by hedge, by tre, by greve,
" And ferre his heade ovir the walle he leide," &c.

Again, *ibid*:

" And up and doune by west and eke by est,
" Upon the wallis made he many a went." STEEVENS.

⁵ *In such a night,*

Stood Dido with a willow in her hand—] This passage contains a small instance out of many that might be brought to prove that Shakspeare was no reader of the classics. STEEVENS.

Mr. Warton suggests in his *Hist. of Eng. Poetry*, that Shakspeare might have taken this image from some ballad on the subject.

MALONE.

⁶ *In such a night, &c.*] So, Gower, speaking of Medea:

" Thus it befell upon a night
" Whann there was nought but sterre light,
" She was vanished right as hir list,
" That no wight but herself wist:
" And that was at midnight tide,
" The world was still on every side," &c.

Confessio Amantis, 1554. STEEVENS.

Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.

LOR. In such a night,
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew;
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.

JES. And in such a night,⁷
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well;
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

LOR. And in such a night,
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

JES. I would out-night you, did no body come ;
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter a Servant.

LOR. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

SERV. A friend.

LOR. A friend? what friend? your name, I pray
you, friend?

SERV. Stepháno is my name; and I bring word,
My mistress will before the break of day

7 And in such a night,] The word — *and* was necessarily added by Mr. Pope, for the sake of metre, both in this and the following speech of Lorenzo.

Mr. Malone, however, assures us that *swear* is to be read as a disyllable, and divides the passage, as follows :

“ In such a night did

" Young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well. "

and afterwards :

" In such a night, did

"Pretty Jessica, like a little shrew," STEEVENS.

Be here at Belmont: she doth stray about
By holy crosses, ⁸ where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

LOR. Who comes with her?

SERV. None, but a holy hermit, and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

LOR. He is not, nor we have not heard from
him.—

But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter LAUNCELOT.

LAUN. Sola, fola, wo ha, ho, fola, fola!

LOR. Who calls?

LAUN. Sola! did you see master Lorenzo, and
mistress Lorenzo! fola, fola!

LOR. Leave hollaing, man; here.

LAUN. Sola! where? where?

LOR. Here.

LAUN. Tell him, there's a post come from my
master, with his horn full of good news; my master
will be here ere morning. [Exit.

LOR. Sweet soul, ⁹ let's in, and there expect their
coming.

⁸ ——— *she doth stray about*

By holy crosses,] So, in the *The Merry Devil of Edmanton*:

“ But there are *Crosses*, wife; here's one in Waltham,

“ Another at the Abbey, and the third

“ At Ceston; and 'tis ominous to pass

“ Any of these without a Pater-noster.”

and this is a reason assigned for the delay of a wedding.

STEEVENS.

⁹ *Sweet soul,]* These words in the old copies are placed at the
end of Launcelot's speech. MALONE.

And yet no matter;—Why should we go in?
 My friend Stéphano, signify, I pray you,
 Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
 And bring your musick forth into the air.—

[*Exit* Servant.

How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this bank!
 Here will we sit, and let the sounds of musick
 Creep in our ears;² soft stillness, and the night,
 Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Sit, Jessica: Look, how the floor of heaven
 Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;³

These two words should certainly be placed at the beginning of the following speech of *Lorenzo*:

“*Sweet soul, let's in,*” &c.

Mr. Pope, I see, has corrected this blunder of the old edition, but he has changed *soule* into *love*, without any necessity.

TYRWHITT.

Mr. Rowe first made the present regulation, which appears to me to be right. Instead of *soul* he reads — *love*, the latter word having been capriciously substituted in the place of the former by the editor of the second folio, who introduced a large portion of the corruptions which for a long time disfigured the modern editions. MALONE.

I rather suppose, that the printer of the second folio, judiciously correcting some mistakes, through inattention committed others.

STEEVENS.

² — and let the sounds of musick

Creep in our ears;] So, in *Churchyard's Worthines of Wales*, 1587:

“*A musick sweete, that through our eares shall creepe.*

“*By secret arte, and lull a man asleepe.*”

Again, in *The Tempest*:

“*This musick crept by me upon the waters.*” REED.

³ — with patines of bright gold;] Dr. Warburton says we should read — *patens*; a round broad plate of gold borne in heraldry. STEEVENS.

Pattens is the reading of the first folio, and *pattents* of the quarto. *Patterns* is printed first in the folio 1632. JOHNSON.

One of the quartos, 1600, reads — *pattens*, the other *pattents*.

STEEVENS.

There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubims :
Such harmony is in immortal souls ;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it. ⁴

A patine, from *patina*, Lat. A *patine* is the small flat dish or plate used with the chalice, in the administration of the eucharist. In the time of popery, and probably in the following age, it was commonly made of gold. MALONE.

⁴ *Such harmony is in immortal souls ; &c.*] It is proper to exhibit the lines as they stand in the copies of the first, second, third, and fourth editions, without any variation, for a change has been silently made by Rowe, and adopted by all the succeeding editors :

Such harmony is in immortal souls ;

But while this muddy vesture of decay

Doth grossly close in it, we cannot hear it.

That the third line is corrupt must be allowed, but it gives reason to suspect that the original was :

Doth grossly close it in.

Yet I know not whether from this any thing better can be produced than the received reading. Perhaps *harmony* is the power of perceiving harmony, as afterwards, *Musick in the soul* is the quality of being moved with concord of sweet sounds. This will somewhat explain the old copies, but the sentence is still imperfect; which might be completed by reading :

Such harmony is in th' immortal soul,

But while this muddy vesture of decay

Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it. JOHNSON.

— *close it in* —] This idea might have been adopted from a passage in Phaer's translation of Virgil, B. VI :

“ Nor closed so in darke can they regard their heavenly kinde,

“ For carkasse foul of flesh, and dungeon vile of prison
blinde.” STEEVENS.

Such harmony is in immortal souls , &c.] This passage having been much misunderstood, it may be proper to add a short explanation of it.

“ *Such harmony,*” &c. is not an explanation arising from the foregoing line — “ So great is the harmony!” but an illustration: — “ Of the same kind is the harmony.” — The whole runs thus :

There is not one of the heavenly orbs but sings as it moves, still quiring to the cherubin. Similar to the harmony they make, is that of

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn ;
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,

immortal souls; or, (in other words) each of us have as perfect harmony in our souls as the harmony of the spheres, inasmuch as we have the quality of being moved by sweet sounds (as he expresses it afterwards); but our gross terrestrial part, which environs us, deadens the sound, and prevents our hearing. — It, [Doth grossly close it in,] I apprehend, refers to harmony. This is the reading of the first quarto printed by Heyes; the quarto printed by Roberts and the folio read — close in it.

It may be objected that this *internal* harmony is not an object of sense, cannot be heard; — but Shakspeare is not always exact in his language: he confounds it with that external and artificial harmony which is capable of being heard. — Dr. Warburton (who appears to have entirely misunderstood this passage,) for *souls* reads *sounds*,

This hath been imitated by Milton in his *Arcades*:

“ Such sweet compulsion doth in musick lie,
“ To lull the daughters of necessity,
“ And keep unsteady nature in her law,
“ And the low world in measur'd motion draw
“ After the heavenly tune, which none can hear
“ Of human mould, with gross unpurged ear.” MALONE.

Thus in *Comus*:

“ Can any mortal mixture of earth's mold
“ Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
“ Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
“ And with these raptures moves the vocal air
“ To testify HIS hidden residence.” HENLEY.

The old reading *in* immortal souls is certainly right, and the whole line may be well explained by Hooker, in his *Ecclesiastical Polity*, B. V. “Touching musical harmony, whether by instrument or by voice, it being but of high and low sounds in a due proportionable disposition, such notwithstanding is the force thereof, and so pleasing effects it hath in that very part of man which is most divine, that some have been thereby induced to think, that the soul itself by nature is or hath in it harmony.” For this quotation I am indebted to Dr. Farmer.

Mr. Malone observes that “ the fifth Book of the E. P. was published singly, in 1597.” STEEVENS.

§ — wake Diana with a hymn;] Diana is the moon, who is in the next scene represented as sleeping. JOHNSON.

And draw her home with musick. ⁶

JES. I am never merry, when I hear sweet musick.
[*Musick.*

LOR. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing
loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of musick touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,⁷
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of musick: Therefore, the
poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and
floods;
Since naught so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But musick for the time doth change his nature:

⁶ *And draw her home with musick.*] Shakspeare was, I believe, here thinking of the custom of accompanying the last waggon-load, at the end of harvest, with rustick musick. He again alludes to this yet common practice, in *As you like it*. MALONE.

⁷ — do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of musick touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand, &c.] We find the same thought in *The Tempest*:

“ — Then I beat my tabor,
“ At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
“ Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noses,
“ As they smelt musick.” MALONE.

The man that hath no musick in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,⁸

⁸ *The man that hath no musick in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,*] The thought here is extremely fine; as if the being affected with musick was only the harmony between the internal [*musick in himself*] and the external musick [*concord of sweet sounds*]; which were mutually affected like unison strings. This whole speech could not choose but please an English audience, whose great passion, as well then as now, was love of musick. *Jam vero video naturam* (says Erasmus in praise of Folly) *ut singulis nationibus, ac pene civitatibus, communem quandam insevisse Philautiam: atque hinc fieri, ut Britanni, præter alia, Formam, Musicam, & lautas Mensas propriè sibi vindicent.*

WARBURTON.

This passage, which is neither pregnant with physical or moral truth, nor poetically beautiful in an eminent degree, has constantly enjoyed the good fortune to be repeated by those whose inhospitable memories would have refused to admit or retain any other sentiment or description of the same author, however exalted or just. The truth is, that it furnishes the vacant fiddler with something to say in defence of his profession, and supplies the coxcomb in musick with an invective against such as do not pretend to discover all the various powers of language in inarticulate sounds.

Our ancient statutes have often received their best comment by means of reference to the particular occasion on which they were framed. Dr. Warburton has therefore properly accounted for Shakspeare's seeming partiality to this amusement. He might have added, that Peacham requires of his Gentleman ONLY to be able "to sing his part sure, and at first sight, and withal to play the same on a viol or lute."

Let not, however, this capricious sentiment of Shakspeare descend to posterity, unattended by the opinion of the late Lord Chesterfield on the same subject. In his 148th letter to his son, who was then at Venice, his lordship, after having enumerated musick among the *illiberal* pleasures, adds — "if you love musick, hear it: go to opears, concerts, and pay fiddlers to play to you; but I must insist upon your neither piping nor fiddling yourself. It puts a gentleman in a very frivolous contemptible light; brings him into a great deal of bad company, and takes up a great deal of time, which might be much better employed. Few things would mortify me more, than to see you bearing a part in a concert, with a fiddle under your chin, or a pipe in your mouth." Again, Letter 153, "A taste of sculpture and painting is, in my mind, as be-

Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.— Mark the Musick.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA, at a distance.

POR. That light we see, is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

NER. When the moon shone, we did not see the
candle.

POR. So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Musick! hark!

NER. It is your musick, madam, of the house.

POR. Nothing is good, I see, without respect;⁹
Methinks, it sounds much sweeter than by day.

NER. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

POR. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and, I think,

coming as a taste of fiddling and piping is unbecoming a man of fashion. The former is connected with history and poetry, the latter with nothing that I know of, but *bad company*." Again, —
"Painting and sculpture are very justly called liberal arts; a lively and strong imagination, together with a just observation, being absolutely necessary to excel in either; which, in my opinion, is by no means the case of musick, though called a liberal art, and now in Italy placed above the other two; a proof of the decline of that country." *Ibidem.* STEEVENS.

⁹ — *without respect;*] Not absolutely good, but relatively good as it is modified by circumstances. JOHNSON.

The nightingale, ² if she should sing by day,
 When every goose is cackling, would be thought
 No better a musician than the wren.
 How many things by season season'd are
 To their right praise, and true perfection!—
 Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
 And would not be awak'd! ³ [*Musick ceases.*]

² *The nightingale, &c.*] So, in our author's 102d Sonnet:
 "Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
 "When I was wont to greet it with my lays;
 "As *Philomel* in summer's front doth sing,
 "And stops his pipe in growth of riper days;
 "Not that the summer is less pleasant now,
 "Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night;
 "But that wild musick burdens every bough,
 "And sweets grown common lose their dear delight."

MALONE.

³ *Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
 And would not be awak'd!*] The old copies read — *Peace! how,*
 &c. For the emendation now made I am answerable. The odd-
 ness of the phrase. "*How the moon would not be awak'd!*" first
 made me suspect the passage to be corrupt; and the following lines
 in *Romeo and Juliet* suggested the emendation, and appear to me to
 put it beyond a doubt:

"Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure lives not
 "In these confusions."

Again, in *As you like it*, A & I.

"Peace, ho! I bar confusion."

Again, in *Measure for Measure*:

"Ho! peace be in this place!"

Again, *ibid*:

"Peace, ho, be here!"

In *Antony and Cleopatra* the same mistake, I think, has happened.
 In the passage before us, as exhibited in the old copies, there is not
 a note of admiration after the word *awak'd*. Portia first enjoins
 the musick to cease, "Peace, ho!" and then subjoins the reason
 for her injunction; "The moon," &c.

Mr. Tyrwhitt seems to be of opinion that the interjection *Ho*
 was formerly used to command a cessation of noise, as well as of
 fighting. See *Cant. Tales of Chaucer*, IV. p. 230. MALONE.

LOR. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.

POR. He knows me, as the blind man knows the
cuckoo,
By the bad voice.

LOR. Dear lady, welcome home.

POR. We have been praying for our husbands'
welfare,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?

LOR. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.

POR. Go in, Nerissa,
Give order to my servants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence;—
Nor you, Lorenzo;—Jessica, nor you.
[A tucket⁴ sounds.]

LOR. Your husband is at hand, I hear his trumpet:
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.

POR. This night, methinks, is but the daylight
fick,
It looks a little paler; 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

⁴ — A tucket —] *Toccata*, Ital. a flourish on a trumpet.
STEEVENS.

Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, and their followers.

BASS. We should hold day⁵ with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.⁶

POR. Let me give light,⁷ but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me;
But God fort all!—You are welcome home, my lord.

BASS. I thank you, madam: give welcome to
my friend.—

This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

⁵ *We should hold day &c.*] If you would always walk in the night,
it would be day with us, as it now is on the other side of the globe.
MALONE.

⁶ *We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in Absence of the sun.*] Thus Rowe, in his
Ambitious Stepmother:

“Your eyes, which, could the sun's fair beams decay,
Might shine for him, and bless the world with day.”

STEEVENS.

⁷ *Let me give light, &c.*] There is scarcely any word with which
Shakspeare so much delights to trifle as with *light*, in its various
significations. JOHNSON.

Most of the old dramatic writers are guilty of the same quibble.
So Marston in his *Insatiate Countess*, 1613:

“By this bright *light* that is deriv'd from thee —
“So, sir, you make me a very *light* creature.”

Again, Middleton, in *A Mad World my Masters*, 1608:

“— *more lights* — I call'd for *light*: here come in two are *light*
enough for a whole house.”

Again, in *Springs for Woodcocks*, a collection of epigrams, 1606:

“Lais of *lighter* metal is compos'd
“Than hath her *lightness* till of late disclos'd;
“For *lighting* where she *light* acceptance feels,
“Her fingers there prove *lighter* than her heels.”

STEEVENS.

POR. You should in all sense be much bound to him,

For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

ANT. No more than I am well acquitted of.

POR. Sir, you are very welcome to our house :
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.⁸

[GRATIANO and NERISSA seem to talk apart.]

GRA. By yonder moon, I swear, you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk :
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

POR. A quarrel, ho, already? what's the matter?

GRA. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me; whose posy was⁹
For all the world, like cutler's poetry²
Upon a knife, *Love me, and leave me not.*

NER. What talk you of the posy, or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death;
And that it should lie with you in your grave:

⁸ ——— *this breathing courtesy.*] This verbal complimentary form, made up only of *breath*, i. e. words. So, in *Timon of Athens*, a senator replies to Alcibiades, who had made a long speech, — “ You breathe in vain.” MALONE.

So, in *Macbeth* :

“ ——— mouth-honour, *breath*.” STEEVENS.

⁹ *That she did give me; whose posy was —*] For the sake of measure, I suppose we should read—

“ That she did give to me; &c. STEEVENS.

² — *like cutler's poetry —*] Knives, as Sir J. Hawkins observes, were formerly inscribed, by means of *aqua fortis*, with short sentences in distich. In *Decker's Satiromastix*, Sir Edward Vaughan, says, “ You shall swear by Phœbus, who is your poet's good lord and master, that hereafter you will not hire Horace to give you poesies for rings, or handkerchers, or *knives*, which you understand not.”

REED.

Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
 You should have been respectful,² and have kept it.
 Gave it a judge's clerk! — but well I know,
 The clerk will ne'er wear hair on his face, that had it.

GRA. He will, an if he live to be a man.

NER. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

GRA. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth, —
 A kind of boy; a little scrubbed boy,
 No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk;
 A prating boy,³ that begg'd it as a fee;
 I could not for my heart deny it him.

² — have been respectful,] *Respectful* has the same meaning as *respectful*. Mr. M. Mason thinks it rather means *regardful*. See K. John. Act. I. STEEVENS.

Chapman, Marston, and other poets of that time, use this word in the same sense. [i. e. for *respectful*.] MALONE.

³ — a youth, —

A kind of boy; a little scrubbed boy,

No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk;

A prating boy, &c.] It is certain from the words of the context and the tenor of the story, that Gratiano does not here speak contemptuously of the judge's clerk, who was no other than Nerissa disguised in man's clothes. He only means to describe the person and appearance of this supposed youth, which he does by insinuating what seemed to be the precise time of his age: he represents him as having the look of a young stripling, of a boy beginning to advance towards puberty. I am therefore of opinion, that the poet wrote:

— a little *stubb*ed boy.

In many counties it is a common provincialism, to call young birds not yet fledged *stubb*ed young ones. But, what is more to our purpose, the author of the *History and Antiquities of Glastonbury*, printed by Hearne, an antiquarian, and a plain unaffected writer, says, that "Saunders must be a *stubb*ed boy, if not a man, at the dissolution of abbeys," &c. edit. 1722, Pref. Signat. p. 2. It therefore seems to have been a common expression for *stripling*, the very idea which the speaker means to convey. If the emendation be just here, we should also correct Nerissa's speech which follows:

For that same *stubb*ed boy, the doctor's clerk,

In lieu of this, did lie with me last night. T. WARTON.

I believe *scrubbed* and *stubb*ed have a like meaning, and signify

POR. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,

To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And riveted so with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands;
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief;
An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

BASS. Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
And swear, I lost the ring defending it. [*Aside.*]

GRA. My lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and, indeed,
Deserv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine:
And neither man, nor master, would take aught
But the two rings.

POR. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

BASS. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see, my finger
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.

Stunted, or shrub-like. So, in P. Holland's translation of Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* "—— but such will never prove fair trees, but *skrubs* only." STEEVENS.

Stubbed in the sense contended for by Mr. Warton was in use so late as the Restoration. In the *Parliamentary Register*, July 30, 1660, is an advertisement enquiring after a person described as "a thick short *stubbed* fellow, round faced, ruddy complexion, dark brown hair and eyebrows, with a sad gray suit." REED.

Scrubbed perhaps meant *dirty*, as well as *short*. Cole, in his Dictionary, 1672, renders it by the Latin word *squalidus*. MALONE.

POR. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.

NER. Nor I in yours,
Till I again see mine.

BASS. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When naught would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

POR. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain the ring,⁴
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?'

⁴ ——— *contain the ring,*] The old copies concur in this reading
JOHNSON.

Mr. Pope and the other modern editors read — to *retain*, but *contain* might in our author's time have had nearly the same meaning. The word has been already employed in this sense:

" Cannot *contain* their urine for affection. "

So also, in Montaigne's *Essays*, translated by Florio, 1603. B. II. c. iii. " Why dost thou complaine against this world? It doth not *containe* thee: if thou livest in paine and sorrow, thy base courage is the cause of it; to die there wanteth but will. " Again, in Bacon's *Essays*, 4to. 1625, p. 327: " To *containe* anger from mischief, though it take hold of a man, there be two things. "

MALONE.

⁵ *What man ——— wanted the modesty*
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?] This is a very licentious expression. The sense is, *What man could have so little modesty, or*

Nerissa teaches me what to believe;
I'll die for't, but some woman had the ring.

BASS. No, by mine honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away;
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
I was enforc'd to send it after him;
I was beset with shame and courtesy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it: Pardon me, good lady;
For, by these blessed candles of the night,⁶
Had you been there, I think, you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

POR. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house:
Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you;
I'll not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my body, nor my husband's bed:

wanted modesty so much, as to urge the demand of a thing kept on an account in some sort religious. JOHNSON.

Thus Calphurnia says to Julius Cæsar:

"Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies." STEEVENS.

⁶ — candles of the night,] We have again the same expression in one of our author's Sonnets, in *Macbeth*, and *Romeo and Juliet*. It likewise occurs in *Diella*, *Certaine Sonnets adjoyned to the amorous poeme of Dom Diego and Gineura*, by R. L. 1596:

"He who can count the candles of the skie,

"Reckon the sands whereon Padolus flows," &c.

MALONE.

In some Saxon poetry preserved in *Hickes's Thesaurus*, (Vol. I. p. 181,) the sun is called *God's candle*. So that this periphrasis for the stars, such a favourite with our poet, might have been an expression not grown obsolete in his days. HOLT WHITE.

Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.

POR. Then you shall be his surety: Give him
this;

And bid him keep it better than the other.

ANT. Here, lord Bassanio; swear to keep this
ring.

BASS. By heaven, it is the same I gave the doc-
tor!

POR. I had it of him: pardon me, Bassanio;
For by this ring the doctor lay with me.

NER. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this, last night did lie with me.

GRA. Why, this is like the mending of high-
ways

In summer, where the ways are fair enough:
What? are we cuckolds, ere we have deserv'd it?

POR. Speak not so grossly.—You are all amaz'd:
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you shall find, that Portia was the doctor;
Nerissa there, her clerk: Lorenzo here
Shall witness, I set forth as soon as you,
And but even now return'd; I have not yet
Enter'd my house.—Antonio, you are welcome;
And I have better news in store for you,
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;
There you shall find, three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly:
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.

ANT. I am dumb.

BASS. Were you the doctor, and I knew you not?

GRA. Were you the clerk, that is to make me cuckold?

NER. Ay; but the clerk, that never means to do it,

Unless he live until he be a man.

BASS. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow; When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

ANT. Sweet lady, you have given me life, and living:

For here I read for certain, that my ships
Are safely come to road.

POR. How now, Lorenzo?

My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

NER. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.—

There do I give to you, and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

LOR. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.

POR. It is almost morning,
And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfied
Of these events at full: Let us go in;
And charge us there upon intergatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

GRA. Let it be so: The first intergatory,
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay;
Or go to bed now, being two hours to-day:
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.

Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring. [*Exeunt.*]⁹

⁹ It has been lately discovered, that this fable is taken from a story in the *Pecorone* of Ser Giovanni Fiorentino, a novelist, who wrote in 1378. [The first novel of the fourth day.] The story has been published in English, and I have epitomized the translation. The translator is of opinion, that the choice of the caskets is borrowed from a tale of *Boccaccio*, which I have likewise abridged, though I believe that Shakspeare must have had some other novel in view. * JOHNSON.

There lived at Florence, a merchant whose name was Bindo. He was rich, and had three sons. Being near his end, he called for the two eldest, and left them heirs: to the youngest he left nothing. This youngest, whose name was Giannetto, went to his father, and said, What has my father done? The father replied, Dear Giannetto, there is none to whom I wish better than to you. Go to Venice to your godfather, whose name is Ansaldo; he has no child, and has wrote to me often to send you thither to him. He is the richest merchant amongst the Christians: if you behave well, you will be certainly a rich man. The son answered I am ready to do whatever my dear father shall command: upon which he gave him his benediction, and in a few days died.

Giannetto went to Ansaldo, and presented the letter given by the father before his death. Ansaldo reading the letter, cried out, My dearest godson is welcome to my arms. He then asked news of his father. Giannetto replied, He is dead. I am much grieved, replied Ansaldo, to hear of the death of Bindo; but the joy I feel, in seeing you, mitigates my sorrow. He conducted him to his house, and gave orders to his servants, that Giannetto should be obeyed, and served with more attention than had been paid to himself. He then delivered him the keys of his ready money: and told him, Son, spend this money, keep a table, and make yourself known: remember, that the more you gain the good will of every body, the more you will be dear to me.

Giannetto now began to give entertainments. He was more obedient and courteous to Ansaldo, than if he had been an hundred times his father. Every body in Venice was fond of him. Ansaldo could think of nothing but him; so much was he pleased with his good manners and behaviour.

* See Dr. Farmer's note at the beginning of this play, from which it appears that Dr. Johnson was right in his conjecture. MALONE.

It happened, that two of his most intimate acquaintance designed to go with two ships to Alexandria, and told Giannetto, he would do well to take a voyage and see the world. I would go willingly, said he, if my father Anfaldo will give leave. His companions go to Anfaldo, and beg his permission for Giannetto to go in the spring with them to Alexandria; and desire him to provide him a ship. Anfaldo immediately procured a very fine ship, loaded it with merchandize, adorned it with streamers, and furnished it with arms; and, as soon as it was ready, he gave orders to the captain and sailors to do every thing that Giannetto commanded. It happened one morning early, that Giannetto saw a gulph, with a fine port, and asked the captain how the port was called? He replied, That place belongs to a widow lady, who has ruined many gentlemen. In what manner? says Giannetto. He answered, This lady is a fine and beautiful woman, and has made a law, that whoever arrives here is obliged to go to bed with her, and if he can have the enjoyment of her, he must take her for his wife, and be lord of all the country; but if he cannot enjoy her, he loses every thing he has brought with him. Giannetto, after a little reflection, tells the captain to get into the port. He was obeyed; and in an instant they slide into the port so easily that the other ships perceived nothing.

The lady was soon informed of it, and sent for Giannetto, who waited on her immediately. She, taking him by the hand, asked him who he was? whence he came? and if he knew the custom of the country? He answered, That the knowledge of that custom was his only reason for coming. The lady paid him great honours, and sent for barons, counts, and knights in great numbers, who were her subjects, to keep Giannetto company. These nobles were highly delighted with the good breeding and manners of Giannetto; and all would have rejoiced to have him for their lord.

The night being come, the lady said, it seems to be time to go to bed. Giannetto told the lady, he was entirely devoted to her service: and immediately two damsels enter with wine and sweetmeats. The lady entreats him to taste the wine; he takes the sweetmeats, and drinks some of the wine, which was prepared with ingredients to cause sleep. He then goes into the bed, where he instantly falls asleep, and never wakes till late in the morning, but the lady rose with the sun, and gave orders to unload the vessel, which she found full of rich merchandize. After nine o' clock the women servants go to the bed-side, order Giannetto to rise and be gone, for he had lost the ship. The lady gave him a horse and money, and he leaves the place very melancholy, and goes to Venice. When he arrives, he dares not return home for shame: but at night goes to the house of a friend, who is surprised to see him, and inquires of him the cause of his return: He answers, his ship had struck on a rock in the night, and was broke in pieces.

This friend, going one day to make a visit to Anfaldo, found him very disconsolate. I fear, says Anfaldo, so much, that this son of mine is dead, that I have no rest. His friend told him, that he had been shipwreck'd, and had lost his all, but that he himself was safe. Anfaldo instantly gets up and runs to find him. My dear son, said he, you need not fear my displeasure; it is a common accident; trouble yourself no further. He takes him home, all the way telling him to be chearful and easy.

The news was soon known all over Venice, and every one was concerned for Giannetto. Some time after, his companions arriving from Alexandria very rich, demanded what was become of their friend, and having heard the story, ran to see him, and rejoiced with him for his safety; telling him that next spring, he might gain as much as he had lost the last. But Giannetto had no other thoughts than of his return to the lady; and was resolved to marry her, or die. Anfaldo told him frequently, not to be cast down. Giannetto said, he should never be happy, till he was at liberty to make another voyage. Anfaldo provided another ship of more value than the first. He again entered the port of Belmonte, and the lady looking on the port from her bed-chamber, and seeing the ship, asked her maid, if she knew the streamers, the maid said, it was the ship of the young man who arrived the last year. You are in the right, answered the lady; he must surely have a great regard for me, for never any one came a second time: the maid said, she had never seen a more agreeable man. He went to the castle, and presented himself to the lady; who, as soon as she saw him embraced him, and the day was passed in joy and revels. Bed-time being come, the lady entreated him to go to rest: when they were seated in the chamber, the two damsels enter with wine and sweetmeats; and having eat and drank of them, they go to bed, and immediately Giannetto falls asleep; the lady undressed, and lay down by his side; but he waked not the whole night. In the morning, the lady rises, and gives orders to strip the ship. He has a horse and money given him, and away he goes, and never stops till he gets to Venice; and at night goes to the same friend, who with astonishment asked him what was the matter? I am undone, says Giannetto. His friend answered, You are the cause of the ruin of Anfaldo, and your shame ought to be greater than the loss you have suffered. Giannetto lived privately many days. At last he took the resolution of seeing Anfaldo, who rose from his chair, and running to embrace him, told him he was welcome. Giannetto with tears returned his embraces. Anfaldo heard his tale: Do not grieve, my dear son, says he, we have still enough: the sea enriches some men, others it ruins.

Poor Giannetto's head was day and night full of the thoughts of his bad success. When Anfaldo enquired what was the matter, he confessed, he could never be contented till he should be in a con-

dition to regain all that he lost. When Anfaldo found him resolved, he began to sell every thing he had, to furnish this other fine ship with merchandize: but, as he wanted still ten thousand ducats, he applied himself to a Jew at Mestri, and borrowed them on condition, that if they were not paid on the feast of St. John in the next month of June, that the Jew might take a pound of flesh from any part of his body he pleased. Anfaldo agreed, and the Jew had an obligation drawn, and witnessed, with all the form and ceremony necessary; and then counted him the ten thousand ducats of gold, with which Anfaldo bought what was still wanting for the vessel. This last ship was finer and better freighted than the other two; and his companions made ready for their voyage, with a design that whatever they gained should be for their friend. When it was time to depart, Anfaldo told Giannetto, that since he well knew of the obligation to the Jew, he entreated, that if any misfortune happened, he would return to Venice, that he might see him before he died; and then he could leave the world with satisfaction: Giannetto promised to do every thing that he conceived might give him pleasure. Anfaldo gave him his blessing, they took their leave, and the ships set out.

Giannetto had nothing in his head but to steal into Belmonte; and he prevailed with one of the sailors in the night to sail the vessel into the port. It was told the lady that Giannetto was arrived in port. She saw from the window the vessel, and immediately sent for him.

Giannetto goes to the castle, the day is spent in joy and feasting; and to honour him, a tournament is ordered, and many barons and knights tilted that day. Giannetto did wonders, so well did he understand the lance, and was so graceful a figure on horseback: he pleased so much, that all were desirous to have him for their lord.

The lady, when it was the usual time, catching him by the hand, begged him to take his rest. When he passed the door of the chamber, one of the damsels in a whisper said to him, Make a pretence to drink the liquor, but touch not one drop. The lady said, I know you must be thirsty, I must have you drink before you go to bed: immediately two damsels entered the room, and presented the wine. Who can refuse wine from such beautiful hands? cries Giannetto: at which the lady smiled. Giannetto takes the cup, and making as if he drank, pours the wine into his bosom. The lady thinking he had drank, says aside to herself with great joy, You must go, young man, and bring another ship, for this is condemned. Giannetto went to bed, and began to snore as if he slept soundly. The lady perceiving this, laid herself down by his side. Giannetto loses no time, but turning to the lady, embraces her, saying, Now am I in possession of my utmost wishes. When Giannetto came out of his chamber, he was knighted and placed in the chair of state, had the sceptre put into his hand, and was

proclaimed sovereign of the country, with great pomp and splendour; and when the lords and ladies were come to the castle, he married the lady in great ceremony.

Giannetto governed excellently, and caused justice to be administered impartially. He continued some time in his happy state, and never entertained a thought of poor Anfaldo, who had given his bond to the Jew for ten thousand ducats. But one day, as he stood at the window of his palace with his bride, he saw a number of people pass along the piazza, with lighted torches in their hands. What is the meaning of this? say he. The lady answered, they are artificers, going to make their offerings at the church of St. John, this day being his festival. Giannetto instantly recollected Anfaldo, gave a great sigh, and turned pale. His lady enquired the cause of his sudden change. He said, he felt nothing. She continued to press with great earnestness, till he was obliged to confess the cause of his uneasiness; that Anfaldo was engaged for the money; that the term was expired; and the grief he was in was lest his father should lose his life for him: that if the ten thousand ducats were not paid that day, he must lose a pound of his flesh. The lady told him to mount on horseback, and go by land the nearest way, to take some attendants, and an hundred thousand ducats; and not to stop till he arrived at Venice; and if he was not dead, to endeavour to bring Anfaldo to her. Giannetto takes horse with twenty attendants, and makes the best of his way to Venice.

The time being expired, the Jew had seized Anfaldo, and insisted on having a pound of his flesh. He entreated him only to wait some days, that if his dear Giannetto arrived, he might have the pleasure of embracing him: the Jew replied he was willing to wait; but, says he, I will cut off the pound of flesh, according to the words of the obligation. Anfaldo answered, that he was content.

Several merchants would have jointly paid the money; the Jew would not hearken to the proposal, but insisted that he might have the satisfaction of saying, that he had put to death the greatest of the Christian merchants. Giannetto making all possible haste to Venice, his lady soon followed him in a lawyer's habit, with two servants attending her. Giannetto, when he came to Venice, goes to the Jew, and (after embracing Anfaldo) tells him, he is ready to pay the money, and as much more as he should demand. The Jew said, he would take no money, since it was not paid at the time due; but that he would have the pound of flesh. Every one blamed the Jew; but as Venice was a place where justice was strictly administered, and the Jew had his pretensions grounded on publick and received forms, their only resource was entreaty; and when the merchant of Venice applied to him, he was inflexible. Giannetto offered him twenty thousand, then thirty thousand, afterwards forty, fifty, and at last an hundred thousand ducats. The

Jew told him, if he would give as much gold as Venice was worth, he would not accept it; and, says he, you know little of me, if you think I will desist from my demand.

The lady now arrives at Venice, in her lawyer's dress; and alighting at an inn, the landlord asks of one of the servants who his master was: the servant answered, that he was a young lawyer who had finished his studies at Bologna. The landlord upon this shows his guest great civility: and when he attended at dinner, the lawyer enquiring how justice was administered in that city, he answered, justice in this place is too severe, and related the case of Ansaldo. Says the lawyer, this question may be easily answered. If you can answer it, says the landlord, and save this worthy man from death, you will get the love and esteem of all the best men of this city. The lawyer caused a proclamation to be made, that whoever had any law matters to determine, they should have recourse to him: so it was told to Giannetto, that a famous lawyer was come from Bologna, who could decide all cases in law. Giannetto proposed to the Jew to apply to this lawyer. With all my heart, says the Jew; but let who will come, I will stick to my bond. They came to this judge, and saluted him. Giannetto did not remember him: for he had disguised his face with the juice of certain herbs. Giannetto, and the Jew, each told the merits of the cause to the judge; who, when he had taken the bond and read it, said to the Jew, I must have you take the hundred thousand ducats, and release this honest man, who will always have a grateful sense of the favour done to him. The Jew replied, I will do no such thing. The judge answered, it will be better for you. The Jew was positive to yield nothing. Upon this they go to the tribunal appointed for such judgements: and our Judge says to the Jew, Do you cut a pound of this man's flesh where you choose. The Jew ordered him to be stripped naked; and takes in his hand a razor, which had been made on purpose. Giannetto, seeing this, turning to the judge, this, says he, is not the favour I asked of you. Be quiet, says he, the pound of flesh is not yet cut off. As soon as the Jew was going to begin, Take care what you do, says the judge, if you take more or less than a pound, I will order your head to be struck off: and beside, if you shed one drop of blood, you shall be put to death. Your paper makes no mention of the shedding of blood; but says expressly, that you may take a pound of flesh, neither more nor less. He immediately sent for the executioner to bring the block and ax; and now, says he, if I see one drop of blood, off goes your head. At length the Jew, after much wrangling, told him, Give me the hundred thousand ducats, and I am content. No, says the judge, cut off your pound of flesh according to your bond: why did not you take the money when it was offered? The Jew came down to ninety, and then to eighty thousand: but the judge was still resolute. Giannetto told the

judge to give what he required, that Anfaldo might have his liberty: but he replied, let me manage him. Then the Jew would have taken fifty thousand: he said, I will not give you a penny. Give me at least, says the Jew, my own ten thousand ducats, and a curse confound you all. The judge replies, I will give you nothing: if you will have the pound of flesh, take it; if not, I will order your bond to be protested and annulled. The Jew seeing he could gain nothing, tore in pieces the bond in a great rage. Anfaldo was released, and conducted home with great joy by Giannetto, who carried the hundred thousand ducats to the inn to the lawyer. The lawyer said, I do not want money; carry it back to your lady, that she may not say, that you have squandered it away idly. Says Giannetto, my lady is so kind, that I might spend four times as much without incurring her displeasure. How are you pleased with that lady? says the lawyer. I love her better than any earthly thing, answers Giannetto: nature seems to have done her utmost in forming her. If you will come and see her, you will be surprised at the honours she will show you. I cannot go with you, says the lawyer; but since you speak so much good of her, I must desire you to present my respects to her. I will not fail, Giannetto answered; and now, let me entreat you to accept of some of the money. While he was speaking, the lawyer observed a ring on his finger, and said, if you give me this ring, I shall seek no other reward. Willingly, says Giannetto; but as it is a ring given me by my lady, to wear for her sake, I have some reluctance to part with it, and she, not seeing it on my finger, will believe that I have given it to a woman. Says the lawyer, she esteems you sufficiently to credit what you tell her, and you may say you made a present of it to me; but I rather think you want to give it to some former mistress here in Venice. So great, says Giannetto, is the love and reverence I bear to her, that I would not change her for any woman in the world. After this he takes the ring from his finger, and presents it to him. I have still a favour to ask says the lawyer. It shall be granted, says Giannetto. It is, replied he, that you do not stay any time here, but go as soon as possible to your lady. It appears to me a thousand years till I see her, answered Giannetto: and immediately they take leave of each other. The lawyer embarked, and left Venice. Giannetto took leave of his Venetian friends, and carried Anfaldo with him, and some of his old acquaintance accompanied them. The lady arrived some days before, and having resumed her female habit, pretended to have spent the time at the baths; and now gave order to have the streets lined with tapestry: and when Giannetto and Anfaldo were landed, all the court went out to meet them. When they arrived at the palace, the lady ran to embrace Anfaldo, but feigned anger against Giannetto, though she loved him excessively: yet the feasting, tilts, and diversions went on as usual, at which all the lords

and ladies were present. Giannetto seeing that his wife did not receive him with her accustomed good countenance, called her, and would have saluted her. She told him, she wanted none of his caresses: I am sure, says she, you have been lavish of them to some of your former mistresses. Giannetto began to make excuses. She asked him where was the ring she had given him: It is no more than what I expected, cries Giannetto, and I was in the right to say you would be angry with me; but, I swear by all that is sacred, and by your dear self, that I gave the ring to the lawyer who gained our cause. And I can swear, says the lady, with as much solemnity, that you gave the ring to a woman: therefore swear no more. Giannetto protested that what he had told her was true, and that he said all this to the lawyer, when he asked for the ring. The lady replied, you would have done much better to stay at Venice with your mistresses, for I fear they all wept when you came away. Giannetto's tears began to fall, and in great sorrow he assured her, that what she supposed could not be true. The lady seeing his tears, which were daggers in her bosom, ran to embrace him, and in a fit of laughter showed the ring, and told him, that she was herself the lawyer, and how she obtained the ring. Giannetto was greatly astonished, finding it all true, and told the story to the nobles and to his companions; and this heightened greatly the love between him and his lady. He then called the damsel who had given him the good advice in the evening not to drink the liquor, and gave her to Ansaldo for a wife; and they spent the rest of their lives in great felicity and contentment.

RUGGIERI de Figiovanni took a resolution of going, for some time, to the court of Alfonso king of Spain. He was graciously received, and living there some time in great magnificence, and giving remarkable proofs of his courage, was greatly esteemed. Having frequent opportunities of examining minutely the behaviour of the king, he observed, that he gave, as he thought, with little discernment, castles, and baronies, to such who were unworthy of his favours; and to himself, who might pretend to be of some estimation, he gave nothing: he therefore thought the fittest thing to be done, was to demand leave of the king to return home.

His request was granted, and the king presented him with one of the most beautiful and excellent mules, that had ever been mounted. One of the king's trusty servants was commanded to accompany Ruggieri, and riding along with him, to pick up, and recollect every word he said of the king, and then mention that it was the order of his sovereign, that he should go back to him. The man watching the opportunity, joined Ruggieri when he set

out, said he was going towards Italy, and would be glad to ride in company with him. Ruggieri jogging on with his mule, and talking of one thing or other, it being near nine o'clock, told his companion, that they would do well to put up their mules a little; and as soon as they entered the stable, every beast, except his, began to stale. Riding on further, they came to a river, and watering the beasts, his mule staled in the river: you untoward beast, says he, you are like your master, who gave you to me. The servant remembered this expression, and many others as they rode on all day together; but he heard not a single word drop from him, but what was in praise of the king. The next morning Ruggieri was told the order of the king, and instantly turned back. When the king had heard what he said of the mule, he commanded him into his presence, and with a smile, asked him, for what reason he had compared the mule to him. Ruggieri answered, My reason is plain, you give where you ought not to give, and where you ought to give, you give nothing; in the same manner the mule would not stale where she ought, and where she ought not, there she staled. The king said upon this, If I have not rewarded you as I have many, do not entertain a thought that I was insensible to your great merit; it is Fortune who hindered me; she is to blame, and not I; and I will show you manifestly that I speak truth. My discontent, sir, proceeds not, answered Ruggieri, from a desire of being enriched, but from your not having given the smallest testimony to my deserts in your service: nevertheless your excuse is valid, and I am ready to see the proof you mention, though I can easily believe you without it. The king conducted him to a hall, where he had already commanded two large caskets, shut close, to be placed: and before a large company told Ruggieri, that in one of them was contained his crown, sceptre, and all his jewels, and that the other was full of earth: choose which of them you like best, and then you will see that it is not I, but your fortune that has been ungrateful. Ruggieri, chose one. It was found to be the casket full of earth. The king said to him with a smile, Now you may see Ruggieri that what I told you of fortune was true; but for your sake, I will oppose her with all my strength. You have no intention, I am certain, to live in Spain, therefore I will offer you no preferment here; but that casket which fortune denied you, shall be yours in despite of her: carry it with you into your own country, show it to your friends and neighbours, as my gift to you; and you have my permission to boast, that it is a reward of your virtues.

Of The MERCHANT of VENISE the style is even and easy, with few peculiarities of diction, or anomalies of construction. The comick part raises laughter, and the serious fixes expectation. The probability of either one or the other story cannot be maintained.

The union of two actions in one event is in this drama evidently happy. Dryden was much pleased with his own address in connecting the two plots of his *Spanish Friar*, which yet, I believe, the critick will find excelled by this play. JOHNSON.

Of the incident of the *bond*, no English original has hitherto been pointed out, I find, however, the following in *The Orator: handling a hundred severall Discourses, in form of Declamations: some of the Arguments being drawne from Titus Livius and other ancient Writers, the rest of the Author's own invention: Part of which are of Matters happened in our Age.*—Written in French by Alexander Silvayn, and Englished by L. P. [i. e. Lazarus Pilot*] London, printed by Adam Islip, 1396.—[This book is not mentioned by Ames.] See p. 401.

“ DECLAMATION 95.

“ *Of a Jew, who would for his debt have a pound of the flesh of a Christian.*

“ A Jew, unto whom a Christian merchant ought nine hundred crownes, would have summoned him for the same in Turkie: the merchant, because he would not be discredited, promised to pay the said summe within the tearme of three months, and if he paid it not, he was bound to give him a pound of the flesh of his bodie. The tearme being past some fiftene daies, the Jew refused to take his money, and demaunded the pound of flesh: the ordinarie judge of that place appointed him to cut a just pound of the Christian's flesh, and if he cut either more or lesse, then his own head should be smitten off: the Jew appealed from this sentence, unto the chiefe judge, saying:

“ Impossible is it to breake the credit of trafficke amongst men without great detriment to the common wealth: wherefore no man ought to bind himselfe unto such covenants which hee cannot or will not accomplish, for by that means should no man feare to be deceaved, and credit being maintained, every man might be assured of his owne; but since deceit hath taken place, never wonder if obligations are made more rigorous and strict then they were wont, seeing that although the bonds are made never so strong, yet can no man be very certaine that he shall not be a loser. It seemeth at the first sight that it is a thing no less strange than cruel, to bind a man to pay a pound of the flesh of his bodie, for want of money: surely, in that it is a thing not usuall, it appeareth to be somewhat the more admirable; but there are divers others that are more cruell, which because they are in use seeme nothing terrible at all: as to binde all the bodie unto a most lothsome prison, or unto an intolerable flaverie, where not only the whole bodie but also all the

* Lazarus Pyot, (not Pilot) is Anthony Mundy. RITSON.

fences and spirits are tormented; the which is commonly practised, not only betwixt those which are either in sect or nation contrary, but also even amongst those that are of one sect and nation; yea amongst Christians it hath been seene that the son hath imprisoned the father for monie. Likewise in the Roman commonwealth, so famous for lawes and armes, it was lawful for debt to imprison, beat, and afflict with torment the free citizens: how manie of them (do you thinke) would have thought themselves happie, if for a small debt they might have been excused with the paiment of a pounce of their flesh? who ought then to marvile if a Jew requireth so small a thing of a Christian, to discharge him of a good round summe? A man may aske why I would not rather take silver of this man, then his flesh: I might alleage many reasons; for I might say that none but my selfe can tell what the breach of his promise hath cost me, and what I have thereby paid for want of money unto my creditors, of that which I have lost in my credit: for the miserie of those men which esteem their reputation, is so great, that oftentimes they had rather endure any thing secretlie, then to have their discredit blazed abroad, because they would not be both shamed and harmed: neverthelesse, I doe freely confesse, that I had rather lose a pound of my flesh then my credit should be in any sort cracked: I might also say, that I have need of this flesh to cure a friend of mine of a certaine maladie, which is otherwise incurable; or that I would have it to terrifie thereby the Christians for ever abusing the Jews once more hereafter: but I will onlie say, that by his obligation he oweth it me. It is lawfull to kill a souldier if he come unto the warres but an hour too late; and also to hang a theefe though he steal never so little: is it then such a great matter to cause such a one to pay a pound of his flesh, that hath broken his promise manie times, or that putteth another in danger to lose both credit and reputation, yea and it may be life, and all for grieve? were it not better for him to lose that I demand, then his soule, already bound by his faith? Neither am I to take that which he oweth me, but he is to deliver it to me: and especiallie because no man knoweth better than he where the same may be spared to the least hurt of his person; for I might take it in such place as hee might thereby happen to lose his life: Whatte matter were it then if I should cut off his privie members, supposing that the same would altogether weigh a just pound? or els his head, should I be suffered to cut it off, although it were with the danger of mine own life? I believe, I should not; because there were as little reason therein, as there could be in the amends whereunto I should be bound: or els if I would cut off his nose, his lips, his ears, and pull out his eyes, to make them altogether a pound, should I be suffered? surely I think not, because the obligation dooth not specifie that I ought either to choose, cut, or take the same, but that he ought to give me a pound of his flesh. Of every thing that

is sold, he which delivereth the same is to make waight, and he which receiveth, taketh heed that it be just: seeing then that neither the obligation, custome, nor law doth bind me to cut, or weigh, much lesse unto the above mentioned satisfaction, I refuse it all, and require that the same which is due should be delivered unto me."

" The Christian's Answer.

" It is no strange matter to here those dispute of equitie which are themselves most unjust; and such as have no faith at all, desirous that others should observe the same inviolable; the which were yet the more tolerable, if such men would be contented with reasonable things, or at least not altogether unreasonable: but what reason is there that one man should unto his own prejudice desire the hurt of another? as this Jew is content to lose nine hundred crownes to have a pound of my flesh; whereby is manifestly seene the ancient and cruel hate which he beareth not only unto Christians, but unto all others which are not of his sect; yea, even unto the Turkes, who overkindly doe suffer such vermine to dwell amongst them: seeing that this presumptuous wretch dare not onely doubt, but appeale from the judgement of a good and just judge, and afterwards he would by sophistickall reasons prove that his abomination is equitie. Trulie I confesse that I have suffered fifteen daies of the tearme to passe; yet who can tell whether he or I is the cause thereof? as for me, I think that by secret meanes he hath caused the monie to be delaied, which from sundry places ought to have come unto me before the tearm which I promised unto him; otherwise, I would never have heen so rash as to bind myselfe so strictly: but although he were not the cause of the fault, is it therefore said, that he ought to be so impudent as to go about to prove it no strange matter that he should be willing to be paid with man's flesh, which is a thing more natural for tigris, than men, the which also was never heard of? but this divell in shape of man, seeing me oppressed with necessitie, propounded this cursed obligation unto me. Whereas he alleageth the Romaines for an example, why doth he not as well tell on how for that crueltie in afflicting debtors over grievously, the commonwealth was almost overthrowne, and that shortly after it was forbidden to imprison men any more for debt? To breake promise is, when a man sweareth or promiseth a thing, the which he hath no desire to performe, which yet upon an extreame necessity is somewhat excusable: as for me I have promised, and accomplished my promise, yet not so soon as I would; and although I knew the danger wherein I was to satisfy the crueltie of this mischievous man with the price of my flesh and blood, yet did I not flie away, but submitted my selfe unto the discretion of the judge who hath justly repressed his beastliness. Wherein then have I falsified my promise? is it in that I

would not (like him) disobey the judgement of the judge? Behold I will present a part of my bodie unto him, that he may paie himselfe, according to the contents of the judgement: where is then my promise broken? But it is no marvaile if this race be so obstinat and cruell against us: for they do it of set purpose to offend our God whom they have crucified: and wherefore? Because he was holie, as he is yet so reputed of this worthy Turkish nation. But what shall I say? Their own Bible is full of their rebellion against God, against their priests, judges and leaders. What did not the very patriarchs themselves, from whom they have their beginning? They sold their brother, and had it not been for one amongst them, they had slain him for verie envie. How many adulteries and abominations were committed amongst them? How many murthers? Absalom did he not cause his brother to be murdered? Did he not persecute his father? Is it not for their iniquitie that God hath disperfed them, without leaving them one onlie foot of ground? If then, when they had newlie received their law from God, when they saw his wonderous works with their eies, and had yet their judges amongst them, they were so wicked, what may one hope of them now, when they have neither faith nor law, but their rapines and usuries? and that they believe they do a charitable work, when they do some great wrong unto one that is not a Jew? It may please you then, most righteous judge, to consider all these circumstances, having pittie of him who doth wholly submit himselfe upon your just clemencie: hoping thereby to be delivered from this monster's crueltie." FARMER.

Gregorio Leti, in his *Life of Sixtus V.* translated by Ellis Farnsworth, 1745, has likewise this kind of story.

It was currently reported in Rome that Drake had taken and plundered S. Domingo in Hispaniola, and carried off an immense booty: this account came in a private letter to *Paul Secchi*, a very considerable merchant in the city, who had large concerns in those parts which he had insured. Upon the receiving this news he sent for the insurer Samson Ceneda, a Jew, and acquainted him with it. The Jew, whose interest it was to have such a report thought false, gave many reasons why it could not possibly be true: and at last worked himself up into such a passion, that he said, "I'll lay you a pound of my flesh that it is a lie."

Secchi, who was of a fiery hot temper, replied, "If you like it, I'll lay you a thousand crowns against a pound of your flesh that it is true." The Jew accepted the wager, and articles were immediately executed between them, the substance of which was, "That if Secchi won, he should himself cut the flesh with a sharp knife from whatever part of the Jew's body he pleased." Unfortunately for the Jew, the truth of the account was soon after confirmed, by other advices from the West-Indies, which threw him almost into

distraction; especially when he was informed that Secchi had solemnly sworn he would compel him to the exact literal performance of his contract, and was determined to cut a pound of flesh from that part of his body which it is not necessary to mention. Upon this he went to the governor of Rome, and begged he would interpose in the affair, and use his authority to prevail with Secchi to accept of a thousand pistoles as an equivalent for the pound of flesh: but the governor not daring to take upon him to determine a case of so uncommon a nature, made a report of it to the pope, who sent for them both, and having heard the articles read, and informed himself perfectly of the whole affair from their own mouths, said, "When contracts are made, it is just they should be fulfilled, as we intend this shall. Take a knife, therefore, Secchi, and cut a pound of flesh from any part you please of the Jew's Body. We would advise you, however, to be very careful; for if you cut but a scruple or grain more or less than your due, you shall certainly be hanged. Go, and bring hither a knife, and a pair of scales, and let it be done in our presence."

The merchant at these words, began to tremble like an aspen-leaf, and throwing himself at his holiness's feet, with tears in his eyes protested, "It was far from his thoughts to insist upon the performance of the contract." And being asked by the pope what he demanded; answered, "Nothing, holy father, but your benediction, and that the articles may be torn in pieces." Then turning to the Jew, he asked him, "What he had to say, and whether he was content." The Jew answered, "That he thought himself extremely happy to come off at so easy a rate, and that he was perfectly content." "But we are not content," replied Sixtus, "nor is there sufficient satisfaction made to our laws. We desire to know what authority you have to lay such wagers? The subjects of princes are the property of the state, and have no right to dispose of their bodies, nor any part of them, without the express consent of their sovereigns."

They were both immediately sent to prison, and the governor ordered to proceed against them with the utmost severity of the law, that others might be deterred by their example from laying any more such wagers.—[The governor interceding for them, and proposing a fine of a thousand crowns each, Sixtus ordered him to condemn them both to death, the Jew for selling his life, by consenting to have a pound of flesh cut from his body, which he said was direct suicide, and the merchant for premeditated murder, in making a contract with the other that he knew must be the occasion of his death.]

As Secchi was of a very good family, having many great friends and relations, and the Jew one of the most leading men in the synagogue, they both had recourse to petitions. Strong application was made to cardinal Montalto, to intercede with his holiness at

least to spare their lives. Sixtus, who did not really design to put them to death, but to deter others from such practices, at last consented to change the sentence into that of the galleys, with liberty to buy off that too, by paying each of them two thousand crowns, to be applied to the use of the hospital which he had lately founded, before they were released.

Life of Sixtus V. Fol. B. VII. p. 293, &c.
STEEVENS.

In a Persian Manuscript in the possession of Ensign Thomas Munro, of the first battalion of Sepoys, now at Tanjore, is found the following story of a Jew and a Mussulman, Several leaves being wanting both at the beginning and end of the Ms. its age has not been ascertained. The translation, in which the idiom is Persian, though the words are English, was made by Mr. Munro, and kindly communicated to me (together with a copy of the original) by Daniel Braithwaite, Esq.

“ It is related, that in a town of Syria a poor Mussulman lived in the neighbourhood of a rich Jew. One day he went to the Jew, and said, lend me 100 dinars, that I may trade with it, and I will give thee a share of the gain.—This Mussulman had a beautiful wife, and the Jew had seen and fallen in love with her, and thinking this a lucky opportunity, he said, I will not do thus, but I will give thee a hundred dinars, with this condition, that after six months thou shalt restore it to me. But give me a bond in this form, that if the term of the agreement shall be exceeded one day, I shall cut a pound of flesh from thy body, from whatever part I choose. The Jew thought that by this means he might perhaps come to enjoy the Mussulman's wife. The Mussulman was dejected and said, how can this be? But as his distress was extreme, he took the money on that condition, and gave the bond, and set out on a journey; and in that journey he acquired much gain, and he was every day saying to himself, God forbid that the term of the agreement should pass away, and the Jew bring vexation upon me. He therefore gave a hundred gold dinars into the hand of a trusty person, and sent him home to give it to the Jew. But the people of his own house, being without money, spent it in maintaining themselves. When he returned from his journey, the Jew required payment of the money, and the pound of flesh. The Mussulman said, I sent thy money a long time ago. The Jew said, thy money came not to me. When this on examination appeared to be true, the Jew carried the Mussulman before the Cazi, and represented the affair. The Cazi said to the Mussulman, either satisfy the Jew, or give the pound of flesh. The Mussulman not agreeing to this, said, let us go to another Cazi. When they went, he also spoke in the same manner. The Mussulman asked the advice of an ingenious friend. He said,

“ say to him, let us go to the Cazi of Hems.* Go there, for thy business will be well.” Then the Mussulman went to the Jew, and said, I shall be satisfied with the decree of the Cazi of Hems; the Jew said, I also shall be satisfied. Then both departed for the city of Hems.† When they presented themselves before the judgment-seat, the Jew said, O my Lord Judge, this man borrowed an hundred dinars of me, and pledged a pound of flesh from his own body. Command that he give the money and the flesh. It happened, that the Cazi was the friend of the father of the Mussulman, and for this respect, he said to the Jew, “ Thou sayest true, it is the purport of the bond; and he desired, that they should bring a sharp knife. The Mussulman on hearing this, became speechless. The knife being brought, the Cazi turned his face to the Jew, and said, “ Arise, and cut one pound of flesh from the body of him, in such a manner, that there may not be one grain more or less, and if more or less thou shalt cut, I shall order thee to be killed. The Jew said, I cannot. I shall leave this business and depart. The Cazi said, thou mayest not leave it. He said, O Judge, I have released him. The Judge said, it cannot be, either cut the flesh, or pay the expence of his journey. It was settled at two hundred dinars: the Jew paid another hundred, and departed.”

MALONE.

To the collection of novels, &c. wherein the plot of the foregoing play occurs, may be added another, viz. from “ *Roger Bontemps en Belle Humeur*.” In the story here related of the Jew and the Christian, the Judge is made to be Solyman, Emperor of the Turks. See the edition of 1731, Tom. II. p. 105.

So far Mr. Douce: — Perhaps, this Tale (like that of Parnell’s *Hermit*,) may have found its way into every language. STEEVENS.

* Hems-Emessa, a city of Syria, long. 70. lat. 34.

The Orientals say that Hippocrates made his ordinary residence there; and the Christians of that country have a tradition, that the head of St. John the Baptist was found there, under the reign of Theodosius the younger.

This city was famous in the times of paganism for the Temple of the Sun, under the name of Heliogabalus, from which the Roman emperor took his name.

It was taken from the Mussulmen by the Tartars, in the year of Christ 1098. Saladin retook it in 1187. The Tartars took it in the year 1258. Afterwards it passed into the hands of the Mamalukes, and from them to the Turks, who are now in possession of it. This city suffered greatly by a most dreadful earthquake in 1157, when the Franks were in possession of Syria. HERBELOT.

† Here follows the relation of a number of unlucky adventures, in which the Mussulman is involved by the way: but as they only tend to show the sagacity of the Cazi in extricating him from them, and have no connection with Shylock, I have omitted them. T. M.

AS YOU LIKE IT. *

AS YOU LIKE IT

* AS YOU LIKE IT.] Was certainly borrowed, if we believe Dr. Grey and Mr. Upton, from the *Coke's Tale of Gamelyn*; which by the way was not printed till a century afterward: when in truth the old bard, who was no hunter of MS. contented himself solely with *Lodge's Rosalynd*, or *Euphues' Golden Legacye*, 4to. 1590. FARMER.

Shakspeare has followed Lodge's novel more exactly than is his general custom when he is indebted to such worthless originals: and has sketched some of his principal characters, and borrowed a few expressions from it. His imitations, &c. however, are in general too insignificant to merit transcription.

It should be observed that the characters of *Jaques*, the *Clown*, and *Audrey*, are entirely of the poet's own formation.

Although I have never met with any edition of this comedy before the year 1623, it is evident, that such a publication was at least designed. At the beginning of the second volume of the entries at Stationers' Hall, are placed two leaves of irregular prohibitions, notes, &c. Among these are the following:

Aug. 4.

" <i>As you Like it</i> , a book.	.	.	} to be paid."
" <i>Henry the Fifth</i> , a book.	.	.	
" <i>Comedy of Much Ado</i> , a book.	.	.	

The dates scattered over these pages are from 1596 to 1615.

STEEVENS.

This comedy, I believe, was written in 1600. See *An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakspeare's Plays*, Vol. II. MALONE.

PERSONS represented.

Duke, *living in exile.*

Frederick, *brother to the Duke, and usurper of his dominions.*

Amiens, } *Lords attending upon the Duke in his*
Jaques, } *banishment.*

Le Beau, *a courtier attending upon Frederick :*

Charles, *his wrestler.*

Oliver, }
Jaques, } *Sons of Sir Rowland de Bois.*
Orlando, }

Adam, }
Dennis, } *Servants to Oliver.*

Touchstone, *a clown.*

Sir Oliver Mar-text, *a vicar.*

Corin, }
Sylvius, } *Shepherds.*

William, *a country fellow, in love with Audrey.*

A person representing Hymen.

Rosalind, *daughter to the banished Duke.*

Celia, *daughter to Frederick.*

Phebe, *a shepherdes.*

Audrey, *a country wench.*

*Lords belonging to the two Dukes ; Pages, Foresters,
and other Attendants.*

*The SCENE lies, first, near Oliver's house ; after-
wards, partly in the Usurper's court, and partly in
the forest of Arden.*

*The list of the persons being omitted in the old editions, was
added by Mr. Rowe. JOHNSON.*

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Orchard, near Oliver's House.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

ORL. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me: By will, but a poor thousand crowns; and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well:² and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps

² *As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me: By will, but a poor thousand crowns; &c.]* The grammar, as well as sense, suffers cruelly by this reading. There are two nominatives to the verb *bequeathed*, and not so much as one to the verb *charged*: and yet, to the nominative there wanted, [*his blessing*] refers. So that the whole sentence is confused and obscure. A very small alteration in the reading and pointing sets all right. — *As I remember, Adam, it was upon this my father bequeathed me, &c.* The grammar is now rectified, and the sense also; which is this. Orlando and Adam were discoursing together on the cause why the younger brother had but a thousand crowns left him. They agree upon it; and Orlando opens the scene in this manner, *As I remember it was upon this*, i. e. for the reason we have been talking of, that my father left me but a thousand crowns; however, to make amends for this scanty provision, he charged my brother on his blessing to breed me well. WARBURTON.

There is, in my opinion, nothing but a point misplaced, and an omission of a word which every hearer can supply, and which therefore an abrupt and eager dialogue naturally excludes.

I read thus: *As I remember, Adam, it was on this fashion bequeathed me. By will, but a poor thousand crowns; and, as thou sayest, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well.* What is there in this difficult or obscure? The nominative *my father* is certainly left out, but so left out that the auditor inserts it, in spite of himself. JOHNSON.

at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept:³ For call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dung-hills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me, his countenance seems to take from me:⁴ he lets me feed with his hinds,

— *it was on this fashion bequeathed me*, as Dr. Johnson reads, is but awkward English. I would read: *As I remember, Adam, it was on this fashion.* — He *bequeathed me by will*, &c. Orlando and Adam enter abruptly in the midst of a conversation on this topick; and Orlando is correcting some misapprehension of the other. As I remember (says he) it was thus. He left me a thousand crowns; and, *as thou sayest*, charged my brother, &c.

BLACKSTONE.

Omission being of all the errors of the press the most common, I have adopted the emendation proposed by Sir W. Blackstone.

MALONE.

Being satisfied with Dr. Johnson's explanation of the passage as it stands in the old copy, I have followed it. STEEVENS.

³ *Stays me here at home unkept:*] We should read *stys*, i. e. keeps me like a brute. The following words — *for call you that keeping — that differs not from the stalling of an ox?* confirms this emendation. So Caliban says,

“ And here you *stys* me

“ In this hard rock.” WARBURTON.

Sties is better than *stays*, and more likely to be Shakspeare's.

JOHNSON.

So, in *Noah's Flood*, by Drayton:

“ And *stys* themselves up in a little room.” STEEVENS.

⁴ — *his countenance seems to take from me:*] We should certainly read — *his discountenance*. WARBURTON.

There is no need of change; a countenance is either good or bad. JOHNSON.

bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Enter OLIVER.

ADAM. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

ORL. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

OLI. Now, sir! what make you here?⁵

ORL. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

OLI. What mar you then, sir?

ORL. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

OLI. Marry, sir, be better employ'd, and be naught awhile.⁶

⁵ ——— *what make you here?*] i. e. what do you here? So, in *Hamlet*:

“What make you at Elsinour?” STEEVENS.

⁶ ——— *be better employ'd, and be naught a while.*] Mr. Theobald has here a very critical note; which, though his modesty suffered him to withdraw it from his second edition, deserves to be perpetuated, i. e. (says he) *be better employed, in my opinion, in being and doing nothing. Your idleness, as you call it, may be an exercise by which you make a figure, and endear yourself to the world: and I had rather you were a contemptible cypher. The poet seems to me to have that trite proverbial sentiment in his eye, quoted from Attilius, by the younger Pliny and others; satius est otiosum esse quàm nihil agere. But Oliver, in the perverseness of his disposition, would reverse the doctrine of the proverb. Does the reader know what all this means? But 'tis no matter. I will assure him — be naught a*

ORL. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

while is only a north-country proverbial curse equivalent to, *a mischief on you*. So, the old poet Skelton:

“Correct first thy selfe, walk and *be nought*,

“Deeme what thou list, thou knowest not my thought.”

But what the Oxford editor could not explain, he would amend, and reads:

—— and do aught a *while*. WARBURTON.

If *be nought awhile* has the signification here given it, the reading may certainly stand; but till I learned its meaning from this note, I read:

Be better employed, and be naught a while.

In the same sense as we say, — *It is better to do mischief, than to do nothing*. JOHNSON.

Notwithstanding Dr. Warburton's far-fetched explanation, I believe that the words *be naught awhile*, mean no more than this: “Be content to be a *cypher*, till I shall think fit to elevate you into consequence.”

This was certainly a proverbial saying, I find it in *The Storie of King Darius*, an interlude, 1565:

“Come away, and *be nought a whyle*,

“Or surely I will you both defyle.”

Again, in *King Henry IV.*, P. II. Falstaff says to Pistol: “Nay, if he do nothing but speak nothing, *he shall be nothing here*.”

STEEVENS.

Naught and *nought* are frequently confounded in old English books. I once thought that the latter was here intended, in the sense affixed to it by Mr. Steevens: “Be content to be a *cypher*, till I shall elevate you into consequence.” But the following passage in *Swetnam*, a comedy, 1620, induces me to think that the reading of the old copy (*naught*) and Dr. Johnson's explanation are right:

“—— get you both in, and *be naught a while*.”

The speaker is a chamber-maid, and she addresses herself to her mistress and her lover. MALONE.

Malone says that *nought* (meaning *nothing*) was formerly spelled with an *a*, *naught*; which is clearly the manner in which it ought still to be spelled, as the word *aught* (any thing) from whence it is derived, is spelled so.

A similar expression occurs in *Bartholomew Fair*, where Urfula says to Mooncalf: “Leave the bottle behind you, and *be curs'd awhile*,” which seems to confirm Warburton's explanation. M. MASON.

OLI. Know you where you are, fir?

ORL. O, fir, very well: here in your orchard.

OLI. Know you before whom, fir?

ORL. Ay, better than he I am before knows me.⁷

I know, you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me: The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me, as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.⁸

OLI. What, boy!

ORL. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

⁷ *Ay, better than he I am before knows me.*] The first folio reads—*better than him*—. But, little respect is due to the anomalies of the play-house editors; and of this comedy there is no quarto edition. STEEVENS.

Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors read — *he* I am before; more correctly, but without authority. Our author is equally irregular in *The Winter's Tale*:

“ I am appointed *him* to murder you.” MALONE.

Of *The Winter's Tale* also there is none but the play-house copy. STEEVENS.

⁸ ———*albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.*] This is sense indeed, and may be thus understood. — The reverence due to my father is, in some degree, derived to you, as the first born. But I am persuaded that Orlando did not here mean to compliment his brother, or condemn himself; something of both which there is in that sense. I rather think he intended a satirical reflection on his brother, who by *letting him feed with his hinds*, treated him as one not so nearly related to old Sir Rowland as himself was. I imagine therefore Shakspeare might write, — *Albeit your coming before me is nearer his revenue*, i. e. though you are no nearer in blood, yet it must be owned, indeed, you are nearer in estate. WARBURTON.

This, I apprehend, refers to the courtesy of distinguishing the eldest son of a knight, by the title of esquire. HENLEY.

OLI. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

ORL. I am no villain:⁹ I am the youngest son of fir Rowland de Bois; he was my father; and he is thrice a villain, that says, such a father begot villains: Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so; thou hast railed on thyself.

ADAM. Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

OLI. Let me go, I say.

ORL. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

OLI. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, fir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you: you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

ORL. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

OLI. Get you with him, you old dog.

ADAM. Is old dog my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service.—God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word.

[*Exeunt ORLANDO and ADAM.*

⁹ *I am no villain:*] The word *villain* is used by the elder brother, in its present meaning, for a *worthless, wicked, or bloody man*; by Orlando in its original signification, for a *fellow of base extraction*.

OLI. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will phyfick your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Hola, Dennis!

Enter DENNIS.

DEN. Calls your worship?

OLI. Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

DEN. So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

OLI. Call him in. [*Exit DENNIS.*]—'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter CHARLES.

CHA. Good morrow to your worship.

OLI. Good monsieur Charles!—what's the new news at the new court?

CHA. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave² to wander.

OLI. Can you tell, if Rosalind, the duke's daughter,³ be banished with her father.

² ——— *good leave* —] As often as this phrase occurs, it means a ready assent. So, in *King John*:

“*Bast.* James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave awhile?”

“*Gur.* Good leave, good Philip.” STEEVENS.

³ ——— *the duke's daughter,*] The words *old* and *new* [inserted by Sir T. Hanmer] seem necessary to the perspicuity of the dialogue. JOHNSON.

CHA. O, no; for the duke's daughter,³ her cousin, so loves her,—being ever from their cradles bred together,—that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

OLI. Where will the old duke live?

CHA. They say, he is already in the forest of Arden,⁴ and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say, many young gentlemen flock to him every day; and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

OLI. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

CHA. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand, that your younger brother, Orlando, hath

—— *the duke's daughter,*] i. e. the *banished* duke's daughter.

MALONE.

² The author of *The Revival* is of opinion, that the subsequent words, — *her cousin*, sufficiently distinguish the person intended.

STEEVENS.

³ —— *for the duke's daughter,*] i. e. the *usurping* duke's daughter. Sir T. Hanmer reads here — the *new* duke's; and in the preceding speech—the *old* duke's daughter; but in my opinion unnecessarily. The ambiguous use of the word *duke* in these passages is much in our author's manner. MALONE.

⁴ —— *in the forest of Arden,*] *Ardenne* is a forest of considerable extent in French Flanders, lying near the Meuse, and between Charlemont and Rocroy. It is mentioned by Spenser, in his *Colin Clout's come home again*, 1595:

“ Into a forest wide and waste he came,
 “ Where store he heard to be of savage prey;
 “ So wide a forest, and so waste as this,
 “ Not famous *Ardeyn*, nor foul *Arlo* is.”

But our author was furnished with the scene of his play by Lodge's *Novel*. MALONE.

a disposition to come in disguis'd against me to try a fall: To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb, shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young, and tender; and, for your love, I would be loth to foil him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might slay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

OLI. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles, — it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me his natural brother; therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger: And thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy live by some indirect means or other: for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

CHA. I am heartily glad I came hither to you: If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment:

If ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more: And so, God keep your worship!

[*Exit.*

OLI. Farewell good Charles. — Now will I stir this gamester:³ I hope, I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never school'd, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts⁴ enchantingly beloved; and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised: but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither,⁵ which now I'll go about.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E II.

A Lawn before the Duke's Palace.

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

CEL. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

ROS. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier?⁶

³ — *this gamester:*] *Gamester*, in the present instance, and some others, does not signify a man viciously addicted to games of chance, but a frolicksome person. Thus, in *King Henry VIII*:

“ You are a merry *gamester*, my lord Sands.” STEEVENS.

⁴ — *of all sorts* —] *Sorts* in this place means ranks and degrees of men. RITSON.

⁵ — *kindle the boy thither,*] A similar phrase occurs in *Macbeth*, A&I. sc. iii:

“ — *enkindle* you unto the crown.” STEEVENS.

⁶ — *I were merrier?*] *I* which was inadvertently omitted in the old copy, was inserted by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

CEL. Herein, I see, thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee: if my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; so would'st thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously temper'd as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

CEL. You know, my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports: let me see; What think you of falling in love?

CEL. Marry, I pry'thee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou may'st in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport then?

CEL. Let us sit and mock the good housewife, Fortune, from her wheel,⁷ that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

⁷ — mock the good housewife, Fortune, from her wheel,] The wheel of Fortune is not the wheel of a housewife. Shakspeare has confounded Fortune, whose wheel only figures uncertainty and

ROS. I would, we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced: and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

CEL. 'Tis true: for those, that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest; and those, that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favour'dly.

ROS. Nay, now thou goest from fortune's office to nature's: fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

CEL. No? When nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by fortune fall into the fire?— Though nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

ROS. Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature; when fortune makes nature's natural the cutter off of nature's wit.

CEL. Peradventure, this is not fortune's work neither, but nature's; who perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone:^s for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits.— How now, wit? whither wander you?

vicissitude, with the destiny that spins the thread of life, though not indeed with a wheel. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare is very fond of this idea. He has the same in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" — and rail so high,

" That the false housewife, Fortune, break her wheel."

STEEVENS.

^s — who perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses hath sent, &c.] The old copy reads — "perceiveth —." Mr. Malone retains the old reading, but adds — "and hath sent," &c. STEEVENS.

TOUCH. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

CEL. Were you made the messenger?

TOUCH. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

ROS. Where learned you that oath, fool?

TOUCH. Of a certain knight, that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good; and yet was not the knight forsworn.

CEL. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

ROS. Ay, marry; now unmuzzle your wisdom.

TOUCH. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

CEL. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

TOUCH. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were: but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away, before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

CEL. Pr'ythee, who is't that thou mean'st?

TOUCH. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

CEL. My father's love is enough to honour him.*

* Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Ros. *My father's love is enough to honour him.*] This reply to the Clown is in all the books placed to Rosalind; but Frederick was not her father, but Celia's: I have therefore ventured to prefix the name of Celia. There is no countenance from any passage in the play, or from the *Dramatis Personæ*, to imagine, that both the Brother-Dukes were namesakes; and one called the Old, and the other the Younger-Frederick; and without some such authority, it would make confusion to suppose it. THEOBALD.

Enough! speak no more of him; you'll be whip'd for taxation,² one of these days.

TOUCH. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely, what wise men do foolishly.

CEL. By my troth, thou say'st true: for since the little wit, that fools have, was silenced,³ the

Mr. Theobald seems not to know that the *Dramatis Personæ* were first enumerated by Rowe. JOHNSON.

Frederick is here clearly a mistake, as appears by the answer of Rosalind, to whom Touchstone addresses himself, though the question was put to him by Celia. I suppose some abbreviation was used in the MS. for the name of the rightful, or *old* duke, as he is called, [perhaps *Fer.* for *Ferdinand*,] which the transcriber or printer converted into Frederick. *Fernardyne* is one of the persons introduced in the novel on which this comedy is founded. Mr. Theobald solves the difficulty by giving the next speech to Celia, instead of Rosalind; but there is too much of filial warmth in it for Celia:—besides, why, should her father be called *old* Frederick? It appears from the last scene of this play that this was the name of the younger brother. MALONE.

Mr. Malone's remark may be just; and yet I think the speech which is still left in the mouth of Celia, exhibits as much tenderness for the fool, as respect for her own father. She stops Touchstone, who might otherwise have proceeded to say what she could not hear without inflicting punishment on the speaker.—*Old* is an unmeaning term of familiarity. It is still in use, and has no reference to age. The Duke in *Measure for Measure* is called by Lucio “the *old* fantastical Duke,” &c. STEEVENS.

² ——— you'll be whip'd for taxation,] This was the discipline usually inflicted upon fools, Brantome informs us that Legat, fool to Elizabeth of France, having offended her with some indelicate speech, “*fut bien fouetté à la cuisine pour ces paroles.*” A representation of this ceremony may be seen in a cut prefixed to B. II. ch. c. of the German Petrarch already mentioned in Vol. VII. p. 44. DOUCE.

Taxation is censure, or satire. So, in *Much ado about Nothing*: “Niece, you *tax* Signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you.” Again, in the play before us:

“ ——— my *taxing* like a wildgoose flies —.” MALONE.

³ ——— since the little wit, that fools have, was silenced,] Shakespeare probably alludes to the use of fools or jesters, who for some ages had been allowed in all courts an unbridled liberty of censure and mockery, and about this time began to be less tolerated.

JOHNSON.

little foolery, that wise men have, makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

Enter LE BEAU.

ROS. With his mouth full of news.

CEL. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

ROS. Then shall we be news-cramm'd.

CEL. All the better; we shall be the more marketable. *Bon jour*, Monsieur le Beau: What's the news?

LE BEAU. Fair princess, you have lost must good sport.

CEL. Sport? Of what colour?

LE BEAU. What colour, madam? How shall I answer you?

ROS. As wit and fortune will.

TOUCH. Or as the destinies decree.

CEL. Well said; that was laid on with a trowel.⁴

TOUCH. Nay, if I keep not my rank,——

ROS. Thou lovest thy old smell.

LE BEAU. You amaze me, ladies:⁵ I would have

⁴ —— *laid on with a trowel.*] I suppose the meaning is, that there is too heavy a mass of big words laid upon a slight subject. JOHNSON.

This is a proverbial expression, which is generally used to signify a glaring falsehood. See Ray's *Proverbs*. STEEVENS.

It means a good round hit, thrown in without judgment or design. RITSON.

To lay on with a trowel is, to do any thing strongly and without delicacy. If a man flatters grossly, it is a common expression to say, that he *lays it on with a trowel*. M. MASON.

⁵ *You amaze me, ladies:*] *To amaze*, here, is not to astonish or strike with wonder, but to perplex; to confuse, so as to put out of the intended narrative. JOHNSON.

So, in *Cymbeline*, A & IV. sc. iii:

“ I am amazed with matter.” STEEVENS.

told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the fight of.

ROS. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

LE BEAU. I will tell you the beginning, and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

CEL. Well, — the beginning, that is dead and buried.

LE BEAU. There comes an old man, and his three sons, —

CEL. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

LE BEAU. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence; —

ROS. With bills on their necks, — *Be it known unto all men by these presents,*⁶ —

⁶ *With bills on their necks, — Be it known unto all men by these presents,*] The ladies and the fool, according to the mode of wit at that time, are at a kind of cross purposes. Where the words of one speaker are wrested by another, in a repartee, to a different meaning. As where the Clown says just before — *Nay, if I keep not my rank.* Rosalind replies — *Thou lovest thy old smell.* So here when Rosalind had said — *With bills on their necks,* the Clown, to be quits with her, puts in — *Know all men by these presents.* She spoke of an instrument of war, and he turns it to an instrument of law of the same name, beginning with these words: So that they must be given to him. WARBURTON.

This conjecture is ingenious. Where meaning is so very thin, as in this vein of jocularly, it is hard to catch, and therefore I know not well what to determine; but I cannot see why Rosalind should suppose, that the competitors in a wrestling match carried *bills* on their shoulders, and I believe the whole conceit is in the poor resemblance of *presence* and *presents*. JOHNSON.

With bills on their necks, should be the conclusion of Le Beau's speech. Mr. Edwards ridicules Dr. Warburton, "As if people carried such instruments of war, as *bills* and *guns* on *their necks*, not on *their shoulders*!" But unluckily the ridicule falls upon himself. Laffels, in his *Voyage of Italy*, says of Tutors, "Some persuade their pupils, that it is fine carrying a *gun* upon *their necks*."

LE BEAU. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third: Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

ROS. Alas!

TOUCH. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

LE BEAU. Why, this that I speak of.

TOUCH. Thus men may grow wiser every day! it is the first time that ever I heard, breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

But what is still more, the expression is taken immediately from Lodge, who furnished our author with his plot. "Ganimede on a day sitting with Aliena, (the assumed names, as in the play,) cast up her eye, and saw where Rosader came pacing towards them with his *forest-bill on his necke*." FARMER.

The quibble may be countenanced by the following passage in *Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612:

"Good-morrow, taylor, I abhor *bills* in a morning—

"But thou may'st watch at night with *bill* in hand."

Again, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book I:

"—— with a sword by his side, a *forest-bille on his necke*," &c.

Again, in Rowley's *When you see me you know me*, 1621:

"Enter King, and Compton, with *bills on his back*."

Again, in *The Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599:

"And each of you a good bat *on his neck*."

Again,

"—— are you not big enough to bear

"Your bats *upon your necks*?" STEEVENS.

I don't think that by *bill* is meant either an instrument of war, or one of law, but merely a label or advertisement—as we say a *play-bill*; a *hand-bill*; unless Farmer's ingenious amendment be admitted, and these words become part of Le Beau's speech; in which case the word *bill* would be used by him to denote a weapon, and by Rosalind perverted to mean a *label*. M. MASON.

CEL. Or I, I promise thee.

ROS. But is there any else longs to see this broken musick in his sides?⁷ is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? — Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

LE BEAU. You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

CEL. Yonder, sure, they are coming: Let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter Duke FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, and Attendants.

DUKE F. Come on; since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

ROS. Is yonder the man?

⁷ ——— *is there any else longs to see this broken musick in his sides?*] A stupid error in the copies. They are talking here of some who had their ribs broke in wrestling: and the pleasantry of Rosalind's repartee must consist in the allusion she makes to *composing in musick*. It necessarily follows therefore, that the poet wrote — *SET this broken musick in his sides.* WARBURTON.

If any change were necessary, I should write, *feel this broken musick*, for *see*. But *see* is the colloquial term for perception or experiment. So we say every day, *see* if the water be hot; I will *see* which is the best time; she has tried, and *sees* that she cannot lift it. In this sense *see* may be here used. The sufferer can, with no propriety, be said to *set* the musick; neither is the allusion to the act of tuning an instrument, or pricking a tune, one of which must be meant by *setting* musick. Rosalind hints at a whimsical similitude between the series of ribs gradually shortening, and some musical instruments, and therefore calls *broken ribs*, *broken musick*.

JOHNSON.

This probably alludes to the pipe of Pan, which consisting of reeds of unequal length, and gradually lessening, bore some resemblance to the ribs of a man. M. MASON.

Broken musick either means the noise which the breaking of ribs would occasion, or the hollow sound which proceeds from a person's receiving a violent fall. DOUCE.

LE BEAU. Even he, madam.

CEL. Alas, he is too young: yet he looks successfully.

DUKE F. How now, daughter, and cousin? are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

ROS. Ay, my liege; so please you give us leave.

DUKE F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the men: ⁸ In pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated: Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

CEL. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

DUKE F. Do so; I'll not be by.

[DUKE goes apart.]

LE BEAU. Monsieur the challenger, the princesses call for you. ⁹

ORL. I attend them, with all respect and duty.

ROS. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler? ²

ORL. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

CEL. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years: You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment, ³ the

⁸ ——— odds in the men:] Sir T. Hanmer. In the old editions, the man. JOHNSON.

⁹ ——— the princesses call for you.] The old copy reads — the princess calls. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

² ——— have you challenged Charles the wrestler?] This wrestling match is minutely described in Lodge's *Rosalynde*, 1592.
MALONE.

³ ——— if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment,] Absurd! The sense requires that we should read,

fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprize. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

ROS. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised; we will make it our suit to the duke, that the wrestling might not go forward.

ORL. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confess me must guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing.⁴ But let your fair eyes, and gentle wishes, go with me

— our eyes, and — our judgment. The argument is, *Your spirit⁵ are too bold, and therefore your judgment deceives you; but did you see and know yourself with our more impartial judgment, you would forbear.* WARBURTON.

I cannot find the absurdity of the present reading. *If you were not blinded and intoxicated, says the princess, with the spirit of enterprise, if you could use your own eyes to see, or your own judgment to know yourself, the fear of your adventure would counsel you.*

JOHNSON.

⁴ *I beseech you, punish me not, &c.] I should wish to read, I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts. Therein I confess myself much guilty to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing.*

JOHNSON.

As the word *wherein* must always refer to something preceding, I have no doubt but there is an error in this passage, and that we ought to read *herein*, instead of *wherein*. The hard thoughts that he complains of are the apprehensions expressed by the ladies of his not being able to contend with the wrestler. He beseeches that they will not punish him with them; and then adds, “Herein I confess me much guilty to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial.” M. MASON.

The meaning I think is, “punish me not with your unfavourable opinion (of my abilities); which, however, I confess, I deserve to incur, for denying such fair ladies any request.” The expression is licentious, but our author’s plays furnish many such.

MALONE.

to my trial:³ wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

ROS. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

CEL. And mine, to eke out hers.

ROS. Fare you well. Pray heaven, I be deceived in you!

CEL. Your heart's desires be with you!

CHA. Come, where is this young gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

ORL. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

DUKE. F. You shall try but one fall.

CHA. No, I warrant your grace; you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

ORI. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mocked me before: but come your ways.

ROS. Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man!

CEL. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [CHARLES and ORLANDO wrestle.]

ROS. O excellent young man!

³ ——— let your gentle wishes, go with me to my trial:] Addison might have had this passage in his memory, when he put the following words into Juba's mouth:

“ ——— Marcia, may I hope

“ That thy kind wishes follow me to battle?”

STEEVENS.

CEL. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [*CHARLES is thrown. Shout.*]

DUKE F. No more, no more.

ORL. Yes, I beseech your grace; I am not yet well breathed.

DUKE F. How dost thou, Charles?

LE BEAU. He cannot speak, my lord.

DUKE F. Bear him away. [*CHARLES is borne out.*] What is thy name, young man?

ORL. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of sir Rowland de Bois.

DUKE F. I would, thou hadst been son to some man else.

The world esteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him still mine enemy:
Thou should'st have better pleas'd me with this deed,
Hadst thou descended from another house.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth;
I would, thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exeunt Duke FRED. Train, and LE BEAU.*]

CEL. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

ORL. I am more proud to be sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son;³—and would not change that calling,

To be adopted heir to Frederick.

ROS. My father lov'd sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his son,

³ *His youngest son;*] The words "than to be descended from any other house, however high," must be understood. Orlando is replying to the duke, who is just gone out, and had said,

"Thou should'st have better pleas'd me with this deed,

"Hadst thou descended from another house." MALONE.

⁴ ——— *that calling,*] i. e. appellation: a very unusual, if not unprecedented sense of the word. STEEVENS.

I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

CEL. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him, and encourage him :
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well deserv'd :
If you do keep your promises in love,
But justly, as you have exceeded promise,⁵
Your mistress shall be happy.

ROS. Gentleman,
[Giving him a chain from her neck.
Wear this for me; one out of suits with fortune;⁶
That could give more, but that her hand lacks
means.—

Shall we go, coz ?

CEL. Ay:—Fare you well, fair gentleman.

ORL. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down; and that which here stands up,
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.⁷

⁵ — as you have exceeded promise,] The old copy, without regard to the measure, reads—all promise. STEEVENS.

⁶ — one out of suits with fortune,] This seems an allusion to cards, where he that has no more cards to play of any particular sort, is out of suit. JOHNSON.

Out of suits with fortune, I believe means, turned out of her service, and stripped of her livery. STEEVENS.

So afterwards Celia says, “ — but turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest.” MALONE.

⁷ Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.] A quintain was a post or butt set up for several kinds of martial exercises, against which they threw their darts and exercised their arms. The allusion is beautiful. I am, says Orlando, only a quintain, a lifeless block on which love only exercises his arms in jest; the great disparity of condition between Rosalind and me, not suffering me to hope that love will ever make a serious matter of it. The famous satirist Regnier, who lived about the time of our authour, uses the same metaphor, on the same subject, though the thought be different :

ROS. He calls us back: My pride fell with my fortunes:

I'll ask him what he would:—Did you call, fir?—
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.

CEL. Will you go, coz?

ROS. Have with you:—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA.*]

ORL. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?

I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.

“ *Et qui depuis dix ans jusqu'en ses derniers jours,*
“ *A soutenu le prix en l'escrime d'amours;*
“ *Lasse enfin de servir au peuple de quintaine,*
“ *Elle* ” &c. *WARBURTON.*

This is but an imperfect (to call it no worse) explanation of a beautiful passage. The *quintain* was not the object of the darts and arms: it was a stake driven into a field, upon which were hung a shield and other trophies of war, at which they shot, darted, or rode, with a lance. When the shield and the trophies were all thrown down, the quintain remained. Without this information how could the reader understand the allusion of

————— *My better parts*
Are all thrown down? *GUTHRIE.*

Mr. Malone has disputed the propriety of Mr. Guthrie's animadversions; and Mr. Douce is equally dissatisfied with those of Mr. Malone.

The phalanx of our auxiliaries, as well as their circumstantiality, is so much increased, that we are often led (as Hamlet observes) to

“ ————— fight for a spot
“ Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause.”

The present strictures therefore of Mr. Malone and Mr. Douce, (which are too valuable to be omitted, and too ample to find their place under the text of our author,) must appear at the conclusion of the play. *STEEVENS.*

For a more particular description of a *quintain*, see, a note on a passage in Jonson's *Underwoods*, Whalley's edit. Vol. VII. p. 55.

M. MASON.

A humorous description of this amusement may also be read in Laneham's Letter from “ Killingworth Castle. HENLEY.

Re-enter LE BEAU.

O poor Orlando! thou art overthrown;
Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee.

LE BEAU. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place: Albeit you have deserv'd
High commendation, true applause, and love;
Yet such is now the duke's condition,⁸
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The duke is humorous; what he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive, than me to speak of.⁹

ORL. I thank you, sir: and, pray you, tell me this;
Which of the two was daughter of the duke
That here was at the wrestling?

LE BEAU. Neither his daughter, if we judge by
manners;
But yet, indeed, the shorter² is his daughter:

⁸ ——— *the duke's condition,*] The word *condition* means character, temper, disposition. So Antonio, the merchant of Venice, is called by his friend the *best condition'd man*. JOHNSON.

⁹ ——— *than me to speak of.*] The old copy has — *than I*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

² ——— *the shorter* —] Thus Mr. Pope. The old copy reads — *the taller*. Mr. Malone — *the smaller*. STEEVENS.

Some change is absolutely necessary, for Rosalind, in a subsequent scene, expressly says that *she* is "more than common tall," and assigns that as a reason for her assuming the dress of a man, while her cousin Celia retained her female apparel. Again, in A & IV. sc. iii. Celia is described by these words — "the woman low, and browner than her brother;" i. e. Rosalind. Mr. Pope reads — "the *shorter* is his daughter;" which has been admitted in all the subsequent editions: but surely *shorter* and *taller* could never have been confounded by either the eye or the ear. The present emendation, it is hoped, has a preferable claim to a place in the text, as being much nearer to the corrupted reading. MALONE.

Shakspeare sometimes speaks of *little* women, but I do not recollect that he, or any other writer, has mentioned *small* ones. Otherwise, Mr. Malone's conjecture should have found a place in our text. STEEVENS.

The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,
 And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
 To keep his daughter company; whose loves
 Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
 But I can tell you, that of late this duke
 Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece;
 Grounded upon no other argument,
 But that the people praise her for her virtues,
 And pity her for her good father's sake;
 And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
 Will suddenly break forth.—Sir, fare you well;
 Hereafter, in a better world than this,²
 I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

ORL. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well!

[Exit LE BEAU.

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;
 From tyrant duke, unto a tyrant brother:—
 But heavenly Rosalind!

[Exit.

S C E N E III.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.

CEL. Why, cousin; why, Rosalind;—Cupid have mercy!—Not a word?

ROS. Not one to throw at a dog.

CEL. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs, throw some of them at me; come, lame me with reasons.

ROS. Then there were two cousins laid up; when the one should be lamed with reasons, and the other mad without any.

² ——— in a better world than this,] So, in *Coriolanus*, Act III. sc. iii: — “There is a world elsewhere.” STEEVENS.

CEL. But is all this for your father?

ROS. No, some of it is for my child's father:³
O, how full of briars is this working-day world!

CEL. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holyday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

ROS. I could shake them off my coat; these burs are in my heart.

CEL. Hem them away.

ROS. I would try; if I could cry hem, and have him.

CEL. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

ROS. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself.

CEL. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall.—But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: Is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old sir Rowland's youngest son?

ROS. The duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

CEL. Doth it therefore ensue, that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase,⁴ I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

ROS. No 'faith, hate him not, for my sake.

CEL. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?⁵

³ ——— for my child's father:] i. e. for him whom I hope to marry, and have children by. THEOBALD.

⁴ By this kind of chase,] That is, by this way of following the argument. Dear is used by Shakspeare in a double sense for beloved, and for hurtful, hated, baleful. Both senses are authorised, and both drawn from etymology; but properly, beloved is dear, and hateful is dere. Rosalind uses dearly in the good, and Celia in the bad sense. JOHNSON.

⁵ Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?] Celia answers Rosalind, (who had desired her "not to hate Orlando, for her

ROS. Let me love him for that; and do you love him, because I do:—Look, here comes the duke.

CEL. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter Duke FREDERICK, with Lords.

DUKE F. Mistress, despatch you with your safest haste,

And get you from our court.

ROS.

Me uncle?

DUKE F.

You, cousin:

Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our publick court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

ROS.

I do beseech your grace,

Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:

If with myself I hold intelligence,

Or have acquaintance with mine own desires;

If that I do not dream, or be not frantick,

(As I do trust I am not,) then, dear uncle,

Never, so much as in a thought unborn,

Did I offend your highness.

DUKE F.

Thus do all traitors;

If their purgation did consist in words,

They are as innocent as grace itself:—

Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

ROS. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:
Tell me, whereon the likelihood depends.

fake,") as if she had said — "*love* him, for my sake:" to which the former replies, "Why should I *not* [i. e. *love* him?]" So, in the following passage, in *King Henry VIII*:

" ——— Which of the peers

" Have uncontrold gone by him, or at least

" Strangely neglected?"

Uncontrold must be understood as if the author had written — *not* controld; otherwise the subsequent words would convey a meaning directly contrary to what the speaker intends. MALONE.

DUKE F. Thou art thy father's daughter, there's enough.

ROS. So was I, when your highness took his dukedom ;

So was I, when your highness banish'd him :

Treason is not inherited, my lord ;

Or, if we did derive it from our friends,

What's that to me ? my father was no traitor :

Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much,

To think my poverty is treacherous.

CEL. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

DUKE F. Ay, Celia ; we stay'd her for your sake, Else had she with her father rang'd along.

CEL. I did not then entreat to have her stay, It was your pleasure, and your own remorse ;⁶

I was too young that time to value her,

But now I know her : if she be a traitor,

Why so am I ; we still have slept together,

Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together ;⁷

And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,

Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

DUKE F. She is too subtle for thee ; and her smoothness,

Her very silence, and her patience,

Speak to the people, and they pity her.

Thou art a fool : she robs thee of thy name ;

⁶ ——— *remorse* ;] i. e. *compassion*. So, in *Macbeth* :

“ Stop the access and passage to *remorse*.” STEEVENS.

⁷ ——— *we still have slept together*,

Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together ;] Youthful friendship is described in nearly the same terms in a book published the year in which this play first appeared in print. “ They ever went together, *plaid* together, *eate* together, and usually *slept* together, out of the great love that was between them.” *Life of Guzman de Alfarache*, folio, printed by Edward Blount, 1623, P. I. B. I. c. viii. p. 75. REED.

And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more
virtuous,⁶

When she is gone: then open not thy lips;
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have pass'd upon her; she is banish'd.

CEL. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my
liege;

I cannot live out of her company.

DUKE F. You are a fool:—You, niece, provide
yourself;

If you out-stay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt Duke FREDERICK and Lords.*]

CEL. O my poor Rosalind! whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

ROS. I have more cause.

CEL. Thou hast not, cousin;⁷
Pr'ythee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the duke
Hath banish'd me his daughter?

ROS. That he hath not.

CEL. No? hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:⁸

⁶ *And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more virtuous,*] When she was seen alone, she would be more noted. JOHNSON.

⁷ *Thou hast not, cousin;*] Some word is wanting to the metre. Perhaps our author wrote:

Indeed thou hast not, cousin. STEEVENS.

⁸ ——— *Rosalind lacks then the love*

Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:] The poet certainly wrote—*which teacheth me.* For if Rosalind had learnt to think Celia one part of herself, she could not lack that love which Celia complains she does. WARBURTON.

Either reading may stand. The sense of the established text is not remote or obscure. Where would be the absurdity of saying, *You know not the law which teaches you to do right?* JOHNSON.

Shall we be funder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?

No; let my father seek another heir.

Therefore devise with me, how we may fly,

Whither to go, and what to bear with us:

And do not seek to take your change upon you,⁹

To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out;

For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,

Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

CEL. To seek my uncle.²

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,

Maids as we are, to travel forth so far?

Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

CEL. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,

And with a kind of umber smirch my face;³

The like do you; so shall we pass along,

And never stir assailants.

Ros.

Were it not better,

Because that I am more than common tall,

That I did suit me all points like a man?

A gallant curtle-ax⁴ upon my thigh,

⁹ ——— *to take your change upon you,*] i. e. to take your *change* or *reverse* of fortune upon yourself, without any aid or participation.

MALONE.

I have inserted this note, but without implicit confidence in the reading it explains. The second folio has — *charge*.

STEEVENS.

² *To seek my uncle.*] Here the old copy adds — *in the forest of Arden*. But these words are an evident interpolation, without use, and injurious to the measure:

Why, whither shall we go? — To seek my uncle.

being a complete verse. Besides, we have been already informed by Charles the wrestler, that the banished Duke's residence was in *the forest of Arden*. STEEVENS.

³ *And with a kind of umber smirch my face;*] *Umbur* is a dusky yellow-coloured earth, brought from Umbria in Italy. See a note on "the umber'd fires," in *King Henry V.* A& III. MALONE.

⁴ ——— *curtle-ax* —] or *cutlace*, a broad sword. JOHNSON.

A boar-spear in my hand; and (in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will,)
We'll have a swashing⁵ and a martial outside;
As many other mannish cowards have,
That do outface it with their semblances.

CEL. What shall I call thee, when thou art a man?

ROS. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own
page,

And therefore look you call me, Ganymede.
But what will you be call'd?

CEL. Something that hath a reference to my state;
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

ROS. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

CEL. He'll go along o'er the wide world with
me;

Leave me alone to woo him: Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together;
Devise the fittest time, and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight: Now go we in content,⁶
To liberty, and not to banishment.

[*Exeunt.*

⁵ We'll have a swashing, &c.] A *swashing* outside is an appearance of noisy, bullying valour. *Swashing blow* is mentioned in *Romeo and Juliet*; and, in *King Henry V.* the Boy says: — "As young as I am, I have observed these three *swashers*;" meaning Nym, Pistol, and Bardolph. STEEVENS.

⁶ — Now go we in content,] The old copy reads — Now go in we content. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. I am not sure that the transposition is necessary. Our author might have used *content* as an adjective. MALONE.

Painted by Willm. Hodges.

1st Lord. So day my lord of Amiens and myself.
Did steal behind him, as he lay along

SHAKSPEARE.
No you like it

ACT II. SCENE I.

*Gebochen in Lörwach von G. G. von Michael jun.
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that braves along this wood:*



A C T II. S C E N E I.

The forest of Arden.

Enter Duke senior, Amiens, and other Lords, in the dress of Foresters.

DUKE S. Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,

Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,⁷
The seasons' difference; as, the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind;
Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,—
This is no flattery: these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:⁸

⁷ *Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,*] The old copy reads—
“not the penalty”—. STEEVENS.

What was the penalty of Adam, hinted at by our poet? The being sensible of the difference of the seasons. The Duke says, the cold and effects of the winter feelingly persuade him what he is. How does he *not* then feel the penalty? Doubtless, the text must be restored as I have corrected it: and it is obvious in the course of these notes, how often *not* and *but* by mistake have changed place in our author's former editions. THEOBALD.

As *not* has here taken the place of *but*, so, in *Coriolanus*, A& II. sc. iii. *but* is printed instead of *not*:

“Cor. Ay, *but* mine own desire.

“I Cit. How! *not* your own desire.” MALONE.

⁸ *Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,*
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:] It was the current opinion in Shakspeare's time, that in the head of an old toad was

And this our life exempt from publick haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,⁹
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

AMI. I would not change it:² Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

to be found a stone, or pearl, to which great virtues were ascribed. This stone has been often sought, but nothing has been found more than accidental or perhaps morbid indurations of the skull.

JOHNSON.

In a book called *A Green Forest, or a Natural History*, &c. by John Maplett, 1567, is the following account of this imaginary gem: "In this stone is apparently seene verie often the verie forme of a tode, with despotted and coloured feete, but those uglye and defusedly. It is available against envenoming."

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas*, 1639:

"——in most phyicians' heads,

"There is a kind of *toadstone* bred."—

Again, in *Adrastra, or The Woman's Spleen*, 1635:

"Do not then forget the *stone*

"In the *toad*, nor serpent's bone," &c.

Pliny, in the 32d book of his *Natural History*, ascribes many wonderful qualities to a *bone* found in the right side of a *toad*, but makes no mention of any gem in its head. This deficiency however is abundantly supplied by Edward Fenton, in his *Secrete Wonders of Nature*, 4to. bl. l. 1569, who says, "That there is founde in the *heades* of old and great *toades*, a *stone* which they call Borax or Stelon: it is most commonly founde in the *head* of a hee *toad*, of power to repulse poysons, and that it is a most soveraigne medicine for the stone."

Thomas Lupton, in his *First Booke of Notable Things*, 4to. bl. l. bears repeated testimony to the virtues of the "*Tode stone*, called *Crapaudina*." In his *Seventh Booke* he instructs us how to procure it; and afterwards tells us—"You shall knowe whether the *Tode-stone* be the ryght and perfect stone or not. Holde the stone before a *Tode*, so that he may see it; and if it be a ryght and true stone, the *Tode* will leape towarde it, and make as though he would snatch it: He envieth so much that man should have that stone." STEEVENS.

⁹ *Finds tongues in trees, &c.*] So, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book I:

"Thus both *trees* and *each thing else*, be the *bookes* to a *fancie*."

STEEVENS.

² *I would not change it:*] Mr. Upton, not without probability, gives these words to the Duke, and makes Amiens begin—*Happy is your grace.* JOHNSON.

DUKE S. Come shall we go and kill us venison?
 And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,—
 Being native burghers of this desert city,³ —
 Should, in their own confines, with forked heads⁴
 Have their round haunches gor'd.

1 LORD. Indeed, my lord,
 The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
 And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
 Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
 To-day, my lord of Amiens, and myself,
 Did steal behind him, as he lay along
 Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
 Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:⁵
 To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
 That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,
 Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,
 The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,

³ *Native burghers of this desert city,*] In Sidney's *Arcadia*, the deer are called "the wild *burgesses* of the forest," Again, in the 18th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

"Where, fearless of the hunt, the hart securely stood,
 "And every where walk'd free, a *burgess* of the wood."

STEEVENS.

A kindred expression is found in Lodge's *Rosalynde*, 1592:

"About her wond'ring flood
 "The *citizens* o' the wood."

Our author afterwards uses this very phrase:

"Sweep on, you fat and greasy *citizens*." MALONE.

⁴ ——— *with forked heads* —] i. e. with *arrows*, the points of which were *barbed*. So, in *A Mad World my Masters*:

"While the broad arrow with the *forked head*

"Misses, &c. STEEVENS.

⁵ ——— *as he lay along*

Under an oak, &c.]

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech

"That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,

"His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,

"And pore upon the brook that babbles by." *Cray's Elegy*.

STEEVENS.

That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
 Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
 Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
 In piteous chase: ⁶ and thus the hairy fool,
 Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
 Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
 Augmenting it with tears.

DUKE S. But what said Jaques?
 Did he not moralize this spectacle?

1 LORD. O, yes, into a thousand similes.
 First, for his weeping in the needless stream; ⁷
Poor deer, quoth he, *thou mak'st a testament*
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much: Then, being alone, ⁹
 Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;
 'Tis right, quoth he; *thus misery doth part*
The flux of company: Anon, a careless herd,
 Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,

⁶ ——— *the big round tears*, &c.] It is said in one of the marginal notes to a similar passage in the 13th Song of Dryden's *Polyolbion*, that "the harte weepeth at his dying: this tears are held to be precious in medicine." STEEVENS.

⁷ ——— in *the needless stream*;] The stream that wanted not such a supply of moisture. The old copy has *into*, caught probably by the compositor's eye from the line above. The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

⁸ *To that which had too much:*] Old copy—*too must*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

Shakspeare has almost the same thought in his *Lover's Complaint*:

" ——— in a river ———

" Upon whose weeping margin she was set,

" Like usury, applying wet to wet."

Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III. A& V. sc. iv:

" With tearful eyes add water to the sea,

" And give more strength to that which hath too much."

STEEVENS.

⁹ ——— *Then, being alone*,] The old copy redundantly reads —
Then being there alone. STEEVENS.

And never stays to greet him; *Ay*, quoth Jaques,
Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'Tis just the fashion: Wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country,² city, court,
Yea, and of this our life: swearing, that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up,
In their assign'd and native dwelling place.

DUKE S. And did you leave him in this contem-
plation?

2 LORD. We did, my lord, weeping and comment-
ing
Upon the sobbing deer.

DUKE S. Show me the place;
I love to cope him³ in these fullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

2 LORD. I'll bring you to him straight. [*Exeunt.*]

² *The body of the country,*] The oldest copy omits—*the*; but it is supplied by the second folio, which has many advantages over the first. Mr. Malone is of a different opinion: but let him speak for himself. STEEVENS.

Country is here used as a trisyllable. So again, in *Twelfth Night*:

“The like of him. Know'st thou this *country*?”

The editor of the second folio, who appears to have been utterly ignorant of our author's phraseology and metre, reads—*The body of the country*, &c. which has been followed by all the subsequent editors. MALONE.

Is not *country* used elsewhere also as a dissyllable? See *Coriolanus*, Act. I. sc. vi:

“And that his *country's* dearer than himself.”

Besides, by reading *country* as a trisyllable, in the middle of a verse, it would become rough and dissonant. STEEVENS.

³ — to cope him—] To encounter him; to engage with him.
JOHNSON.

S C E N E II.

*A Room in the Palace.**Enter Duke FREDERICK, Lords, and Attendants.*

DUKE F. Can it be possible, that no man saw
them?

It cannot be : some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this,

1 LORD. I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed; and, in the morning early,
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.

2 LORD. My lord, the roynish clown,⁴ at whom
so oft

Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses, that she secretly o'er-heard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler⁵
That did but lately foil the finewy Charles;

⁴ — the roynish clown,] *Roynish* from *rogneux*, Fr. mangy, scurvy. The word is used by Chaucer, in *The Romaunt of the Rose*, 988.

“ That knottie was and all roinous.”

Again, by Dr. Gabriel Harvey, in his *Pierce's Supererogation*, 4to. 1593. Speaking of Long Meg of Westminster, he says—
“ Although she were a lusty bouncing rampe, somewhat like Gallemetta or maid Marian, yet was she not such a roinish rannel, such a dissolute gillian-flirt,” &c.

We are not to suppose the word is literally employed by Shakespeare, but in the same sense that the French still use *carogne*, a term of which Moliere is not very sparing in some of his pieces.

STEEVENS.

⁵ — of the wrestler —] *Wrestler*, (as Mr. Tyrwhitt has observed in a note on *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*,) is here to be founded as a trisyllable. STEEVENS.

And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

DUKE F. Send to his brother;⁶ fetch that gallant
hither;
If he be absent, bring his brother to me,
I'll make him find him: do this suddenly;
And let not search and inquisition quail⁷
To bring again these foolish runaways. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Before Oliver's House.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting.

ORL. Who's there?

ADAM. What! my young master?—O, my gentle
master,

O, my sweet master, O you memory⁸
Of old sir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?

⁶ *Send to his brother;*] I believe we should read—*brother's*.
For when the Duke says in the following words: "Fetch that
gallant hither;" he certainly means Orlando. M. MASON.

⁷ *—quail—*] To quail is to faint, to sink into dejection.
So, in *Cymbeline*:

"—which my false spirits

"Quail to remember." STEEVENS.

⁸ *O you memory—*] Shakspeare often uses *memory* for
memorial: and Beaumont and Fletcher sometimes. So, in the
Humorous Lieutenant:

"I knew then how to seek your memories."

Again, in *The Atheist's Tragedy*. by C. Turner, 1611:

"And with his body place that memory

"Of noble Charlemont."

Again, in *Byron's Tragedy*:

"That statue will I prize past all the jewels

"Within the cabinet of Beatrice,

"The memory of my grandame." STEEVENS.

Why would you be so fond⁸ to overcome
 The bony prifer⁹ of the humorous duke?
 Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
 Know you not, master, to some kind of men²
 Their graces serve them but as enemies?
 No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master,
 Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
 O, what a world is this, when what is comely
 Envenoms him that bears it!

ORL. Why, what's the matter?

ADAM. O unhappy youth,
 Come not within these doors; within this roof
 The enemy of all your graces lives:
 Your brother—(no, no brother; yet the son—
 Yet not the son;—I will not call him son—
 Of him I was about to call his father,)—
 Hath heard your praises; and this night he means
 To burn the lodging where you use to lie,

⁸ ——— *so fond* —] i. e. so indiscreet, so inconsiderate. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“ ——— I do wonder,

“ Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so *fond*

“ To come abroad with him ———.” STEEVENS.

⁹ *The bony prifer* —] In the former editions — *The bonny prifer*. We should read — *bony prifer*. For this wrestler is characterised for his strength and bulk, not for his gaiety or good humour.

WARBURTON.

So, Milton: “ Giants of mighty *bone*.” JOHNSON.

So, in the Romance of *Syr Degore*, bl. l. no date:

“ This is a man all for the *nones*,

“ For he is a man of *great bones*.”

Bonny, however, may be the true reading. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II. Act. V:

“ Even of the *bonny* beast he lov'd so well.” STEEVENS.

The word *bonny* occurs more than once in the novel from which this play of *As you like it* is taken. It is likewise much used by the common people in the northern counties. I believe, however, *bony* to be the true reading. MALONE.

² ——— *to some kind of men* —] Old copy — *seeme kind*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off:
I overheard him, and his practices.
This is no place,³ this house is but a butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

ORL. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have
me go?

ADAM. No matter whither, so you come not here.

ORL. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg
my food?

Or, with a base and boisterous sword, enforce
A thievish living on the common road?

This I must do, or know not what to do:

Yet this I will not do, do how I can;

I rather will subject me to the malice

Of a diverted blood,⁴ and bloody brother.

ADAM. But do not so: I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse,
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,

³ *This is no place,*] *Place* here signifies a *seat*, a *mansion*, a *residence*. So, in the first Book of *Samuel*: "Saul set him up a *place*, and is gone down to Gilgal." We still use the word in compound with another, as — St. James's *place*, Rathbone *place*; and Crosby *place* in *K. Richard III.* &c. STEEVENS.

Our author uses this word again in the same sense in his *Lover's Complaint*:

"Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her *place*."

Plas, in the Welch language, signifies a mansion-house. MALONE.

Steevens's explanation of this passage is too refined." Adam means merely to say — "This is no *place* for you." M. MASON.

⁴ — diverted *blood*,] Blood turned out of the course of nature. JOHNSON.

So, in our author's *Lover's Complaint*:

"Sometimes *diverted*, their poor balls are tied

"To the orb'd earth" —. MALONE.

To *divert* a water course, that is, to *change its course*, was a common legal phrase, and an object of litigation in Westminster Hall in our author's time, as it is at present. REED.

And unregarded age in corners thrown;
 Take that: and He that doth the ravens feed,
 Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,⁴
 Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
 All this I give you: Let me be your servant;
 Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty:
 For in my youth I never did apply
 Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;⁵
 Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
 The means of weakness and debility;
 Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
 Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;
 I'll do the service of a younger man
 In all your business and necessities.

ORI. O good old man; how well in thee appears
 The constant service of the antique world,
 When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
 Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
 Where none will sweat, but for promotion;
 And having that, do choke their service up
 Even with the having:⁶ it is not so with thee,
 But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
 That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
 In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry:
 But come thy ways, we'll go along together;

⁴ — and He that doth the ravens feed,
 Yea, providently caters for the sparrow, &c.] See Saint
 Luke, xii. 6. and 24. DOUCE.

⁵ — rebellious liquors in my blood;] That is, liquors which
 inflame the blood or sensual passions, and incite them to rebel against
 Reason. So, in *Othello*:

“For there's a young and sweating devil here,

“That commonly rebels.” MALONE.

Perhaps he only means liquors that rebel against the constitution.

STEEVENS.

⁶ Even with the having:] Even with the promotion gained by
 service is service extinguished, JOHNSON.

And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

ADAM. Master, go on; and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty. —
From seventeen years⁷ till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
But at fourscore, it is too late a week:
Yet fortune cannot recompence me better,
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

The Forest of Arden.

*Enter ROSALIND in boy's clothes, CELIA drest like a
Shepherdess, and TOUCHSTONE.*

ROS. O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits!⁸

⁷ *From seventem years —*] The old copy reads — *seventy*. The correction, which is fully supported by the context, was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

⁸ *O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits!*] The old copy reads — *how merry, &c.* STEEVENS.

And yet, within the space of one intervening line, she says, she could find in her heart to disgrace her man's apparel, and cry like a woman. Sure, this is but a very bad symptom of the *briskness of spirits*: rather a direct proof of the contrary disposition. Mr. Warburton and I, concurred in conjecturing it should be, as I have reformed in the text: — *how weary are my spirits!* And the Clown's reply makes this reading certain. THEOBALD.

She invokes Jupiter, because he was supposed to be always in good spirits. A *Jovial* man was a common phrase in our author's time. One of Randolph's plays is called *ARISTIPPUS, or the Jovial Philosopher*; and a comedy of Broome's, *The Jovial Crew, or, the Merry Beggars*.

In the original copy of *Othello*, 4to. 1622, nearly the same mistake has happened; for there we find —

“ Let us be merry, let us hide our joys,”
instead of — Let us be wary. MALONE.

TOUCH. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

ROS. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman: but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore, courage, good Aliena.

CEL. I pray you, bear with me: I cannot go no further.

TOUCH. For my part, I had rather bear with you, than bear you:⁹ yet I should bear no cross,^a if I did bear you; for, I think, you have no money in your purse.

ROS. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

TOUCH. Ay, now am I in Arden: the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers must be content.

ROS. Ay, be so, good Touchstone:—Look you, who comes here; a young man, and an old, in solemn talk.

Enter CORIN and SILVIUS.

COR. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

SIL. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

COR. I partly guess; for I have lov'd ere now.

SIL. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess; Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:

⁹ ——— *I had rather bear with you, than bear you:]* This jingle is repeated in *K. Richard III*:

“ You mean to *bear* me, not to *bear with* me.”

STEEVENS.

^a ——— *yet I should bear no cross,]* A *cross* was a piece of money stamped with a *cross*. On this our author is perpetually quibbling.

STEEVENS.

But if thy love were ever like to mine,
(As sure I think did never man love so,)
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

COR. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

SIL. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily:
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly³
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lov'd:
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wearying thy hearer⁴ in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not lov'd:
Or if thou hast not broke from company,
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not lov'd:—O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe!

[Exit SILVIUS.]

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy
wound,⁵

I have by hard adventure found mine own.

TOUCH. And I mine: I remember, when I was in
love, I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him

³ *If thou remember'st not the slightest folly —*] I am inclined to believe that from this passage Suckling took the hint of his song:

“Honest lover, whosoever,

“If in all thy love there ever

“Was one wav'ring thought, if thy flame

“Were not still even, still the same

“Know this,

“Thou lov'st amiss,

“And to love true,

“Thou must begin again, and love anew,” &c. JOHNSON.

⁴ *Wearying thy hearer —*] The old copy has — *wearing*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. I am not sure that the emendation is necessary, though it has been adopted by all the editors. MALONE.

⁵ — *of thy wound,*] The old copy has — *they would*. The latter word was corrected by the editor of the second folio, the other by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

X
 take that for coming anight⁵ to Jane Smile: and I remember the kissing of her batlet,⁶ and the cow's dugs that her pretty chop'd hands had milk'd: and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her; from whom I took two cods,⁷ and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears,⁸ *Wear these for my*

⁵ — *anight*—] Thus the old copy. *Anight*, is in the night. The word is used by Chaucer in *The Legende of Good women*. Our modern editors read, *o' nights*, or *o' night*. STEEVENS.

⁶ — *batlet*, [The instrument with which washers beat their coarse cloaths. JOHNSON.

Old copy—*batler*. Corrected in the second folio. MALONE.

⁷ — *two cods*,] For *cods* it would be more like sense to read—*peas*, which having the shape of pearls, resembled the common presents of lovers. JOHNSON.

In a schedule of Jewels in the 15th Vol. of *Rymer's Fædera*, we find, "Item, two *peascoddes* of gold with 17 pearles." FARMER.

Peascods was the ancient term for *peas* as they are brought to market. So, in Greene's *Groundwork of Cony-catching*, 1592: "— went twice in the week to London, either with fruit or *pescods*, &c. Again, in *The Shepherd's Slumber*, a song published in *England's Helicon*, 1600:

"In *pescod* time when hound to horne

"Gives ear till buck be kill'd," &c.

Again, in *The Honest Man's Fortune*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Shall feed on delicates, the first *peascods*, strawberries."

STEEVENS.

In the following passage, however, Touchstone's present certainly signifies not the *pea* but the *pod*, and so, I believe, the word is used here. "He [Richard II.] also used a *peascod* branch with the *cods* open, but the *peas* out, as it is upon his robe in his monument at Westminster." Camden's Remains 1614. Here we see the *cods* and not the *peas* were worn. Why Shakspeare used the former word rather than *pods*, which appears to have had the same meaning, is obvious. MALONE.

The *peascod* certainly means the whole of the pea as it hangs upon the stalk. It was formerly used as an ornament in dress, and was represented with the shell open exhibiting the peas. The passage cited from Rymer by Dr. Farmer, shows that the peas were sometimes made of pearls, and rather overturns Dr. Johnson's conjecture, who probably imagined that Touchstone took the *cods* from the *peascods*, and not from his mistress. DOUCE.

⁸ — *weeping tears*,] A ridiculous expression from a sonnet in

sake. We, that are true lovers, run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.⁹

ROS. Thou speak'st wiser, than thou art 'ware of.

TOUCH. Nay, I shall ne'er be 'ware of mine own wit, till I break my shins against it.

ROS. Jove! Jove! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.

TOUCH. And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

CEL. I pray, you one of you question yond man,
If he for gold will give us any food;
I faint almost to death.

TOUCH. Holla; you, clown?

ROS. Peace, fool; he's not thy kinsman.

COR. Who calls?

TOUCH. Your betters, sir.

COR. Else are they very wretched.

ROS. Peace, I say:—

Good even to you, friend.²

COR. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

Lodge's *Rosalynd*, the novel on which this comedy is founded. It likewise occurs in the old anonymous play of *The Victories of K. Henry V.* in Peele's *Fests*, &c. STEEVENS.

The same expression occurs also in Lodge's *Dorastus and Fawnia*, on which *The Winter's Tale* is founded. MALONE.

⁹ ——— *so is all nature in love mortal in folly.*] This expression I do not well understand. In the middle counties, *mortal*, from *mort*, a great quantity, is used as a particle of amplification; as *mortal tall*, *mortal little*. Of this sense I believe Shakspeare takes advantage to produce one of his darling equivocations. Thus the meaning will be, *so is all nature in love abounding in folly.*

JOHNSON.

² ——— *to you, friend.*] The old copy reads — *to your friend*, Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

ROS. I pr'ythee, shepherd, if that love, or gold,
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed :
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,
And fairs for succour.

COR. Fair sir, I pity her,
And wish for her sake, more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her :
But I am shepherd to another man,
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze ;
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks² to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality :
Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed,
Are now on sale, and at our sheepecote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on ; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.³

ROS. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture ?

COR. That young swain that you saw here but
erewhile,
That little cares for buying any thing.

ROS. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

CEL. And we will mend thy wages : I like this
place,
And willingly could waste my time in it.

COR. Assuredly, the thing is to be sold :

² *And little recks* —] i. e. heeds, cares for. So, in *Hamlet*:

“ *And recks not his own rede.* ” STEEVENS.

³ *And in my voice most welcome shall you be.*] *In my voice*, as far as I have a voice or vote, as far as I have power to bid you welcome. JOHNSON.

Go with me; if you like, upon report,
The foil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right suddenly.
[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

The same.

Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, and Others.

S O N G.

AMI. *Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune⁴ his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.*

JAQ. More, more, I pr'ythee, more.

AMI. It will make you melancholy, monsieur Jaques.

JAQ. I thank it. More, I pr'ythee, more. I can fuck melancholy out of a song, as a weazel fucks eggs: More, I pry'thee, more.

⁴ *And tune*—] The old copy has *turne*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

“ And to the nightingale's complaining note

“ *Tune* my distresses, and record my woes.” MALONE.

The old copy may be right, though Mr. Pope, &c. read *tune*. To *turn* a *tune* or a *note*, is still a current phrase among vulgar musicians. STEEVENS.

AMI. My voice is ragged; ⁵ I know, I cannot please you.

JAQ. I do not desire you to please me, I do desire you to sing: Come, more; another stanza: Call you them stanzas?

AMI. What you will, monsieur Jaques.

JAQ. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing: Will you sing?

AMI. More at your request, than to please myself.

JAQ. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you: but that they call compliment, is like the encounter of two dog-apes; and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks, I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

AMI. Well, I'll end the song.—Sirs, cover the while; the duke will drink under this tree:—he hath been all this day to look you.

JAQ. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable ⁶ for my company: I think of as many matters as he; but I give heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

⁵ ——— *ragged*;] Our modern editors (Mr. Malone excepted) read *rugged*; but *ragged* had anciently the same meaning. So, in Nash's *Apologie of Pierce Penniless*, 4to. 1593: "I would not trot a false gallop through the rest of his *ragged* verses," &c.

STEEVENS.

⁶ ——— *disputable* —] for *disputations*. MALONE.

S O N G.

Who doth ambition shun, [All together here]
 And loves to live i' the sun,⁷
 Seeking the food he eats,
 And pleas'd with what he gets,
 Come hither, come hither, come hither;
 Here shall he see
 No enemy,
 But winter and rough weather.

JAQ. I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

AMI. And I'll sing it.

JAQ. Thus it goes :

If it do come to pass,
 That any man turn ass,
 Leaving his wealth and ease,
 A stubborn will to please,
 Ducdàme, ducdàme, ducdàme;⁸
 Here shall he see,
 Gross fools as he,
 An if he will come to Ami.

⁷ — to live i' the sun,] Modern editions, to lie. JOHNSON.

To live i' the sun, is to labour and "sweat in the eye of Phœbus." or, *vitam agere sub dio*; for by lying in the sun, how could they get the food they eat? TOLLET.

⁸ — ducdàme;] For ducdàme, Sir Thomas Hanmer, very acutely and judiciously, reads *duc ad me*, that is, bring him to me.

JOHNSON.

If *duc ad me* were right, Amiens would not have asked its meaning, and been put off with "a Greek invocation." It is evidently a word coined for the nonce. We have here, as Butler says, "One for sense, and one for rhyme." — Indeed we must have a double rhyme; or this stanza cannot well be sung to the same tune with the former. I read thus :

AMI. What's that *ducdàme*?

JAG. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.⁹

" *Ducdàme, Ducdàme, Ducdàme,*
 " Here shall he see
 " Gross fools as he,
 " An' if he will come to *Ami*."

That is, to Amiens. Jaques did not mean to ridicule himself.

FARMER.

Duc ad me has hitherto been received as an allusion to the burthen of Amiens's song,

Come hither, come hither, come hither.

That Amiens, who is a courtier, should not understand Latin, or be persuaded it was Greek, is no great matter for wonder. An anonymous correspondent proposes to read — *Huc ad me*.

In confirmation of the old reading, however, Dr. Farmer observes to me, that, being at a house not far from Cambridge, when news was brought that the hen-roost was robbed, a facetious old squire who was present, immediately sung the following stanza, which has an odd coincidence with the ditty of Jaques:

" *Damè*, what makes your ducks to die?

" *duck, duck, duck.* —

" *Damè*, what makes your chick to cry?

" *chuck, chuck, chuck.* — "

I have placed Dr. Farmer's emendation in the text. *Ducdàme* is a trissyllable. STEEVENS.

*If it do come to pass,
 That any man turn ass,
 Leaving his wealth and ease,
 A stubborn will to please,
 Duc ad me, duc ad me, duc ad me;
 Here shall he see*

Gross fools as he, &c.] See HOR. Serm. L. II. sat. iii:

" *Audire atque togam jubeo componere, quisquis*

" *Ambitione mala aut argenti pallet amore;*

" *Quisquis luxuria tristive superstitione,*

" *Aut alio mentis morbo calet: Huc propius me,*

" *Dum doceo insanire omnes, vos ordine adite.*" MALONE.

⁹ — *the first-born of Egypt.*] A proverbial expression for high-born persons. JOHNSON.

The phrase is scriptural, as well as proverbial. So, in *Exodus*, xii. 29: "And the Lord smote all the first-born in Egypt." STEEVENS.

AMI. And I'll go seek the duke; his banquet is prepar'd. [*Exeunt severally.*]

S C E N E VI.

The same.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

ADAM. Dear master, I can go no further: O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave.² Farewell, kind master.

ORL. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little: If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake, be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end: I will here be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I'll give thee leave to die: but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said! thou look'st cheerly; and I'll be with thee quickly.—Yet thou liest in the bleak air: Come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam!

[*Exeunt.*]

² *Here lie I down, and measure out my grave.*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ ——— fall upon the ground, as I do now,
“ Taking the measure of an unmade grave.”

STEEVENS.

S C E N E VII.

*The same.**A table set out. Enter Duke Senior, AMIENS, Lords, and Others.*

DUKE S. I think he be transform'd into a beast;
For I can no where find him like a man.

1 LORD. My lord, he is but even now gone
hence;
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

DUKE S. If he, compact of jars,² grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres:—
Go, seek him; tell him, I would speak with him.

Enter JAQUES.

1 LORD. He saves my labour by his own approach.

DUKE S. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life
is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company?
What! you look merrily.

JAQ. A fool, a fool?—I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool;—a miserable world!³—

² ——— compact of jars,] i. e. made up of discords. In *The Comedy of Errors* we have "compact of credit," for made up of credulity. Again, in *Woman is a Weathercock*, 1612:

" ——— like gilded tombs

" Compacted of jet pillars."

The same expression occurs also in *Tamburlane*, 1590:

" Compact of rapine, piracy, and spoil."

STEEVENS.

³ A motley fool; — a miserable world!] What! because he met a

As I do live by food, I met a fool;
 Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
 And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,
 In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool.
*Good-morrow, fool, quoth I: No, sir, quoth he,
 Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me fortune:*⁴
 And then he drew a dial from his poke;
 And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
 Says, very wisely, *It is ten o'clock:*
Thus may we see, quoth he, how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago, since it was nine;
And after one hour more, 'twill be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot, and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear
 The motley fool thus moral on the time,

motley fool, was it therefore a miserable world? This is sadly blundered; we should read:

————— a miserable varlet.

His head is altogether running on this fool, both before and after these words, and here he calls him a miserable varlet, notwithstanding he *rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms, &c.* Nor is the change we may make, so great as appears at first sight.

WARBURTON.

I see no need of changing *world* to *varlet*, nor, if a change were necessary, can I guess how it should certainly be known that *varlet* is the true word. A *miserable world* is a parenthetical exclamation, frequent among melancholy men, and natural to Jaques at the sight of a fool, or at the hearing of reflections on the fragility of life. JOHNSON.

⁴ *Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me fortune:] Fortuna favet fatuis*, is, as Mr. Upton observes, the saying here alluded to; or, as in Publius Syrus:

“*Fortuna, nimium quem fovet, stultum facit.*”

So, in the prologue to *The Alchemist*:

“Fortune, that favours fooles, these two short houres

“We with away.”

Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour*, Act I. sc. iii:

“Sog. Why, who am I, sir?”

“Mac. One of those that fortune favours.

“Car. The periphrasis of a foole.” REED.

My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
 That fools should be so deep contemplative;
 And I did laugh, sans intermission,
 An hour by his dial.—O noble fool!
 A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.⁵

DUKE S. What fool is this?

JAC. O worthy fool!—One that hath been a
 courtier;

And says, if ladies be but young, and fair,
 They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,—
 Which is as dry as the remainder bisket
 After a voyage,—he hath strange places cramm'd
 With observation, the which he vents
 In mangled forms:—O, that I were a fool!
 I am ambitious for a motley coat.

DUKE S. Thou shalt have one.

JAC. It is my only suit;⁶
 Provided, that you weed your better judgments
 Of all opinion that grows rank in them,
 That I am wise. I must have liberty
 Withal, as large a charter as the wind,⁷

⁵ ——— Motley's *the only wear*.] It would have been unnecessary to repeat that a *motley*, or *party-coloured coat* was anciently the dress of a fool, had not the editor of Ben Jonson's works been mistaken in his comment on the 53d Epigram:

“ ——— where, out of *motley*,^s he

“ Could save that line to dedicate to thee?”

Motley, says Mr. Whalley, is the man who *out of any* old mixture, or old scraps, could save, &c. whereas it means only, *Who but a fool*, i. e. *one in a suit of motley*, &c.

See Fig. XII. in the plate at the end of the first part of *King Henry IV.* with Mr. Tollet's explanation. STEEVENS.

⁶ — *only suit*;] *Suit* means *petition*, I believe, not *dress*. JOHNSON.

The poet meant a quibble. So A& V: “ Not out of your *apparel*, but out of your *suit*.” STEEVENS.

⁷ ——— *as large a charter as the wind*,] So, in *K. Henry V*:

“ The wind, that *charter'd* libertine, is still,” MALONE.

To blow on whom I please; for so fools have:
 And they that are most galled with my folly,
 They most must laugh: And why, sir, must they so?
 The *why* is plain as way to parish church:
 He, that a fool doth very wisely hit,
 Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
 Not to seem senseless of the bob:⁸ if not,
 The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd
 Even by the squandring glances of the fool.⁹
 Invest me in my motley; give me leave
 To speak my mind, and I will through and through
 Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,²
 If they will patiently receive my medicine.

DUKE S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst
 do.

JAQ. What, for a counter,³ would I do, but good?

⁸ Not to seem senseless of the bob:] The old copies read only —
Seem senseless, &c. *Not to* were supplied by Mr. Theobald. See
 the following note. STEEVENS.

Besides that the third verse is defective one whole foot in mea-
 sure, the tenour of what Jaques continues to say, and the reasoning
 of the passage, show it no less defective in the sense. There is no
 doubt, but the two little monosyllables, which I have supplied,
 were either by accident wanting in the manuscript, or by inadver-
 tence were left out. THEOBALD.

⁹ — if not, &c.] Unless men have the prudence not to appear
 touched with the sarcasms of a jester, they subject themselves to
 his power; and the wise man will have his folly *anatomised*, that is,
dissected and *laid open*, by the *squandring glances* or *random shots* of
 a fool. JOHNSON.

² Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,] So, in *Macbeth*:
 "Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff."

DOUCE.

³ — for a counter,] Dr. Farmer observes to me, that about
 the time when this play was written, the French *counters* (i. e. pieces
 of false money used as a means of reckoning) were brought into use
 in England. They are again mentioned in *Troilus and Cressida*:

" — will you with counters sum

"The past proportion of his infinite?" STEEVENS.

DUKE S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin;
 For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
 As sensual as the brutish sting³ itself;
 And all the embossed sores, and headed evils,
 That thou with licence of free foot hast caught,
 Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

JAC. Why, who cries out on pride,
 That can therein tax any private party?
 Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
 Till that the very very means do ebb?⁴
 What woman in the city do I name,
 When that I say, The city-woman bears
 The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
 Who can come in, and say, that I mean her,
 When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?
 Or what is he of basest function,
 That says, his bravery⁵ is not on my cost,
 (Thinking that I mean him,) but therein suits
 His folly to the mettle of my speech?
 There then; How, what then?⁶ Let me see wherein

³ *As sensual as the brutish sting*—] Though the *brutish sting* is capable of a sense not inconvenient in this passage, yet as it is a harsh and unusual mode of speech, I should read the *brutish fly*. JOHNSON.

I believe the old reading is the true one. So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. I. c. viii:

“A heard of bulls whom kindly rage doth *sting*.”

Again, B. II. c. xii:

“As if that hunger's point, or Venus' *sting*,

“Had them enrag'd.”

Again, in *Othello*:

“—— our carnal *stings*, our unbitted lusts.” STEEVENS.

⁴ *Till that the very very*—] The old copy reads—*weary very*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

⁵ —— *his bravery*—] i. e. his fine clothes. So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*:

“With scarfs and fans, and double change of *bravery*.”

STEEVENS.

⁶ *There then; How, what then? &c.*] The old copy reads, very redundantly—

There then; How then? What then? &c. STEEVENS.

My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
Why then, my taxing like a wild goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man.—But who comes here?

Enter ORLANDO, with his sword drawn.

ORL. Forbear, and eat no more.

JAQ. Why, I have eat none yet.

ORL. Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd,

JAQ. Of what kind should this cock come of?

DUKE S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy
distress;

Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

ORL. You touch'd my vein at first; the thorny
point

Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show

Of smooth civility: ⁷ yet am I inland bred, ⁸

And know some nurture: ⁹ But forbear, I say;

He dies, that touches any of this fruit,

Till I and my affairs are answered.

I believe we should read—*Where then?* So, in *Othello*:

“What then? How then? *Where's satisfaction?*” MALONE.

⁷ ——— *the thorny point*

Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show

Of smooth civility:] We might read *torn* with more elegance,
but elegance alone will not justify alteration. JOHNSON.

⁸ ——— *inland bred,*] *Inland* here, and elsewhere in this play, is
the opposite to *outland*, or *upland*. Orlando means to say, that he
had not been *bred among clowns*. HOLT WHITE.

⁹ *And know some nurture:*] *Nurture* is *education*, *breeding*, *man-*
ners. So, in Greene's *Never too Late*, 1616:

“He shew'd himself as full of *nurture* as of *nature*.”

Again, as Mr. Holt White observes to me, Barret says in his
Alvearie, 1580: “It is a point of *nurture*, or good manners, to
salute them that you meete. *Urbanitatis est salutare obvios*”

STEVENS.

JAQ. An you will not be answered with reason,
I must die.

DUKE S. What would you have ? Your gentleness shall force,
More than your force move us to gentleness.

ORL. I almost die for food, and let me have it.

DUKE S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

ORL. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
I thought, that all things had been savage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment: But whate'er you are,
That in this desert inaccessible,⁹
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days;
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
If ever sat at any good man's feast;
If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied;
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In the which hope, I blush, and hide my sword.

DUKE S. True is it that we have seen better days;
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church;
And sat at good men's feasts; and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command what help we have,²
That to your wanting may be ministered.

⁹ ——— *desert inaccessible*,] This expression I find in *The Adventures of Simonides*, by Barn. Riche, 1580: " ——— and onely acquainted himselfe with the solitarinesse of this *unaccessible desert*."

HENDERSON.

² *And take upon command what help we have*,] *Upon command*, is at your own command. STEEVENS.

ORL. Then, but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food.³ There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love ; till he be first suffic'd,—
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,—
I will not touch a bit.

DUKE S. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.

ORL. I thank ye ; and be blest'd for your good
comfort! [Exit.

DUKE S. Thou seest, we are not all alone un-
happy :
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.⁴

³ *Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food.*] So, in *Venus and Adonis*:

“ Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ake,
“ Hastning to feed her fawn.” MALONE.

⁴ *Wherein we play in.*] Thus the old copy. Mr. Pope more
correctly reads:

Wherein we play.

I believe with Mr. Pope, that we should only read—

Wherein we play.

and add a word at the beginning of the next speech, to complete
the measure; viz.

“ *Why, all the world's a stage.*”

Thus, in *Hamlet*:

“ *Hor.* So Rosencrantz and Guildenstern go to't.

“ *Ham.* *Why, man, they did make love to their employment.*”

Again, in *Measure for Measure*:

“ *Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once.*”

Again, *ibid*:

“ *Why, every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done.*”

In twenty other instances we find the same adverb introductorily
used. STEEVENS.

JAQ. All the world's a stage,⁴
 And all the men and women merely players:
 They have their exits, and their entrances:
 And one man in his time plays many parts,
 His acts being seven ages.⁵ At first, the infant,

⁴ *All the world's a stage, &c.*] This observation occurs in one of the fragments of Petronius: "Non duco contentionis funem, dum constet inter nos, quod fere totus mundus exerceat histrioniam."

STEEVENS.

This observation had been made in an English drama before the time of Shakspeare. See *Damon and Pythias*, 1582:

"Pythagoras said, that *this world was like a stage,*
Whereon many play their parts."

In *The Legend of Orpheus and Eurydice*, 1597, we find these lines:

"Unhappy man ——
 "Whose life a sad continual tragedie,
 "Himself the actor, in the world, the stage,
 "While as the acts are measur'd by his age." MALONE.

⁵ *His acts being seven ages.*] Dr. Warburton observes, that this was "no unusual division of a play before our author's time;" but forbears to offer any one example in support of his assertion. I have carefully perused almost every dramattick piece antecedent to Shakspeare, or contemporary with him; but so far from being divided into acts, they are almost all printed in an unbroken continuity of scenes. I should add, that there is one play of six acts to be met with, and another of twenty-one; but the second of these is a translation from the Spanish, and never could have been designed for the stage. In *God's Promises*, 1577, "A Tragedie or Enterlude," (or rather a *Mystery*) by John Bale, seven acts may indeed be found. STEEVENS.

Dr. Warburton boldly asserts that this was "no unusual division of a play before our author's time." One of Chapman's plays (*Two Wise Men and all the rest Fools*) is indeed in seven acts. This, however, is the only dramattick piece that I have found so divided. But surely it is not necessary to suppose that our author alluded here to any such precise division of the drama. His comparisons seldom run on four feet. It was sufficient for him that a play was distributed into several acts, and that human life, long before his time, had been divided into seven periods. In *the Treasury of Ancient and Modern Times*, 1613, Proclus, a Greek author, is said to have divided the life-time of man into SEVEN AGES; over each of which one of the seven planets was supposed to rule. "The FIRST AGE is called *Infancy*, containing

Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms ;
 And then,⁶ the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail
 Unwillingly to school : And then, the lover ;
 Sighing like furnace,⁷ with a woeful ballad

the space of foure yeares. — The SECOND AGE continueth ten years, untill he attaine to the yeares of fourteene: this age is called *Childhood*. — The THIRD AGE consisteth of eight yeares, being named by our auncients *Adolescencie* or *Youthhood*; and it lasteth from fourteene, till two and twenty yeares be fully compleate. — The FOURTH AGE paceth on, till a man have accomplished two and fortie yeares, and is tearmed *Young Manhood*. — The FIFTH AGE, named *Mature Manhood*, hath (according to the said authour) fiftene yeares of continuance, and therefore makes his progress so far as six and fifty yeares.—Afterwards in adding twelve to fifty-six, you shall make up sixty-eight yeares, which reach to the end of the SIXTH AGE, and is called *Old Age*. — The SEVENTH and last of these seven ages is limited from sixty-eight yeares, so far as four-score and eight, being called weak, declining, and *Decrepit Age*. — If any man chance to goe beyond this age, (which is more admired than noted in many,) you shall evidently perceive that he will returne to his first condition of Infancy againe."

Hippocrates likewise divided the life of man into seven ages, but differs from Proclus in the number of years allotted to each period. See Brown's *Vulgar Errors*, folio, 1686, p. 173.

MALONE.

I have seen, more than once, an old print entitled, *The Stage of Man's Life*, divided into seven ages. As emblematical representations of this sort were formerly stuck up, both for ornament and instruction, in the generality of houses, it is more probable that Shakspeare took his hint from thence, than from Hippocrates or Proclus. HENLEY.

One of the representations to which Mr. Henley alludes, was formerly in my possession, and considering the use it is of in explaining the passage before us, "I could have better spared a better print." I well remember that it exhibited the school-boy with his satchel hanging over his shoulders. STEEVENS.

⁶ And then,] *And*, which is wanting in the old copy, was supplied, for the sake of metre, by Mr. Pope. STEEVENS.

⁷ Sighing like furnace,] So, in *Cymbeline*: "— he furnaceth the thick sighs from him —." MALONE.

Made to his mistress' eye-brow: Then, a soldier;
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,⁷
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick⁸ in quarrel,
 Seeking the bubble reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth: And then, the justice;
 In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances,⁹
 And so he plays his part: The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloons;²

⁷ — a soldier;

Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,] So, in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonson:

" — Your soldiers face — the grace of this face consisteth much in a beard." STEEVENS.

Beards of different cut were appropriated in our author's time to different characters and professions. The soldier had one fashion, the judge another, the bishop different from both, &c. See a note on *K. Henry V.* A& III. sc. vi: "And what a beard of the general's cut," &c. MALONE.

⁸ — sudden and quick —] Left it should be supposed that these epithets are synonymous, it is necessary to be observed that one of the ancient senses of *sudden*, is *violent*. Thus, in *Macbeth*:

" — I grant him *sudden*,

" Malicious," &c. STEEVENS.

⁹ *Full of wise saws and modern instances,*] It is remarkable that Shakspeare uses *modern* in the double sense that the Greeks used *καὶνόν*, both for *recens* and *absurdus*. WARBURTON.

I am in doubt whether *modern* is in this place used for *absurd*: the meaning seems to be, that the justice is full of *old* sayings and *late* examples. JOHNSON.

Modern means *trite*, *common*. So, in *K. John*:

" And scorns a *modern* invocation."

Again, in this play, A& IV. sc. i: " — betray themselves to *modern* censure." STEEVENS.

Again, in another of our author's plays: " — to make *modern* and familiar things supernatural and causeless." MALONE.

² — *The sixth age shifts*

Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloons;] There is a greater beauty than appears at first sight in this image. He is here com-

With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound: Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Re-enter ORLANDO, with ADAM.

DUKE S. Welcome: Set down your venerable
burden.³

And let him feed.

ORL. I thank you most for him.

paring human life to a *stage play* of seven acts, (which is no unusual division before our author's time.) The sixth he calls the *lean and slipper'd pantaloon*, alluding to that general character in the Italian comedy, called *Il Pantalone*; who is a thin emaciated old man in *slippers*; and well designed, in that epithet, because *Pantalone* is the only character that acts in slippers. WARBURTON.

In *The Travels of the three English Brothers*, a comedy, 1606, an Italian Harlequin is introduced, who offers to perform a play at a Lord's house, in which among other characters he mentions "a jealous coxcomb, and an old *Pantaloue*." But this is seven years later than the date of the play before us: nor do I know from whence our author could learn the circumstance mentioned by Dr. Warburton, that "*Pantalone* is the only character in the Italian comedy that acts in slippers." In Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598, the word is not found. In *The Taming of the Shrew*, one of the characters, if I remember right, is called "an old *Pantaloon*," but there is no farther description of him. MALONE.

³ — Set down your venerable burden,] Is it not likely that Shakspeare had in his mind this line of the *Metamorphoses*? XIII. 125.

" — Patremque

" Fert humeris, venerabile onus, Cythereius heros."

JOHNSON.

A. Golding, p. 169, b. edit. 1587, translates it thus:

" — upon his backe

" His aged father and his gods, an honorable packe."

STEEVENS.

ADAM. So had you need;
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

DUKE S. Welcome, fall to: I will not trouble
you

As yet, to question you about your fortunes:—
Give us some musick; and, good cousin, sing.

AMIENS *sings.*

S O N G.

I.

*Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;³
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,⁴
Although thy breath be rude.*

*Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh, ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.*

³ *Thou art not so unkind, &c*] That is, thy action is not so contrary to thy kind, or to human nature, as the ingratitude of man. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*, 1593:

“ O had thy mother borne so bad a mind,

“ She had not brought forth thee, but dy'd unkind.” MALONE.

⁴ *Thy tooth is not so keen,*

Because thou art not seen,] This song is designed to suit the Duke's exiled condition, who had been ruined by ungrateful flatterers. Now the winter wind, the song says, is to be preferred to man's ingratitude. But why? *Because it is not seen.* But this was not only an aggravation of the injury, as it was done in secret, *not seen*, but was the very circumstance that made the keenness of the ingratitude of his faithless courtiers. Without doubt, Shakspeare wrote the line thus:

Because thou art not sheen,

i. e. smiling, shining, like an ungrateful court-servant, who flatters while he wounds, which was a very good reason for giving

II.

*Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot;
Though thou the waters warp,⁵
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.⁶
Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! &c.*

the winter wind the preference. So, in *The Midsummer Night's Dream*:

“ Spangled star-light *sheen*.”

And several other places. Chaucer uses it in this sense:

“ Your blisful syster Lucina the *shene*.

And Fairfax:

“ The sacred angel took his target *shene*,

“ And by the Christian champion stood unseen.”

The Oxford editor, who had this emendation communicated to him, takes occasion from hence to alter the whole line thus:

Thou causest not that teen.

But, in his rage of correction, he forgot to leave the reason, which is now wanting, Why the winter wind was to be preferred to man's ingratitude. **WARBURTON.**

I am afraid that no reader is satisfied with Dr. Warburton's emendation, however vigorously enforced: and it is indeed enforced with more art than truth. *Sheen*, i. e. *smiling*, *shining*. That *sheen* signifies *shining*, is easily proved, but when or where did it signify *smiling*? yet *smiling* gives the sense necessary in this place. Sir T. Hanmer's change is less uncouth, but too remote from the present text. For my part, I question whether the original line is not lost, and this substituted merely to fill up the measure and the rhyme. Yet even out of this line, by strong agitation may sense be elicited, and sense not unsuitable to the occasion. *Thou winter wind*, says Amiens, *thy rudeness gives the less pain*, as thou art not seen, as thou art an enemy that dost not brave us with thy presence, and whose unkindness is therefore not aggravated by insult.

JOHNSON.

Though the old text may be tortured into a meaning, perhaps it would be as well to read:

e *Because the heart's not seen.*

y harts, according to the ancient mode of writing, was easily corrupted. **FARMER.**

DUKE S. If that you were the good fir Rowland's son,—

As you have whisper'd faithfully, you were;

So, in the Sonnet introduced into *Love's Labour's Lost*:

“Through the velvet leaves the wind

“All unseen 'gan passage find.” STEEVENS.

Again, in *Measure for Measure*:

“To be imprison'd in the *viewless* winds.” MALONE.

^s *Though thou the waters warp,*] The surface of *waters*, so long as they remain unfrozen, is apparently a perfect plane; whereas, when they are frozen, this surface deviates from its exact flatness, or *warps*. This is remarkable in small ponds, the surface of which when frozen, forms a regular concave; the ice on the sides rising higher than that in the middle. KENRICK.

To *warp* was probably in Shakspeare's time, a colloquial word, which conveyed no distant allusion to any thing else, physical or mechanical. To *warp* is to *turn*, and to *turn* is to *change*: when milk is *changed* by curdling, we now say it is *turned*: when water is *changed* or *turned* by frost, Shakspeare says, it is *curdled*. To be *warp'd* is only to be changed from its natural state.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson is certainly right. So, in *Cynthia's Revels*, of Ben Jonson. “I know not, he's grown out of his garb a-late, he's *warp'd*.—And so, methinks too, he is much *converted*.” Thus the *mole* is called the mould-*warp*, because it changes the appearance of the surface of the earth. Again, in *The Winter's Tale*, Act I:

“My favour here begins to *warp*.”

Dr. Farmer supposes *warp'd* to mean the same as *curdled*, and adds that a similar idea occurs in *Timon*:

“—— the icicle

“That *curdled* by the frost,” &c. STEEVENS.

Among a collection of Saxon adages in *Hickes's Thesaurus*, Vol. I. p. 221, the succeeding appears: *winter sceal zeweorpan weder, winter shall warp water*. So that Shakspeare's expression was anciently proverbial. It should be remarked, that among the numerous examples in *Manning's* excellent edition of *Lye's Dictionary*, there is no instance of *weorpan* or *zeweorpan* implying to freeze, bend, turn, or curdle, though it is a verb of very extensive signification.

Probably this word still retains a similar sense in the Northern part of the Island, for in a Scottish parody on Dr. Percy's elegant ballad, beginning, “O Nancy, wilt thou go with me,”

And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly limn'd, and living in your face,—
Be truly welcome hither: I am the duke,
That lov'd your father: The residue of your fortune,

Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy master is:—
Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand.

[*Exeunt.*]

I find the verse “Nor shrink before the *wintry wind*,” is altered to
“Nor shrink before the *warping wind*.” HOLT WHITE.

The meaning is this: Though the very waters, by thy agency,
are forced, against the law of their nature, to *bend* from their
stated level, yet thy sting occasions less anguish to man, than
the ingratitude of those he befriended. HENLEY.

Wood is said to *warp* when its surface, from being level, becomes
bent and uneven; from *warpan*, Sax. to cast. So, in this play,
A&t III. sc. iii: “—then one of you will prove a shrunk
pannel, and, like green timber, *warp, warp*.” I doubt whether
the poet here alludes to any operation of frost. The meaning may
be only, Thou bitter wintry sky, though thou *curlest* the waters,
thy sting, &c. *Thou* in the line before us refers only to — *bitter sky*.
The influence of the winter's sky or season may, with sufficient
propriety, be said to *warp* the surface of the ocean, by agitation
of its waves alone.

That this passage refers to the turbulence of the sky, and the
consequent agitation of the ocean, and not to the operation of
frost, may be collected from our author's having in *King John*
described ice as uncommonly smooth:

“To throw a perfume on the violet,

“To smooth the ice,” &c. MALONE.

⁶ *As friend remember'd not.*] *Remember'd* for *remembering*. So,
afterwards, A&t III. sc. last:

“And now I am *remember'd*” —.

i. e. and now that I *bethink* me, &c. MALONE.

⁷ — *as thy master is:*] The old copy has — *masters*. Corrected
by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter Duke FREDERICK, OLIVER, Lords, and Attendants.

DUKE F. Not see him since? Sir, fir, that cannot be:

But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument⁸
Of my revenge, thou present: But look to it;
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle;⁹ bring him dead or living,
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands, and all things that thou dost call
thine,

Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands;
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth,
Of what we think against thee.

OLI. O, that your highness knew my heart in
this!

I never lov'd my brother in my life.

DUKE F. More villain thou.—Well, push him out
of doors;

⁸ ——— *an absent argument* —] An *argument* is used for the contents of a book, thence Shakspeare considered it as meaning the subject, and then used it for *subject* in yet another sense.

JOHNSON.

⁹ Seek him with candle;] Alluding, probably, to *St. Luke's Gospel*, ch. xv. v. 8: "If she lose one piece, doth she not light a candle, —and seek diligently till she find it?" STEEVENS.

And let my officers of such a nature
 Make an extent upon his house and lands:¹
 Do this expediently,² and turn him going.
 [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Forest.

Enter ORLANDO, with a Paper.

ORL. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:
 And, thou, thrice-crowned queen of night,³ survey
 With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
 Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway.⁴

¹ *And let my officers of such a nature
 Make an extent upon his house and lands:]* "To make an
 extent of lands," is a legal phrase, from the words of a writ,
 (*extendi facias*) whereby the sheriff is directed to cause certain
 lands to be appraised to their full extended value, before he delivers
 them to the person entitled under a recognizance, &c. in order
 that it may be certainly known how soon the debt will be paid.
 MALONE.

² ——— *expediently,*] That is, *expeditiously.* JOHNSON.
Expedient, throughout our author's plays, signifies — *expeditious.*
 So, in *King John*:

"His marches are *expedient* to this town."
 Again, in *King Richard II*:
 "Are making hither with all due *expedience.*" STEEVENS.

³ ——— *thrice-crowned queen of night,*] Alluding to the triple
 character of Proserpine, Cynthia, and Diana, given by some
 theologists to the same goddess, and comprised in these memorial
 lines:

*Terret, lustrat, agit, Proserpina, Luna, Diana,
 Ima, superna, feras, sceptro, fulgore, sagittis.*
 JOHNSON.

⁴ ——— *that my full life doth sway.]* So, in *Twelfth Night*:
 "M. O. A. I. doth sway my life." STEEVENS.

O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
 And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;
 That every eye, which in this forest looks,
 Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.
 Run, run, Orlando; carve, on every tree,
 The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she. [*Exit.*]

Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.

COR. And how like you this shepherd's life, master Touchstone?

TOUCH. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

COR. No more, but that I know, the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends:—That the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn: That good pasture makes fat sheep; and that a great cause of the night, is lack of the sun: That he, that hath learned no wit by

* ——— *unexpressive* —] For *inexpressible*. JOHNSON.

Milton also, in his *Hymn on the Nativity*, uses *unexpressive* for *inexpressible*:

“Harping with loud and solemn quire,

“With *unexpressive* notes to heaven's new-born heir.”

MALONE.

nature nor art, may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred. ⁵

TOUCH. Such a one is a natural philosopher. ⁶
Wast ever in court, shepherd?

COR. No, truly.

TOUCH. Then thou art damn'd,

COR. Nay, I hope,——

TOUCH. Truly, thou art damn'd; like an ill-roasted egg, ⁷ all on one side.

⁵ —— *he, that hath learned no wit by nature nor art, may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.*] I am in doubt whether the custom of the language in Shakspeare's time did not authorise this mode of speech, and make *complain of good breeding* the same with *complain of the want of good breeding*. In the last line of *The Merchant of Venice* we find that to *fear the keeping* is to *fear the not keeping*. JOHNSON.

I think, he means rather — *may complain of a good education*, for being so inefficient, of so little use to him. MALONE.

⁶ *Such a one is a natural philosopher.*] The shepherd had said all the philosophy he knew was the property of things, that *rain wetted, fire burnt, &c.* And the Clown's reply, in a satire on physicks or natural philosophy, though introduced with a quibble, is extremely just. For the natural philosopher is indeed as ignorant (notwithstanding all his parade of knowledge) of the *efficient* cause of things, as the rustic. It appears, from a thousand instances, that our poet was well acquainted with the physics of his time; and his great penetration enabled him to see this remediless defect of it. WARBURTON.

Shakspeare is responsible for the *quibble* only, let the commentator answer for the *refinement*. STEEVENS.

The Clown calls Corin a *natural philosopher*, because he reasons from his *observations on nature*. M. MASON.

A *natural* being a common term for a fool, Touchstone, perhaps, means to quibble on the word. He may however only mean, that Corin is a self-taught philosopher; the disciple of nature.

MALONE.

⁷ —— *like an ill-roasted egg,*) Of this jest I do not fully comprehend the meaning. JOHNSON.

There is a proverb, that *a fool is the best roaster of an egg, because he is always turning it*. This will explain how an egg may

COR. For not being at court? Your reason.

TOUCH. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation: Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

COR. Not a whit, Touchstone: those, that are good manners at the court, are as ridiculous in the country, as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me, you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands; that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

TOUCH. Instance, briefly: come, instance.

COR. Why, we are still handling our ewes; and their fells, you know, are greasy.

TOUCH. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow: A better instance, I say; come.

COR. Besides, our hands are hard.

TOUCH. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow, again: A more foundler instance, come.

be damn'd all on one side; but will not sufficiently show how Touchstone applies his simile with propriety; unless he means that he who has not been at court is but *half* educated. STEEVENS.

I believe there was nothing intended in the corresponding part of the simile, to answer to the words, "*all on one side*." Shakespeare's similes (as has been already observed) hardly ever run on four feet. Touchstone, I apprehend, only means to say, that Corin is completely damned; as irretrievably destroyed as an egg that is utterly spoiled in the roasting, by being done all on one side only. So, in a subsequent scene, "*and both in a tune, like two gypsies on a horse*." Here the poet certainly meant that the speaker and his companion should sing in unison, and thus *resemble each other* as perfectly as two gypsies on a horse;—not that two gypsies on a horse sing *both in a tune*. MALONE.

COR. And they are often tarr'd over with the surgery of our sheep; And would you have us kifs tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

TOUCH. Most shallow man! Thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh: Indeed!—Learn of the wise, and perpend: Civet is of a baser birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

COR. You have too courtly a wit for me; I'll rest.

TOUCH. Wilt thou rest damn'd? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee!⁸ thou art raw.⁹

⁸ ——— make incision in thee!] *To make incision* was a proverbial expression then in vogue for, to make to understand. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Humorous Lieutenant*:

“ ——— O excellent king,

“ Thus he begins, thou life and light of creatures,

“ Angel-ey'd king, vouchsafe at length thy favour;

“ And so proceeds to *incision*” ———.

i. e. to make him understand what he would be at.

WARBURTON.

Till I read Dr. Warburton's note, I thought the allusion had been to that common expression, of *cutting such a one for the simples*; and I must own, after consulting the passage in the *Humorous Lieutenant*, I have no reason to alter my supposition. The editors of Beaumont and Fletcher declare the phrase to be unintelligible in that as well as in another play where it is introduced.

I find the same expression in *Monsieur Thomas*:

“ We'll bear the burthen: proceed to *incision*, fidler.”

STEEVENS.

I believe that Steevens has explained this passage justly, and am certain that Warburton has entirely mistaken the meaning of that which he has quoted from *The Humorous Lieutenant*, which plainly alludes to the practice of the young gallants of the time, who used to cut themselves in such a manner as to make their blood flow, in order to show their passion for their mistresses, by drinking their healths, or writing verses to them in blood. For a more full explanation of this custom, see a note on *Love's Labour's Lost*, A& IV. sc. iii: M. MASON.

⁹ ——— *thou art raw.*] i. e. thou art ignorant; unexperienced.

COR. Sir, I am a true labourer; I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm: and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze, and my lambs suck.

TOUCH. That is another simple sin in you; to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle: to be bawd to a bell-wether;² and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth, to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damn'd for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou should'st 'scape.

COR. Here comes young master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

Enter ROSALIND, reading a paper.

ROS. *From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures, fairest lin'd,³
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the fair of Rosalind.⁴*

So, in *Hamlet*: "—— and yet but raw neither, in respect of his quick fail." MALONE.

² —— *bawd to a bell-wether*;] *Wether* and *ram* had anciently the same meaning. JOHNSON.

³ —— *fairest lin'd*,] i. e. most fairly delineated. Modern editors read — *limn'd*, but without authority, from the ancient copies.

STEEVENS.

⁴ *But the fair of Rosalind*.] Thus the old copy. *Fair* is beauty, complexion. See the notes on a passage in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act I. sc. i. and *The Comedy of Errors*, Act II. sc. i. The

TOUCH. I'll rhyme you so, eight years together;
dinner, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted:
it is the right butter-woman's rate to market. ⁴

Ros. Out, fool!

TOUCH. For a taste :—

*If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So, be sure, will Rosalind.*

modern editors read — *the face of Rosalind*. Lodge's *Novel* will likewise support the ancient reading:

“ Then muse not, nymphes, though I bemone

“ The absence of fair Rosalynde,

“ Since for her *faire* there is fairer none,” &c.

Again,

“ And hers the *faire* which all men do respect.” STEEVENS.

Face was introduced by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

⁴ — rate to market.] So, Sir T. Hanmer. In the former editions — rank to market. JOHNSON.

Dr. Grey, as plausibly, proposes to read — *rant*. Gyll brawled like a *butter-whore*, is a line in an ancient medley. The sense designed, however, might have been — “ it is such wretched rhyme as the butter-woman sings as she is *riding* to market.” So, in Churchyard's *Charges* 1580, p. 7 :

“ And use a kinde of *ridyngt rime* ” —.

Ratt-ryme, however, in Scotch, signifies some verse repeated by rote. See Ruddiman's Glossary to G. Douglas's *Virgil*. STEEVENS.

The Clown is here speaking in reference to the ambling pace of the metre, which, after giving a specimen of, to prove his assertion, he affirms to be “ the very false gallop of verses.”

HENLEY.

I am now persuaded that Sir T. Hanmer's emendation is right. The *hobbling* metre of these verses, (says Touchstone,) is like the *ambling, shuffling* pace of a butter-woman's horse, going to market. The same kind of imagery is found in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:

“ And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,

“ Nothing so much, as mincing poetry;

“ 'Tis like the forc'd gait of a *shuffling* nag.” MALONE.

*Winter-garments must be lin'd,
 So must slender Rosalind.
 They that reap, must sheaf and bind;
 Then to cart with Rosalind.
 Sweetest nut hath sowrest rind,
 Such a nut is Rosalind.
 He that sweetest rose will find,
 Must find love's prick, and Rosalind.*

This is the very false gallop of verses;⁵ Why do you infect yourself with them?

ROS. Peace, you dull fool; I found them on a tree.

TOUCH. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

ROS. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit⁶ in the country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

TOUCH. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter CELIA, reading a paper.

ROS. Peace!

Here comes my sister, reading; stand aside.

CEL. *Why should this desert silent be?⁷
 For it is unpeopled? No;*

⁵ *This is the very false gallop of verses;*] So, in Nashe's *Apologie of Pierce Pennilesse*, 4to. 1593: "I would trot a false gallop through the rest of his ragged verses, but that if I should retort the rime doggrell aright, I must make my verses (as he doth his) run hobbling, like a brewer's cart upon the stones, and observe no measure in their feet." MALONE.

⁶ ——— *the earliest fruit* —] Shakspeare seems to have had little knowledge in gardening. The medlar is one of the latest fruits, being uneatable till the end of November. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Why should this desert silent be?*] This is commonly printed: *Why should this a desert be?*

Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
 That shall civil sayings show.⁸
 Some, how brief the life of man
 Runs his erring pilgrimage;
 That the stretching of a span
 Buckles in his sum of age.
 Some, of violated vows
 'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:
 But upon the fairest boughs,
 Or at every sentence' end,
 Will I Rosalinda write;
 Teaching all that read, to know
 The quintessence of every sprite
 Heaven would in little show.⁹

but although the metre may be assisted by this correction, the sense still is defective; for how will the hanging of tongues on every tree, make it less a desert? I am persuaded we ought to read:

Why should this desert silent be? TYRWHITT.

The notice which this emendation deserves, I have paid to it, by inserting it in the text. STEEVENS.

⁸ *That shall civil sayings show.*] Civil is here used in the same sense as when we say civil wisdom or civil life, in opposition to a solitary state, or to the state of nature. This desert shall not appear *unpeopled*, for every tree shall teach the maxims or incidents of social life. JOHNSON.

Civil, I believe, is not designedly opposed to solitary. It means only grave, or solemn. So, in *Twelfth Night*, Act III. sc. iv:

"Where is Malvolio? he is *sad* and *civil*."

i. e. grave and demure.

Again, in *A Woman's Prize*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"That fourteen yards of satin give my woman;

"I do not like the colour; 'tis too *civil*."

STEEVENS.

⁹ ——— *in little show.*] The allusion is to a miniature-portrait. The current phrase in our author's time was — "painted in *little*."

MALONE.

So, in *Hamlet*: "— a hundred ducats a-piece, for his picture in *little*." STEEVENS.

Therefore heaven nature charg'd²
 That one body should be fill'd
 With all graces wide enlarg'd:
 Nature presently distill'd
 Helen's cheek, but not her heart;
 Cleopatra's majesty;
 Atalanta's better part;³
 Sad⁴ Lucretia's modesty.

² Therefore heaven nature charg'd —] From the picture of Apelles, or the accomplishments of Pandora.

Πανδώραν, ὅτι πάντῃσι Ὀλύμπια δώματ' ἔχοντες
 Δῶρον ἐδώρησαν. —

So, before:

“ — But thou

“ So perfect, and so peerless, art created

“ Of every creature's best.” *Tempest*.

Perhaps from this passage Swift had his hint of Biddy Floyd.

JOHNSON.

³ Atalanta's better part;] I know not well what could be the better part of Atalanta here ascribed to Rosalind. Of the Atalanta most celebrated, and who therefore must be intended here where she has no epithet of discrimination, the better part seems to have been her heels, and the worse part was so bad that Rosalind would not thank her lover for the comparison. There is a more obscure Atalanta, a huntress and a heroine, but of her nothing bad is recorded, and therefore I know not which was her better part. Shakspeare was no despicable mythologist, yet he seems here to have mistaken some other character for that of Atalanta.

JOHNSON.

Perhaps the poet means her beauty and graceful elegance of shape, which he would prefer to her swiftness. Thus Ovid:

———— nec dicere posses,

Laude pedum, formæque bono præstantior esset.

Ut faciem, & posito corpus velamine vidit,

Obstupuit —.

But cannot Atalanta's better part mean her virtue or virgin chastity, with which nature had graced Rosalind, together with Helen's beauty without her heart or lewdness, with Cleopatra's dignity of behaviour, and with Lucretia's modesty, that scorned to survive the loss of honour? Pliny's *Natural History*, B. XXXV. c. iii. mentions the portraits of Atalanta and Helen, *utraque excellentissima forma, sed altera ut virgo*; that is, “both of them for beauty, incomparable, and yet a man may discern the one [Atalanta] of

*Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devis'd;
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches' dearest priz'd.*

them to be a *maiden*, for her modest and chaste countenance," as Dr. P. Holland translated the passage; of which probably our poet had taken notice, for surely he had judgement in painting. TOLLET.

I suppose *Atalanta's better part* is her *wit*, i. e. the *swiftness of her mind*. FARMER.

Shakspeare might have taken part of this enumeration of distinguished females from John Grange's *Golden Aphroditis*, 1577: "——who seemest in my sight faire *Helen* of Troy, *Polixene*, *Calliope*, yea *Atalanta* hir selfe in beauty to surpasse, *Pandora* in qualities, *Penelope* and *Lucretia* in chastenesse to deface."

Again, *ibid*:

"*Polixene* fayre, *Caliop*, and
" *Penelop* may give place;
" *Atlanta* and dame *Lucres* fayre
" She doth them both deface."

Again, *ibid*: "*Atalanta* who sometyme bore the bell of beauties price in that hyr native soyle."

It may be observed, that Statius also in his sixth *Thebaid*, has confounded *Atalanta* the wife of *Hippomenes*, and daughter of *Siconeus*, with *Atalanta* the daughter of *OEnomaus*, and wife of *Pelops*. See v. 564. STEEVENS.

Dr. Farmer's explanation may derive some support from a subsequent passage: "——as swift a *wit* as *Atalanta's heels*."

MALONE.

I think this stanza was formed on an old tetrastick epitaph, which, as I have done, Mr. Steevens may possibly have read in a country church-yard:

" She who is dead and sleepeth in this tomb,
" Had *Rachel's* comely face, and *Leah's* fruitful womb:
" *Sarah's* obedience, *Lydia's* open heart,
" And *Martha's* care, and *Mary's better part*." WHALLEY.

The following passage in Marston's *Insatiate Countesse*, 1613, might lead one to suppose that *Atalanta's better part* was her *lips*:

" ——That eye was *Juno's*;
" Those *lips* were her's that won the golden ball;
" That virgin blush *Diana's*."

Be this as it may, these lines show that *Atalanta* was considered as uncommonly beautiful, and therefore may serve to support Mr. Tollet's first interpretation.

*Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.*

ROS. O most gentle Jupiter!—what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cry'd, *Have patience, good people!*

CEL. How now! back friends?—Shepherd, go off a little:—Go with him, firrah.

TOUCH. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

[*Exeunt* CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.]

It is observable that the story of Atalanta in the Tenth Book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* is interwoven with that of *Venus and Adonis*, which our author had undoubtedly read. The lines most material to the present point run thus in Golding's Translation, 1567:

“ She overcame them out of doubt; and hard it is to tell
“ Thee, whether she did in footemanshippe or *beautie* more
 excell.”

“ —he did condemne the young men's love. But when
“ He saw her face and body bare, (for why, the lady then
“ *Did strip her to her naked skin,*) the which was like to mine,
“ Or rather, if that thou wast made a woman, like to thine,
“ He was amaz'd.”

“ ——— And though that she
“ Did flie as swift as arrow from a Turkie bow, yet hee
“ More wondered at her *beautie*, then at swiftnesse of her pace;
“ Her running greatly did augment her *beautie* and her
 grace.”

MALONE.

The passage quoted by Mr. Malone from Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, has no reference to the *ball* of Atalanta, but to the *golden apple* which was adjudged to Venus by Paris, on Mount Ida.

After all, I believe, that “*Atalanta's better part*” means only — the *best part about her*, such as was most commended. STEEVENS.

⁴ *Sad* —] Is *grave, sober*, not *light*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Much ado about Nothing*: — “She is never *sad* but when she sleeps.” STEEVENS.

⁵ *the touches* —] The features; *les traits*. JOHNSON.

So, in *King Richard III*:

“Madam, I have a *touch* of your condition.” STEEVENS.

CEL. Didst thou hear these verses?

ROS. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

CEL. That's no matter; the feet might bear the verses.

ROS. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

CEL. But didst thou hear, without wondering how thy name should be hang'd and carved upon these trees?

ROS. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder, before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree:⁶ I was never so be-rhimed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat,⁷ which I can hardly remember.

⁶ ——— a palm-tree:] A *palm-tree*, in the forest of *Arden* is as much out of its place, as the *lions* in a subsequent scene. STEEVENS.

⁷ ——— I was never so be-rhimed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat,] Rosalind is a very learned lady. She alludes to the Pythagorean doctrine, which teaches that souls transmigrate from one animal to another, and relates that in his time she was an *Irish rat*, and by some metrical charm was rhymed to death. The power of killing rats with rhymes Donne mentions in his *Satires*, and Temple in his *Treatises*. Dr. Grey has produced a similar passage from *Randolph*:

“ ——— My poets

“ Shall with a satire, steep'd in gall and vinegar,

“ Rhyme them to death as they do rats in Ireland.”

JOHNSON.

So, in an address to the reader, at the conclusion of Ben Johnson's *Poetaster*:

“ Rhime them to death, as they do *Irish rats*

“ In drumming tunes.” STEEVENS.

So, in *The Defence of Poesie* by our author's contemporary, Sir Philip Sidney: “ Though I will not wish unto you — to be driven by a poet's verses, as Rubonax was, to hang yourself, nor to be rhimed to death, as is said to be done in *Ireland*” —. MALONE.

CEL. Trow you, who hath done this?

ROS. Is it a man?

CEL. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck: Change you colour?

ROS. I pr'ythee, who?

CEL. O lord, lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet;⁷ but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.⁸

ROS. Nay, but who is it?

CEL. Is it possible?

ROS. Nay, I pray thee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

CEL. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping!⁹

⁷ ——— *friends to meet*;] Alluding ironically to the proverb:

“ Friends may meet, but mountains never greet. ”

See *Ray's Collection*. STEEVENS.

⁸ ——— *but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.*] “ Montes duo inter se concurrerunt, ” &c. says Pliny, *Hist. Nat.* Lib. II. c. lxxxiii. or in Holland's translation: “ Two hills (removed by an earthquake) encountered together, charging as it were, and with violence assaulting one another, and retyring again with a most mighty noise. ” TOLLET.

⁹ ——— *out of all whooping!*] i. e. out of all measure, or reckoning. So, in the Old Ballad of *Yorke, Yorke for my money*, &c. 1584:

“ And then was shooting, out of cry,

“ The skantling at a handful nie. ”

Again, in the old bl. l. comedy called *Common Conditions*:

“ I have beraed myself out of cry. ” STEEVENS.

This appears to have been a phrase of the same import as another formerly in use, “ out of all cry. ” The latter seems to allude to the custom of giving notice by a crier of things to be sold. So, in *A Chaste Maide of Cheapside*, a comedy by T. Middleton, 1630: “ I'll sell all at an outcry. ” MALONE.

An outcry is still a provincial term for an auction.

STEEVENS.

Ros. Good my complexion!² dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doubt and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea-off discovery.³ I pr'ythee, tell

² *Good my complexion!*] This is a mode of expression, Mr. Theobald says, which he cannot reconcile to common sense. Like enough: and so too the Oxford editor. But the meaning is—*Held good my complexion*, i. e. let me not blush. WARBURTON.

Good my complexion!] My native character, my female inquisitive disposition, can't thou endure this!—For thus characterizing the most beautiful part of the creation, let our author answer. MALONE.

Good my complexion! is a little unmeaning exclamatory address to her beauty; in the nature of a small oath. RITSON.

³ *One inch of delay more is a South-sea-off discovery.*] The old copy reads—*is a South-sea of discoverie*. STEEVENS.

This is stark nonsense; we must read—*off discovery*, i. e. *from discovery*. “If you delay me one inch of time longer, I shall think this secret as far from discovery as the *South-sea*.” WARBURTON.

This sentence is rightly noted by the commentator as nonsense, but not so happily restored to sense. I read thus:

One inch of delay more is a South-sea. Discover, I pr'ythee; tell me who is it quickly!—When the transcriber had once made *discovery* from *discover* I, he easily put an article after *South-sea*. But it may be read with still less change, and with equal probability—*Every inch of delay more is a South-sea discovery*: Every delay however short, is to me tedious and irksome as the longest voyage, as a voyage of *discovery* on the *South-sea*. How much voyages to the *South-sea* on which the English had then first ventured, engaged the conversation of that time, may be easily imagined. JOHNSON.

Of for off, is frequent in the elder writers. *A South-sea of discovery* is a *discovery a South-sea off*—as far as the *South-sea*.

FARMER.

Warburton's sophistication ought to have been reprobated, and the old, which is the only reading that can preserve the sense of Rosalind, restored. *A South-sea of discovery*, is not a discovery, as FAR OFF, but as COMPREHENSIVE as the *South-sea*; which being the largest in the world, affords the widest scope for exercising curiosity. HENLEY.

On a further consideration of this passage I am strongly inclined to think, with Dr. Johnson, that we should read—*a South-sea discovery*. “Delay, however short, is to me tedious and irksome as

me, who is it? quickly, and speak apace: I would thou couldst stammer, that thou might'st pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I pry'thee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

CEL. So you may put a man in your belly,

ROS. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

CEL. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

ROS. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

CEL. It is young Orlando; that tripp'd up the wrestler's heels, and your heart, both in an instant.

ROS. Nay, but the devil take mocking; speak sad brow, and true maid.⁴

CEL. I'faith, coz, 'tis he.

ROS. Orlando?

CEL. Orlando.

ROS. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose?—What did he, when thou saw'st him? What said he? How look'd he? Wherein went he?⁵ What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

the longest voyage, as a voyage of discovery on the South-Sea." The word *of*, which had occurred just before, might have been inadvertently repeated by the compositor. MALONE.

⁴ ——— *Speak sad brow, and true maid.*] i. e. speak with a grave countenance, and as truly as thou art a virgin; speak seriously and honestly. RITSON.

⁵ *Wherein went he?*] In what manner was he clothed? How did he go dressed? HEATH.

CEL. You must borrow me Garagantua's mouth⁶ first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this ages size: To say, ay, and no, to these particulars, is more than to answer in a catechism.

ROS. But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

CEL. It is as easy to count atomies,⁷ as to resolve the propositions of a lover:—but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with a good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropp'd acorn.

ROS. It may well be call'd Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.⁸

⁶ ——— *Garagantua's mouth*—] Rosalind requires nine questions—to be answered in *one word*. Celia tells her that a word of such magnitude is too big for any mouth but that of Garagantua the giant of Rabelais. JOHNSON.

Garagantua swallowed five pilgrims, their staves and all, in a fallad. It appears from the books of the Stationers' Company, that in 1592 was published, "*Garagantua his Prophecie*." And in 1594, "A booke entitled, *The history of Garagantua*." The book of *Garagantua* is likewise mentioned in Laneham's *Narrative of Q. Elizabeth's Entertainment at Kenelworth-Castle*, in 1575. Some translator of one of these pieces is censured by Hall, in his *Second book of Satires*:

"But who conjur'd, &c.

"Or wicked *Rablais* drunken revellings

"To grace the misrule of our tavernings?" STEEVENS.

⁷ ——— *to count atomies*,] *Atomies* are those minute particles discernible in a stream of sunshine that breaks into a darkened room. HENLEY.

"An *atomie* (says Bullokar in his *English Expositor*, 1616) is a mote flying in the sunne. Any thing so small that it cannot be made lesse." MALONE.

⁸ ——— *when it drops forth such fruit*.] The old copy reads—*when it drops forth fruit*. The word *such* was supplied by the editor of the second folio. I once suspected the phrase, "*when it drops forth*," to be corrupt; but it is certainly our author's; for it occurs again in this play?

CEL. Give me audience, good madam.

ROS. Proceed.

CEL. There lay he, stretch'd along, like a wounded knight.

ROS. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.⁹

CEL. Cry, holla! to thy tongue,² I pr'ythee; it curvets very unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter.

ROS. O ominous! he comes to kill my heart.³

CEL. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bring'st me out of tune.

ROS. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

" ——— woman's gentle brain

" Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention."

This passage serves likewise to support the emendation that has been made. MALONE.

⁹ ——— such a sight, it well becomes the ground.] So, in *Hamlet*:

" ——— Such a sight as this

" Becomes the field," ——— STEEVENS.

² Cry, holla! to thy tongue.] The old copy has—the tongue. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. *Holla* was a term of the manege, by which the rider restrained and stopp'd his horse. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

" What recketh he his rider's angry stir,

" His flattering holla, or his stand I say?

The word is again used in *Othello*, in the same sense as here:

" *Holla!* stand there." MALONE.

³ —to kill my heart.] A quibble between *heart* and *hart*. STEEVENS.

Our author has the same expression in many other places. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

" Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart."

Again, in his *Venus and Adonis*:

" ——— they have murder'd this poor heart of mine."

But the preceding word, *hunter*, shows that a quibble was here intended between *heart* and *hart*. In our author's time the latter word was often written instead of *heart*, as it is in the present instance, in the old copy of this play. MALONE.

Enter ORLANDO and JAQUES.

CEL. You bring me out :—Soft comes he not here?

ROS. 'Tis he; Slink by, and note him.

[CELIA and ROSALIND retire.]

JAQ. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

ORL. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

JAQ. God be with you; let's meet as little as we can.

ORL. I do desire we may be better strangers.

JAQ. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

ORL. I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

JAQ. Rosalind is your love's name?

ORL. Yes, just.

JAQ. I do not like her name.

ORL. There was no thought of pleasing you, when she was christen'd.

JAQ. What stature is she of?

ORL. Just as high as my heart.

JAQ. You are full of pretty answers: Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conn'd them out of rings?

ORL. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth,⁴ from whence you have studied your questions.

⁴ — but I answer you right painted cloth,] This alludes to the fashion in old tapestry hangings, of mottoes and moral sentences from the mouths of the figures worked or painted in them. The poet again hints at this custom in his poem, called, *Tarquin and Lucrece*:

“ Who fears a sentence, or an old man's law,

“ Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.” THEOBALD.

JAQ. You have a nimble wit; I think it was made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with

So, in Barnaby Riches' *Soldier's Wishe to Briton's welfare, or Captaine Skill and Captaine Pill*, &c. 1604, p. 1: "It is enough for him that can but robbe a *painted cloth* of a historie, a booke of a discourse, a foole of a fashion," &c.

The same allusion is common to many of our old plays. So, in *The Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599: Now will I see if my memory will serve for some proverbs. O, a *painted cloth* were as well worth a shilling, as a thief is worth a halter."

Again, in *A Match at Midnight*, 1633:

"There's a witty posy for you.

"— No, no, I'll have one shall favour of a saw.—

"Why then 'twill smell of the *painted cloth*."

Again, in *The Muses' Looking Glass*, by Randolph, 1638:

"—— I have seen in *Mother Redcap's* hall

"In *painted cloth*, the story of the prodigal."

From this last quotation we may suppose that the rooms in publick houses were usually hung with what Falstaff calls *water-work*. On these hangings perhaps moral sentences were depicted as issuing from the mouths of the different characters represented.

Again, in Sir Thomas More's *English Works*, printed by Rastell, 1557: Master Thomas More in his youth devised in hys father's house in London, a goodly hangyng of fyne *painted clothe*, with nine pageauntes, and verses over every of those pageauntes; which verses expressed and declared what the images in those pageauntes represented: and also in those pageauntes were paynted the things that the verses over them did (in effeete) declare."

Of the present phraseology there is an instance in *King John*:

"He *speaks plain cannon-fire*, and bounce, and smoke."

STEEVENS.

I answer you right painted cloth, may mean, I give you a true painted cloth answer; as we say, she talks *right Billingsgate*; that is, exactly such language as is used at Billingsgate. JOHNSON.

This singular phrase may be justified by another of the same kind in *K. Henry V*:

"I speak to thee *plain soldier*."

Again, in *Twelfth Night*:

"He *speaks* nothing but *madman*."

There is no need of Sir T. Hanmer's alteration: "I answer you right in the *style* of painted cloth." We had before in this play, "It is the *right* butter-woman's rate to market." So, in Golding's translation of *Ovid*, 1567:

"—— the look of it was *right* a maiden's look."

me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery.

ORL. I will chide no breather in the world,⁵ but myself; against whom I know most faults.

JAQ. The worst fault you have, is to be in love.

ORL. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

JAQ. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool, when I found you.

ORL. He is drown'd in the brook; look but in, and you shall see him.

JAQ. There I shall see mine own figure.

ORL. Which I take to be either a fool, or a cypher.

JAQ. I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good signior love.

I suppose Orlando means to say, that Jaques's questions have no more of novelty or shrewdness in them than the trite maxims of the painted cloth. The following lines which are found in a book with this fantastick title, — *No whipping nor tripping, but a kind friendly snipping*, octavo, 1601, may serve as a specimen of painted cloth language:

“ Read what is written on the *painted cloth*:

“ Do no man wrong; be good unto the poor;

“ Beware the mouse, the maggot and the moth,

“ And ever have an eye unto the door;

“ Trust not a fool, a villain, nor a whore;

“ Go neat, not gay, and spend but as you spare;

“ And turn the colt to pasture with the mare; &c.

That moral sentences were wrought in these painted cloths, is ascertained by the following passage in *A Dialogue both pleasaunt and pitifull*, &c. by Dr. William Bulleyne, 1564, (signat. H 5.] which has been already quoted: this is a comelie parlour,— and faire clothes, with pleasaunte borders aboute the same, with many wise sayings painted upon them.” MALONE.

⁵ — no breather in the world,] So, in our author's 81st Sonnet:

“ When all the *breathers of this world* are dead.”

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*;

“ She shows a body, rather than a life;

“ A statue, than a *breather*.” MALONE.

ORL. I am glad of your departure ; adieu, good monsieur melancholy.

[*Exit* JAQUES. — CELIA and ROSALIND come forward.

ROS. I will speak to him like a faucy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him. — Do you hear, forester?

ORL. Very well ; what would you

ROS. I pray you, what is't a clock?

ORL. You should ask me, what time o'day ! there's no clock in the forest.

ROS. Then there is no true lover in the forest ; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time, as well as a clock.

ORL. And why not the swift foot of time ? Had not that been as proper ?

ROS. By no means, sir : Time travels in divers paces with divers persons : I'll tell you who time ambles withal, who time trots withal, who time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

ORL. I pr'ythee, who doth he trot withal ?

ROS. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage,⁶ and the day it is solemnized : if the interim be but a se'nnight, time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven years.

ORL. Who ambles time withal ?

ROS. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout : for the one sleeps

⁶ Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract, &c.] And yet in *Much ado about Nothing*, our author tell us, "Time goes on crutches, till love have all his rites." In both passages, however, the interim is equally represented as tedious.
MALONE.

easily, because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain: the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning; the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury: These time ambles withal.

ORL. Who doth he gallop withal?

ROS. With a thief to the gallows: for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

ORL. Who stays it still withal?

ROS. With lawyers in the vacation: for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

ORL. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

ROS. With this shepherdes, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

ORL. Are you native of this place?

ROS. As the coney, that you see dwell where she is kindled.

ORL. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed⁴ a dwelling.

ROS. I have been told so of many: but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an in-land man;⁵ one that

⁴ — removed—] i. e. remote sequestered. REED.

So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, folio, 1623:

“From Athens is her house remov'd seven leagues.”

STEEVENS.

⁵ — in-land man;] Is used in this play for one *civilised*, in opposition to the *rustick* of the priest. So, Orlando before—

“Yet am I *inland* bred, and know some nurture. JOHNSON.

See Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, 1598:

“His presence made the *rudest* peasant melt,

“That in the vast *uplandish* countrie dwelt,”

knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God, I am not a woman, to be touch'd with so many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

ORL. Can you remember any of the principal evils, that he laid to the charge of women?

ROS. There were none principal; they were all like one another, as half-pence are; every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.

ORL. I pr'ythee, recount some of them.

ROS. No; I will not cast away my physick, but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

ORL. I am he that is so love-shaked; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

ROS. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes, I am sure, you are not prisoner.

ORL. What were his marks?

ROS. A lean cheek; which you have not: a blue eye,⁶ and funken; which you have not: an unques-

Again, in Puttenham's *Arte of Poesie*, 4to. 1589, fol. 120: "— or finally in any uplandish village or corner of a realm, where is no resort but of poor rusticall or uncivill people."

MALONE.

⁶ — a blue eye,] i. e. a blueness about the eyes. STEEVENS.

tionable spirit; ⁷ which you have not: a beard neglected; which you have not: — but I pardon you for that; for, simply, your having ⁸ in beard is a younger brother's revenue:—Then your hose should be ungarter'd, ⁹ your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you

⁷ — an unquestionable spirit;] That is, a spirit not *inquisitive*, a mind indifferent to common objects, and negligent of common occurrences. Here Shakspeare has used a passive for an active mode of speech: so in a former scene, "The Duke is too *disputable* for me, *that is*, too disputatious. JOHNSON.

May it not mean, *unwilling to be conversed with*? CHAMIER.

Mr. Chamier is right in supposing that it means a spirit averse to conversation.

So, in *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, Demetrius says to Helena —

"I will not stay your *question*."

And in *The Merchant of Venice*, Antonio says —

"I pray you, think you *question* with the Jew."

In the very next scene, Rosalind says — "I met the Duke yesterday, and had much *question* with him." And in the last scene, Jaques de Bois says — "The Duke was converted after some *question* with a religious man." In all which places, *question* means *discourse* or conversation. M. MASON.

⁸ — your having —] Having is possession, estate. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: "The gentleman is of no *having*." STEEVENS.

⁹ — Then your hose should be ungarter'd, &c.] These seem to have been the established and characteristic marks by which the votaries of love were denoted in the time of Shakspeare. So, in *The Fair Maid of the Exchange*, by Heywood, 1637: "Shall I that have jested at love's sighs, now raise whirlwinds! Shall I that have flouted *ah me's* once a quarter, now practise *ah me's* every minute? Shall I defy hat-bands, and tread garters and shoe-strings under my feet? Shall I fall to falling bands, and be a ruffian no longer? I must; I am now liegeman to Cupid, and have read all these informations in the book of his statutes." Again in *A pleasant Comedy how to chuse a good Wife from a bad*, 1602:

" — I was once like thee

" A sigher, melancholy humorist,

" Croffer of arms, a goer without garters,

" A hat-band hater, and a busk-point wearer." MALONE.

are no such man; you are rather point-device⁹ in your accoutrements; as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

ORL. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

ROS. Me believe it? you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do, than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

ORL. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

ROS. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

ORL. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

ROS. Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip, as madmen do; and the reason why they are not so punished and cured, is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too: Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

ORL. Did you ever cure any so?

ROS. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me; At which time would I, being but a moonish youth,² grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish,

⁹ ——— *point-device* —] i. e. exact, dress with finical nicety. So, in *Love's Labours Lost*: "I hate such insociable and *point-device* companions." STEEVENS.

² ——— *a moonish youth*,] i. e. variable. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*: "O swear not by the moon, th' *inconstant* moon." STEEVENS.

shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loath him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madness; ² which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastick: And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, ³ that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

ORL. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me

² — *to a living humour of madness;*] If this be the true reading we must by *living* understand *lasting*, or *permanent*, but I cannot forbear to think that some antithesis was intended which is now lost; perhaps the passage stood thus — *I drove my suitor from a dying humour of love to a living humour of madness.* Or rather thus — *From a mad humour of love to a loving humour of madness,* that is, “from a *madness* that was *love*, to a *love* that was *madness*.” This seems somewhat harsh and strained, but such modes of speech are not unusual in our poet: and this harshness was probably the cause of the corruption. JOHNSON.

Perhaps we should read — *to a humour of loving madness.* FARMER.

Both the emendations appear to me inconsistent with the tenour of Rosalind's argument. Rosalind by her fantastick tricks did not drive her suitor either into a *loving* humour of madness, or a humour of *loving* madness; (in which he was originally without her aid;) but she drove him from love into a sequester'd and melancholy retirement. *A living humour of madness* is, I conceive, in our author's licentious language, a humour of *living* madness, a mad humour that operates on the mode of living; or, in other words, and more accurately, a *mad* humour of life; “— to forswear the world, and to live in a nook merely monastick.” MALONE.

³ — *as clean as a sound sheep's heart;*] This is no very delicate comparison, though produced by Rosalind in her assumed character of a shepherd. A *sheep's heart*, before it is dressed, is always split and washed, that the blood within it may be dislodged. STEEVENS.

Rosalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

ORL. Now, by the faith of my love, I will; tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and I'll show it you; and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live: Will you go?

ORL. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind: — Come, sister, will you go? [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY: ² JAQUES at a distance, observing them.

TOUCH. Come apace, good Audrey; I will fetch up your goats, Audrey: And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you? ³

² ——— *Audrey*;] Is a corruption of *Etheldreda*. The saint of that name is so styled in ancient calendars. STEEVENS.

³ *Doth my simple feature content you?*] says the Clown to Audrey. "Your *features*! (replies the wench,) Lord warrant us! what *features*?" I doubt not, this should be — your *feature*! Lord warrant us! *what's feature*? FARMER.

Feat and *feature*, perhaps had anciently the same meaning. The Clown asks, if the *features* of his face content her, she takes the word in another sense, i. e. *feats*, *deeds*, and in her reply seems to mean, what *feats*, i. e. what have we done yet? The courtship of Audrey and her gallant had not proceeded further, as Sir Wilful Witwood says, than a little mouth-glue; but she supposes him to be talking of something which as yet he had not performed. Or the jest may turn only on the Clown's pronunciation. In some parts, *features* might be pronounced, *saitors*, which signify *rascals*, *low wretches*. Pistol uses the word in the second Part of *King Henry IV.* and Spenser very frequently. STEEVENS.

In Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1594, is the following couplet:

"I see then, artless feature can content,

"And that true beauty needs no ornament."

AUD. Your features ! Lord warrant us ! what features ?

TOUCH. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths. ⁴

JAQ. O knowledge ill-inhabited ! ⁵ worse than Jove in a thatch'd house ! [*Aside.*

TOUCH. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room : ⁶ — Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical,

Again, in *The Spanish Tragedy* :

“ It is my fault, not she, that merits blame ;
“ My *feature* is not to content her sight ;
“ My words are rude, and work her no delight. ”

Feature appears to have formerly signified the whole countenance. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. I :

“ Her peerless *feature*, joined with her birth,
“ Approves her fit for none but for a king. ” MALONE.

⁴ — as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.] *Capricious* is not here humourfome, fantastical, &c. but lascivious. HOR. Epod. 20. Libidinosus immolabitur caper. The Goths are the Getæ. Ovid. Trist. V. 7. The *thatch'd house* is that of Baucis and Philemon. Ovid. Met. VIII. 630. *Stipulis & canna tecta palustri.* UPTON.

Mr. Upton is perhaps too refined in his interpretation of *capricious*. Our author remembered that *caper* was the Latin for a goat, and thence chose this epithet. This, I believe, is the whole. There is a poor quibble between *goats* and *Goths*. MALONE.

⁵ — *ill-inhabited* !] i. e. ill-lodged. An unusual sense of the word. STEEVENS.

⁶ — it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room :] Nothing was ever wrote in higher humour than this simile. A great reckoning, in a little room, implies that the entertainment was mean, and the bill extravagant. The poet here alluded to the French proverbial phrase of *the quarter of an hour of Rabelais* : who said, there was only one quarter of an hour in human life passed ill, and that was between the calling for the

AUD. I do not know what poetical is : Is it honest in deed, and word ? Is it a true thing ?

TOUCH. No, truly ; for the truest poetry is the most feigning ; and lovers are given to poetry ; and what they swear in poetry, may be said, as lovers, they do feign. ⁶

AUD. Do you wish then, that the gods had made me poetical ?

TOUCH. I do ; truly : for thou swearst to me, thou art honest ; now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

AUD. Would you not have me honest ?

TOUCH. No truly, unless thou wert hard-favour'd : for honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

JAQ. A material fool ! ⁷ [*Aside.*

AUD. Well, I am not fair ; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest !

TOUCH. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a

reckoning and paying it. Yet the delicacy of our Oxford editor would correct this into — *It strikes a man more dead than a great reeking in a little room.* This is amending with a vengeance. When men are joking together in a merry humour, all are disposed to laugh. One of the company says a good thing ; the jest is not taken ; all are silent, and he who said it, quite confounded. This is compared to a tavern jollity interrupted by the coming in of a great reckoning. Had not Shakspeare reason now in this case to apply his simile to his own case, against his critical editor ? Who, it is plain, taking the phrase to *strike dead*, in a literal sense, concluded, from his knowledge in philosophy, that it could not be so effectually done by a *reckoning* as by a *reeking*. WARBURTON.

⁶ — and what they swear in poetry, &c.] This sentence seems perplexed and inconsequent : perhaps it were better read thus — *What they swear as lovers, they may be said to feign as poets.*

JOHNSON.

I would read — *It may be said, as lovers they do feign.* M. MASON.

⁷ *A material fool !*] A fool with matter in him ; a fool stocked with notions. JOHNSON.

foul slut, were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

AUD. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.^s

TOUCH. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee: and to that end, I have been with Sir Oliver Mar-text, the vicar of the next village; who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

JAC. I would fain see this meeting. [*Aside.*

AUD. Well, the gods give us joy!

* — I am foul.] By *foul* is meant *coy* or *frowning*.

HANMER.

I rather believe *foul* to be put for the rustick pronunciation of *full*. Audrey, supposing the Clown to have spoken of her as a *foul slut*, says, naturally enough, *I am not a slut, though, I thank the gods, I am foul*, i. e. *full*. She was more likely to thank the gods for a belly-full, than for her being *coy* or *frowning*.

TYRWHITT.

In confirmation of Mr. Tyrwhitt's conjecture, it may be observed, that in the song at the end of *Love's Labour's Lost*, instead of — "and ways be *foul*," we have in the first quarto, 1598, "— and ways be *full*." In that and other of our author's plays many words seem to have been spelled by the ear. MALONE.

Audrey says, she is not *fair*, i. e. *handsome*, and therefore prays the gods to make her *honest*. The Clown tells her that to cast *honesty* away upon a *foul slut*, (i. e. an ill favoured dirty creature) is to put meat in an unclean dish. She replies, she is no *slut* (no *dirty drab*) though in her great simplicity, she thanks the gods for her *foulness* (homeliness) i. e. for being as she is. "Well, (adds he) praised be the gods for thy *foulness*, sluttishness may come hereafter." RITSON.

I think that, by *foul*, Audrey means, *not fair*, or what we call *homely*. Audrey is neither *coy* or ill-humoured; but she thanks God for her homeliness, as it rendered her less exposed to temptation. So, in the next scene but one, Rosalind says to Phebe —

"*Foul* is most *foul*, being *foul*, to be a scoffer."

M. MASON.

TOUCH. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? ⁸ Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said,—Many a man knows no end of his goods: right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even so:—Poor men alone?—No, no; thenoblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a wall'd town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor: and by how much defence⁹ is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want.

Enter Sir OLIVER MAR-TEXT.

Here comes fir Oliver:² —Sir Oliver Mar-text, you are well met: Will you despatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

² — *what though?*] What then? JOHNSON.

⁹ — *defence* —] *Defence*, as here opposed to “no skill,” signifies the art of fencing. Thus, in *Hamlet*: “— and gave you such a masterly report, for arts and exercise in your defence.” STEEVENS.

² — *fir Oliver*:] He that has taken his first degree at the university, is in the academical style called *Dominus*, and in common language was heretofore termed *Sir*. This was not always a word of contempt; the graduates assumed it in their own writings; so Trevifa the historian writes himself *Syr John de Trevifa*.

JOHNSON.

We find the same title bestowed on many divines in our old comedies. So, in *Wily Beguiled*:

“— *Sir John* cannot tend to it at evening prayer; for there comes a company of players to town on Sunday in the afternoon, and *Sir John* is so good a fellow, that I know he'll scarce leave their company, to say evening prayer.”

SIR OLI. Is there none here to give the woman?

TOUCH. I will not take her on gift of any man.

SIR OLI. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

JAQ. [*Discovering himself.*] Proceed, proceed; I'll give her.

TOUCH. Good even, good master *What ye call't*: How do you, sir? You are very well met: God'ild you³ for your last company: I am very glad to see you:—Even a toy in hand here, sir:—Nay; pray, be cover'd.

JAQ. Will you be married, motley?

TOUCH. As the ox hath his bow,⁴ sir, the horse his curb, and the faulcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

JAQ. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you

Again, "We'll all go to church together, and so save Sir John a labour." See notes on *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act I. sc. i. STEEVENS.

Degrees were at this time considered as the highest dignities; and it may not be improper to observe, that a clergyman, who hath not been educated at the Universities, is still distinguished in some parts of North Wales, by the appellation of *Sir John*, *Sir William*, &c. Hence the Sir Hugh Evans of Shakspeare is not a Welsh knight who hath taken orders, but only a Welsh clergyman without any regular degree from either of the Universities. See Barrington's *History of the Guedir Family*. NICHOLS.

³ — God'ild you —] i. e. God yield you, God reward you. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"And the gods yield you for't!"

See notes on *Macbeth*, Act I. sc. vi. STEEVENS.

⁴ — his bow,] i. e. his yoke. The ancient yoke in form resembled a bow. See note on *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act V. Vol. V. p. 197. STEEVENS.

together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk pannel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

TOUCH. I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife. [Aside.

JAQ. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

TOUCH. Come, sweet Audrey;
We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.
Farewell, good master Oliver!

Not—O sweet Oliver,
O brave Oliver,
Leave me not behi' thee;
But—Wind away,
Begone, I say,
I will not to wedding wi' thee.

[Exeunt JAQUES, TOUCHSTONE, and AUDREY.

SIR OLI. 'Tis no matter; ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [Exit.

^s Not — O sweet Oliver,

O brave, &c.] Some words of an old ballad.

WARBURTON.

Of this speech as it now appears, I can make nothing, and think nothing can be made. In the same breath he calls his mistress to be married, and sends away the man that should marry them. Dr. Warburton has very happily observed, that *O sweet Oliver* is a quotation from an old song; I believe there are two quotations put in opposition to each other. For *wind* I read *wend*, the old word for go. Perhaps the whole passage may be regulated thus:

Clo. I am not in the mind, but it were better for me to be married of him than of another, for he is not like to marry me well, and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife. — Come, sweet Audrey; we must be married, or we must live in bawdry.

SCENE IV.

The same. Before a Cottage.

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

ROS. Never talk to me, I will weep.

CEL. Do, I pr'ythee; but yet have the grace to consider, that tears do not become a man.

Jaqu. *Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.* [They whisper.

Clo. *Farewel, good fir Oliver, not O sweet Oliver, O brave Oliver, leave met not behind thee, — but*

Wend away,

Begone, I say,

I will not to wedding with thee to-day.

Of this conjecture the reader may take as much as shall appear necessary to the sense, or conducive to the humour. I have received all but the additional words. The song seems to be complete without them. JOHNSON.

The Clown dismisses fir Oliver only because Jaques had alarmed his pride, and raised his doubts, concerning the validity of a marriage solemnized by one who appears only in the character of an itinerant preacher. He intends afterwards to have recourse to some other of more dignity in the same profession. Dr. Johnson's opinion, that the latter part of the Clown's speech is only a repetition from some other ballad, or perhaps a different part of the same, is, I believe, just.

O brave Oliver, leave me not behind you, is a quotation at the beginning of one of N. Breton's Letters, in his *Packet*, &c. 1600. STEEVENS.

That Touchstone is influenced by the counsel of Jaques, may be inferred from the subsequent dialogue between the former and Audrey, Act V. sc. i:

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. 'Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying. MALONE.

O sweet Oliver. The epithet of *sweet* seems to have been peculiarly appropriated to *Oliver*, for which perhaps he was originally obliged to the old song before us. No more of it, however, than

ROS. But have I not cause to weep?

CEL. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

ROS. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

CEL. Something browner than Judas's:⁶ marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

these two lines has as yet been produced. See Ben Jonson's *Underwood*:

"All the mad Rolands and sweet Olivers."

And, in *Every man in his Humour*. p. 88, is the same allusion:

"Do not flink, sweet Oliver." TYRWHITT.

In the books of the Stationers' Company, Aug. 6, 1584, was entered by Richard Jones, the ballad of,

"O sweete Olyver

"Leave me not behinde thee."

Again, "The answere of O sweete Olyver."

Again, in 1586: "O sweete Olyver altered to the Scriptures."

STEEVENS.

I often find a part of this song applied to Cromwell. In a paper called, *A Man in the Moon, discovering a World of Knavery under the Sun*, "the jundō will go near to give us the bagge, if O brave Oliver come not suddenly to relieve them." The same allusion is met with in *Cleaveland*. *Wind away*, and *wind off* are still used provincially: and, I believe, nothing but the provincial pronunciation is wanting to join the parts together. I read:

Not — O sweet Oliver!

O brave Oliver!

Leave me not behi' thee —

But — wind away,

Begone, I say,

I will not to wedding wi' thee. FARMER.

To produce the necessary rhyme, and conform to the pronunciation of Shakspeare's native county, I have followed Dr. Farmer's direction.

Wind is used for *wend* in *Cæsar and Pompey*, 1607:

"Winde we then, Antony, with this royal queen."

STEEVENS.

⁶ Something browner than Judas's:] See Mr. Tollet's note and mine, on a passage in the fourth scene of the first A& of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, from both which it appears that Judas was con-

ROS. I'faith, his hair is of a good colour.⁷

CEL. An excellent colour: your chesnut was ever the only colour.

ROS. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.⁸

CEL. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana: ⁹a nun of winter's sisterhood² kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

stantly represented in ancient painting or tapestry, with *red hair* and *beard*.

So, in *The Infatiate Countess*, 1613: "I ever thought by his *red beard* he would prove a *Judas*." STEEVENS.

⁷ *I'faith, his hair is of a good colour.*] There is much of nature in this petty perverseness of Rosalind; she finds faults in her lover, in hope to be contradicted, and when Celia in sportive malice too readily seconds her accusations, she contradicts herself rather than suffer her favourite to want a vindication. JOHNSON.

⁸ — *as the touch of holy bread.*] We should read *beard*, that is, as the kiss of an holy saint or hermit, called the *kiss of charity*. This makes the comparison just and decent; the other impious and absurd. WARBURTON.

⁹ — *a pair of cast lips of Diana:*] i. e. a pair left off by Diana. THEOBALD.

² — *a nun of winter's sisterhood* —] This is finely expressed. But Mr. Theobald says, *the words give him no ideas*. And it is certain, that words will never give men what nature has denied them. However, to mend the matter, he substitutes *Winifred's sisterhood*. And after so happy a thought, it was to no purpose to tell him there was no religious order of that denomination. The plain truth is, Shakspeare meant *an unfruitful sisterhood*, which had devoted itself to chastity. For as those who were of the sisterhood of the spring, were the votaries of Venus; those of summer, the votaries of Ceres; those of autumn of Pomona: so these of the *sisterhood of winter* were the votaries of Diana; called, *of winter*, because that quarter is not, like the other three, productive of fruit or increase. On this account it is, that when the poet speaks of what is most *poor*, he instances it in *winter*, in these fine lines of *Othello*:

"But riches endless is as poor as winter

"To him that ever fears he shall be poor."

ROS. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

CEL. Nay certainly, there is no truth in him.

ROS. Do you think so?

CEL. Yes: I think he is not a pick-purse, nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a cover'd goblet,³ or a worm-eaten nut.

ROS. Not true in love?

CEL. Yes, when he is in; but, I think he is not in.

ROS. You have heard him swear downright, he was.

CEL. *Was* is not *is*: besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings: He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

The other property of winter that made him term them of its sisterhood, is its coldness. So, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"To be a barren sister all your life,

"Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon."

WARBURTON.

There is certainly no need of Theobald's conjecture, as Dr. Warburton has most effectually supported the old reading. In one circumstance, however, he is mistaken. The *Golden Legend*, p. CCCI, &c. gives a full account of St. Winifred and her sisterhood. Edit. by Wynkyn de Worde, 1527. STEEVENS.

³ ——— as concave as a cover'd goblet,] Why a cover'd? Because a goblet is never kept cover'd but when empty. Shakspeare never throws out his expressions at random. WARBURTON.

Warburton asks, "Why a cover'd goblet?" — and answers, "Because a goblet is never covered but when empty." If that be the case, the cover is of little use; for when empty, it may as well be uncovered. But it is the idea of hollowness, not that of emptiness, that Shakspeare wishes to convey; and a goblet is more completely hollow when covered, than when it is not. M. MASON.

ROS. I met the duke yesterday, and had much question⁴ with him: He asked me, of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laugh'd, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

CEL. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart' the

⁴ ——— much question—] i. e. conversation. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“ You may as well use *question* with the wolf.” STEEVENS.

⁵ ——— quite traverse, athwart, &c.] An unexperienced lover is here compared to a *puny tilter*, to whom it was a disgrace to have his lance broken across, as it was a mark either of want of courage or address. This happened when the horse flew on one side, in the career: and hence, I suppose, arose the jocular proverbial phrase of *spurring the horse only on one side*. Now as breaking the lance against his adversary's breast, in a direct line, was honourable, so the breaking it *across* against his breast was, for the reason above, dishonourable: hence it is, that Sidney, in his *Arcadia*, speaking of the mock-combat of Clinias and Dametas says, “ *The wind took such hold of his staff that it crost quite over his breast,*” &c.— And to *break across* was the usual phrase, as appears from some wretched verses of the same author, speaking of an unskilful tilter:

“ Methought some slaves he mist: if so, not much amiss:

“ For when he most did hit, he ever yet did miss.

“ One said he *brake across*, full well it so might be,” &c.

This is the allusion. So that Orlando, a young gallant, affecting the fashion, (for *brave* is here used, as in other places, for fashionable,) is represented either *unskilful* in courtship, or *timorous*. The lover's meeting or appointment corresponds to the tilter's career; and as the one breaks slaves, the other breaks oaths. The business is only meeting fairly, and doing both with address: and 'tis for the want of this, that Orlando is blamed. WARBURTON.

So, in *Northward-Hoe*, 1607: “ ——— melancholick like a tilter, that had broke his slaves foul before his mistress.”

STEEVENS.

A puny tilter, that breaks his staff like a noble goose:] Sir Thomas Hanmer altered this to a *nose-quill'd* goose, but no one seems to have regarded the alteration. Certainly *nose-quill'd* is an epithet likely to be corrupted: it gives the image wanted, and may in a

heart of his lover;⁵ as a puny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose: but all's brave, that youth mounts, and folly guides:—Who comes here?

Enter CORIN.

COR. Mistress, and master, you have oft enquired
After the shepherd that complain'd of love;
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

CEL. Well, and what of him?

COR. If you will see a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

—ROS. O, come, let us remove;
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love:—
Bring us unto this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*]

great measure be supported by a quotation from Turberville's *Falconrie*: "Take with you a *ducke*, and slip one of her *wing feathers*, and having thrust it through her *nares*, throw her out unto your hawke." FARMER.

Again, in *Philaster*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"He shall for this time only be seel'd up
"With a *feather* through his *nose*, that he may only
"See heaven," &c.

Again, in the *Booke of Hawkyng, Huntynge, and Fishing*, &c. bl. l. no date: "—and with a pen put it in the haukes *nares* once or twice," &c. STEEVENS.

⁵ — of his lover:] i. e. of his mistress. See Vol. IV. p. 211, note 3. MALONE.

S C E N E V.

Another part of the Forest.

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

SIL. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not
Phebe:

Say, that you love me not; but say not so
In bitterness: The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes
hard,

Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon; Will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?⁶

⁶ ——— Will you sterner be

Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?] This is spoken
of the executioner. He *lives* indeed by bloody drops, if you will:
but how does he *die* by bloody drops? The poet must certainly
have wrote:

——— *that deals and lives, &c.*

i. e. that gets his bread by, and makes a trade of cutting off heads:
but the Oxford editor makes it plainer. He reads:

Than he that lives and thrives by bloody drops.

WARBURTON.

Either D. Warburton's emendation, except that the word *deals*,
wants its proper construction, or that of Sir Tho. Hanmer, may
serve the purpose; but I believe they have fixed corruption upon
the wrong word, and should rather read:

Than he that dies his lips by bloody drops?

Will you speak with more sternness than the executioner, whose
lips are used to be *sprinkled* with blood? The mention of *drops*
implies some part that must be sprinkled rather than dipped.

JOHNSON.

I am afraid our bard is at his quibbles again. To *die*, means
as well to *dip a thing in a colour foreign to its own*, as to *expire*. In
this sense, contemptible as it is, the executioner may be said to *die*
as well as *live by bloody drops*. Shakspeare is fond of opposing
these terms to each other.

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, at a distance.

PHE. I would not be thy executioner;
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.

In *King John* is a play on words not unlike this:

“ ——— all with purple hands

“ *Dy'd* in the *dying* slaughter of their foes.”

Camden has preserved an epitaph on a dyer, which has the same turn:

“ He that *died* so oft in sport,

“ *Dyed* at last, no colour for't.”

So, Heywood, in his *Epigrams*, 1562:

“ Is thy husband a *dier*, woman? alack,

“ Had he no colour to *dye* thee on but black?

“ *Dieth* he oft? yea too oft when customers call;

“ But I would have him one day *die* once for all.

“ Were he gone, *dier* never more would I wed,

“ *Dyers* be ever *dying*, but never dead.”

Again, Puttenham, in his *Art of Poetry*, 1589:

“ We once sported upon a country fellow, who came to run for the best game, and was by his occupation a *dier*, and had very big swelling legs.

“ He is but *coarse* to run a *course*,

“ Whose thanks are bigger than his thigh;

“ Yet is his luck a little worse

“ That often *dyes* before he *die*.”

“ Where ye see the words *course* and *die* used in divers senses, one giving the rebound to the other.” STEEVENS.

J. Davies of Hereford, in his *Scourge of Folly*, printed about 1611, has the same conceit, and uses almost our authour's words:

OF A PROUD LYING DYER.

“ Turbine, the *dier*, stalks before his dore,

“ Like Cæsar, that by *dying* oft did thrive;

“ And though the beggar be as proud as poore,

“ Yet (like the mortifide) he *dyes* to *live*.”

Again, *On the same*:

“ Who lives well, dies well: — not by and by;

“ For this man *lives* proudly, yet well doth *die*.” MALONE.

He that lives and dies, i. e. he who to the very end of his life continues a common executioner. So, in the second scene of the fifth A& of this play, “ *live* and *die* a shepherd.” TOLLET.

To *die* and *live* by a thing is to be constant to it, to persevere in

Thou tell'st me, there is murder in mine eye:
 'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,⁷
 That eyes,—that are the frail'st and softest things,
 Who shut their coward gates on atomies,—
 Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
 Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
 And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill
 thee;

Now counterfeit to swoon; why now fall down;
 Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
 Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.
 Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee:
 Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
 Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,⁸
 The cicatrice and capable impressure⁹
 Thy palm some moment keeps: but now mine eyes,
 Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
 Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
 That can do hurt.

SIL. O dear Phebe,
 If ever, (as that ever may be near,)

it to the end. *Lives* therefore does not signify *is maintained*, but the two verbs taken together mean, *who is all his life conversant with bloody drops*. MUSGRAVE.

⁷ 'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,] *Sure for surely*. DOUCE.

⁸ ——— lean but upon a rush,] *But*, which is not in the old copy, was added for the sake of the metre, by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

⁹ *The cicatrice and capable impressure*—] *Cicatrice* is here not very properly used; it is the scar of a wound. *Capable impressure*, hollow mark. JOHNSON.

Capable, I believe, means here—*perceptible*. Our author often uses the word for *intelligent*; (See a note on *Hamlet*,—

“His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,

“Would make them *capable*.”)

hence, with his usual licence, for *intelligible*, and then for *perceptible*. MALONE.

You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,²
 Then shall you know the wounds invisible
 That love's keen arrows make.

PHE. But, till that time,
 Come not thou near me: and, when that time comes
 Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
 As, till that time, I shall not pity thee.

Ros. And why, I pray you? [*Advancing*] Who
 might be your mother,³
 That you insult, exult, and all at once,⁴
 Over the wretched? What though you have more
 beauty,⁵

² ——— *power of fancy,*] *Fancy* is here used for *love*, as before in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. JOHNSON.

³ ——— *Who might be your mother,*] It is common for the poets to express cruelty by saying, of those who commit it, that they were born of rocks, or suckled by tigresses. JOHNSON.

⁴ *That you insult, exult, and all at once,*] If the speaker intended to accuse the person spoken to only for *insulting* and *exulting*; then instead of — *all at once*, it ought to have been, *both at once*. But by examining the crime of the person accused, we shall discover that the line is to be read thus:

That you insult, exult, and rail at once.

For these three things Phebe was guilty of. But the Oxford editor improves it, and, for *rail at once*, reads *domineer*. Warburton.

I see no need of emendation. The speaker may mean thus: *Who might be your mother, that you insult, exult, and that too all in a breath?* Such is perhaps the meaning of *all at once*. STEEVENS.

⁵ ——— *What though you have more beauty,*] The old copy reads: ——— *What though you have no beauty.* STEEVENS.

Though all the printed copies agree in this reading, it is very accurately observed to me by an ingenious unknown correspondent, who signs himself L. H. (and to whom I can only here make my acknowledgement) that the *negative* ought to be left out. THEOBALD.

That *no* is a misprint, appears clearly from the passage in Lodge's *Rosalynde*, which Shakspeare has here imitated: "Sometimes have I seen high disdain turned to hot desires.—Because thou art beautiful, be not so coy; as there is nothing more faire, so there is nothing more fading." — Mr. Theobald corrected the error, by expunging the word *no*; in which he was copied by the subsequent editors;

(As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed,)
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you, than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work:⁶—Od's my little life!
I think, she means to tangle my eyes too:—

but omission (as I have often observed) is of all the modes of emendation the most exceptionable. *No* was, I believe, a misprint for *mo*, a word often used by our author and his contemporaries for *more*. So, in a former scene in this play: "I pray you, mar no *mo* of my verses with reading them ill-favour'dly." Again, in *Much ado about Nothing*: "Sing no more ditties, sing no *mo*." Again, in *The Tempest*: "Mo widows of this business making—" Many other instances might be added. The word is found in almost every book of that age. As *no* is here printed instead of *mo*, so in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act V. we find in the folio, 1623, *Mo* matter, for *No* matter. This correction being less violent than Mr. Theobald's, I have inserted it in the text. "What though I should allow you had *more* beauty than he, (says Rosalind,) *though* by my faith," &c. (for such is the force of *As* in the next line) "must you therefore treat him with disdain?" In *Antony and Cleopatra* we meet with a passage constructed nearly in the same manner:

"——— Say, this becomes him,
" (*As* his composure must be rare indeed
" Whom these things *cannot* blemish,) yet," &c.

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

"But say that he or we, (*as neither have*),
" Receiv'd that sum," &c.

Again, more appositely, in Camden's *Remaines*, p. 190, edit. 1605:
"I force not of such fooleries; but if *I have any* skill in sooth-saying (*as in sooth I have none*) it doth prognosticate that I shall change copie from a duke to a king." MALONE.

As *mo* (unless rhyme demands it) is but an indolent abbreviation of *more*, I have adopted Mr. Malone's conjecture, without his manner of spelling the word in question. If *mo* were right, how happens it that *more* should occur twice afterwards in the same speech? STEEVENS.

⁶ *Of nature's sale-work:*] Those works that nature makes up carelessly and without exactness. The allusion is to the practice of mechanicks, whose *work* bespoke is more elaborate than that which is made up for chance-customers, or to sell in quantities to retailers, which is called *sale-work*. WARBURTON.

No, 'faith, proud mistress, hope not after it;
 'Tis not your inky brows, your black-filk hair,
 Your bugle eye balls, nor your cheek of cream,
 That can entame my spirits to your worship.⁷ —
 You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
 Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?
 You are a thousand times a properer man,
 Than she a woman: 'Tis such fools as you,
 That make the world full of ill-favour'd children:
 'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
 And out of you she sees herself more proper,
 Than any of her lineaments can show her. —
 But, mistress, know yourself; down on your knees,
 And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
 For I must tell you friendly in your ear, —
 Sell when you can; you are not for all markets:
 Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer;
 Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.⁸
 So, take her to thee, shepherd; — fare you well.

PHE. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together;
 I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo.

ROS. He's fallen in love with her foulness,⁹ and
 she'll fall in love with my anger: If it be so, as fast
 as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce
 her with bitter words. Why look you so upon me?

PHE. For no ill will I bear you.

ROS. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
 For I am falser than vows made in wine:
 Besides, I like you not: If you will know my house,

⁷ *That can entame my spirits to your worship.*] So, in *Much ado about Nothing*:

“ *Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand.* ” STEEVENS.

⁸ *Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.*] The sense is, *The ugly seem most ugly, when, though ugly, they are scoffers.* JOHNSON.

⁹ *—— with her foulness,*] So, Sir Tho. Hanmer; the other editions — *your foulness.* JOHNSON.

'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by:—
Will you go, sifter?—Shepherd, ply her hard:—
Come, sifter:—Shepherdefs, look on him better,
And be not proud; though all the world could fee,
None could be fo abus'd in fight as he.²
Come, to our flock.

[*Exeunt ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN.*

PHE. Dead shepherd! now I find thy faw of might;
*Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first fight?*³

SIL. Sweet Phebe, —

PHE. Ha! what fay'st thou, Silvius?

SIL. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

PHE. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

SIL. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be:
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love, your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermin'd.

² ——— though all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd in fight as he.] Though all mankind
could look on you, none could be so deceived as to think you
beautiful but he. JOHNSON.

³ Dread shepherd! now I find thy faw of might:
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not a first fight?] The second
of these lines is from Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, 1637, fig. Bb.
where it stands thus:

“Where both deliberate, the love is flight:
“*Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first fight?*”

This line is likewise quoted in *Belvidere, or the Garden of the
Muses*, 1610, p. 29, and in *England's Parnassus*, printed in 1600,
p. 261. STEEVENS.

This poem of Marlowe's was so popular, (as appears from many
of the contemporary writers, that a quotation from it must have
been known at once, at least by the more enlightened part of the
audience. Our author has again alluded to it in the *Two Gentlemen
of Verona*.—The “dead shepherd,” Marlowe, was killed, in a
brothel in 1593. Two editions of *Hero and Leander*, I believe,
had been published before the year 1600; it being entered in the
Stationers' books, Sept. 28, 1593, and again in 1597. MALONE.

PHE. Thou hast my love; Is not that neighbourly?

SIL. I would have you.

PHE. Why, that were covetousness.
 Silvius, the time was, that I hated thee;
 And yet it is not, that I bear thee love:
 But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
 Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
 I will endure; and I'll employ thee too:
 But do not look for further recompence,
 Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

SIL. So holy, and so perfect is my love,
 And I in such a poverty of grace,
 That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
 To glean the broken ears after the man
 That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then
 A scatter'd smile,³ and that I'll live upon.

PHE. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me
 ere while?

SIL. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
 And he hath bought the cottage, and the bounds,
 That the old carlot once was master of.⁴

PHE. Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
 'Tis but a peevish boy:⁵ — yet he talks well; —
 But what care I for words? yet words do well,
 When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
 It is a pretty youth: — not very pretty: —

³ To glean the broken ears after the man

That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then

A scatter'd smile,] Perhaps Shakspeare owed this image to the second chapter of the book of Ruth:—"Let fall some handfuls of purpose for her, and leave them that she may glean them."

STEEVENS.

⁴ That the old carlot once was master of. i. e. peasant, from *carl* or *churl*: probably a word of Shakspeare's coinage. DOUCE.

⁵ — a peevish boy:] *Peevish* in ancient language, signifies weak, silly. So, in *King Richard III*:

"When Richmond was a little *peevish* boy." STEEVENS.

But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him:
 He'll make a proper man: The best thing in him
 Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
 Did make offence, his eye did heal it up,
 He is not tall; yet for his years he's tall:⁶
 His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:
 There was a pretty redness in his lip;
 A little riper and more lusty red
 Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference
 Betwixt the constant red, and mingled damask.⁷
 There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
 In parcels as I did, would have gone near
 To fall in love with him: but, for my part,
 I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
 I have more cause⁸ to hate him than to love him:
 For what had he to do to chide at me?
 He said, mine eyes were black, and my hair black;
 And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me:
 I marvel, why I answer'd not again:
 But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.
 I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
 And thou shalt bear it; Wilt thou, Silvius?

SIL. Phebe, with all my heart.

PHE. I'll write it straight;
 The matter's in my head, and in my heart:
 I will be bitter with him, and passing short:
 Go with me, Silvius. [Exeunt.]

⁶ *He is not tall; yet for his years he's tall:]* The old copy reads:
He is not very tall, &c.

For the sake of metre, I have omitted the useless adverb—*very*. STEEVENS.

⁷ ——— *the constant red, and mingled damask.]* “Constant red”
 is uniform red. “Mingled damask, is the silk of that name, in
 which, by a various direction of the threads, many lighter shades
 of the same color are exhibited. STEEVENS.

⁸ *I have more cause—]* *I*, which seems to have been inad-
 vertently omitted in the old copy, was inserted by the editor
 of the second folio. MALONE.

The same.

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JAQUES.

JAQ. I pr'ythee, pretty youth, let me be better⁷ acquainted with thee.

ROS. They say, you are a melancholy fellow.

JAQ. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

ROS. Those, that are in extremity of either, are abominable fellows; and betray themselves to every modern censure, worse than drunkards.

JAQ. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

ROS. Why then, 'tis good to be a post.

JAQ. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politick; nor the lady's, which is nice;⁸ nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects: and, indeed, the fundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me, is a most humorous sadness.⁹

ROS. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear, you have sold your own

⁷ ——— *let me be better—*] *Be*, which is wanting in the old copy, was added by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

⁸ ——— *which is nice;*] i. e. filly, trifling. So, in *K. Richard III.*:

“But the respects thereof are *nice* and trivial.”

See note on *Romeo and Juliet*, Act V. sc. ii.

⁹ ——— *my often rumination wraps me, is a most humorous sadness.*] The old copy reads—in a most, &c. STEEVENS.

The old copy has—*by* often. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. Perhaps we should rather read “*and which, by often rumination, wraps me in a most humorous sadness.*” MALONE.

lands, to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

JAQ. Yes, I have gain'd my experience.

Enter ORLANDO.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too.

ORL. Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind!

JAQ. Nay then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse. [*Exit.*]

Ros. Farewel, monsieur traveller: Look, you lisp, and wear strange suits; disable⁹ all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola.²—Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover?—An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

As this speech concludes with a sentence at once ungrammatical and obscure, I have changed a single letter in it; and instead of "*in a most humorous sadness,*" have ventured to read—"is a most humorous sadness." Jaques first informs Rosalind what his melancholy was *not*; and naturally concludes by telling her what the quality of it *is*. To obtain a clear meaning, a less degree of violence cannot be employed. STEEVENS.

⁹ ——— *disable*—] i. e. undervalue. So, afterwards:—"he *disabled* my judgement." STEEVENS.

² ——— *swam in a gondola.*] That is, *been at Venice*, the seat at that time of all licentiousness, where the young English gentlemen wasted their fortunes, debased their morals, and sometimes lost their religion.

The fashion of travelling, which prevailed very much in our author's time, was considered by the wiser men as one of the principal causes of corrupt manners. It was therefore gravely censured by Ascham in his *Schoolmaster*, and by bishop Hall in his *Quo Vadis*; and is here, and in other passages, ridiculed by Shakespeare. JOHNSON.

ORL. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

ROS. Break an hour's promise in love? He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him, that Cupid hath clap'd him o' the shoulder, but I warrant him heart-whole.

ORL. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

ROS. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight; I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

ORL. Of a snail?

ROS. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you can make a woman:³ Besides, he brings his destiny with him.

ORL. What's that?

ROS. Why, horns; which such as you are fain to be beholden to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

ORL. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

ROS. And I am your Rosalind.

CEL. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.⁴

³ ——— *than you can make a woman:*] Old copy—you make a woman. Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

⁴ ——— *a Rosalind of a better leer than you.*] i. e. of a better feature, complexion, or colour, than you. So, in P. Holland's *Pliny*, B. XXXI. c. ii. p. 403: "In some places there is no other thing bred or growing, but brown and dusky, insomuch as not only the cattel is all of that *lere*, but also the corn of the ground," &c. The word seems to be derived from the Saxon *Hleare*, facies, frons, vultus. So, it is used in *Titus Andronicus*, A& IV. sc. ii.

"Here's a young lad fram'd of another *leer*." TOLLET.

ROS. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent: — What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

ORL. I would kiss, before I spoke.

ROS. Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravell'd for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers, lacking (God warn us! ⁵) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

ORL. How if the kiss be denied?

ROS. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

ORL. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

ROS. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress; or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

ORL. What of my suit?

ROS. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

ORL. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

ROS. Well, in her person, I say—I will not have you.

In the notes on the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer, Vol. IV. p. 320, *lere* is supposed to mean skin, So, in *Ifumbras* MSS. Cott. Cal. II. fol. 129:

“ His lady is white as whales bone,

“ Here *lere* bryghte to se upon,

“ So fair as blofme on tre. ” STEEVENS.

⁵ — (God warn us !)] If this exclamation (which occurs again in the quarto copies of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*) is not a corruption of — “ God ward us, ” i. e. defend us, it must mean, “ summon us to himself. ” So, in *King Richard III* :

“ And sent to warn them to his royal presence. ”

STEEVENS.

ORL. Then, in mine own person, I die.

ROS. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dash'd out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turn'd nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night: for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drown'd; and the foolish chroniclers of that age⁶ found it was — Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

ORL. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

ROS. By this hand, it will not kill a fly: But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

ORL. Then love me, Rosalind.

⁶ — chroniclers of that age —] Sir T. Hanmer reads — coroners, by the advice, as Dr. Warburton hints, of some anonymous critick. JOHNSON.

Mr. Edwards proposes the same emendation, and supports it by a passage in *Hamlet*: "The coroner hath sat on her, and finds it — *Christian Burial*." I believe, however, the old copy is right; though *found* is undoubtedly used in its forensic sense. MALONE.

I am surprized that Sir Thomas Hanmer's just and ingenious amendment should not be adopted as soon as suggested. The allusion is evidently to a coroner's inquest, which Rosalind supposes to have sat upon the body of Leander, who was drowned in crossing the Hellespont, and that their verdict was, that Hero of Sestos was the cause of his death. The word *found* is the legal term on such occasions. We say, that a jury *found* it lunacy, or *found* it manslaughter; and the verdict is called the *finding* of the jury. M. MASON.

ROS. Yes, faith will I, fridays, and saturdays, and all.

ORL. And wilt thou have me?

ROS. Ay, and twenty such.

ORL. What say'st thou?

ROS. Are you not good?

ORL. I hope so.

ROS. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing? — Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us. — Give me your hand, Orlando: — What do you say, sister?

ORL. Pray thee, marry us.

CEL. I cannot say the words.

ROS. You must begin, —— *Will you, Orlando,* —

CEL. Go to: —— *Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?*

ORL. I will.

ROS. Ay, but when?

ORL. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

ROS. Then you must say, — *I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.*

ORL. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

ROS. I might ask you for your commission; but, — I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: There a girl goes before the priest; * and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

ORL. So do all thoughts; they are wing'd.

* — There a girl goes before the priest;] The old copy reads — "There's a girl," &c. The emendation in the text was proposed to me long ago by Dr. Farmer. STEEVENS.

ROS. Now tell me, how long you would have her, after you have possess'd her.

ORL. For ever, and a day.

ROS. Say a day, without the ever : No, no, Orlando ; men are April when they woo, December when they wed : maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen ; more clamorous than a parrot against rain ; more new-fangled than an ape ; more giddy in my desires than a monkey : I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, ⁷ and I will do that when you are dispos'd to be merry ; I will laugh like a hyen, ⁸ and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

⁷ — *I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain,*] The allusion is to the cross in Cheapside ; the religious images with which it was ornamented, being defaced, (as we learn from Stowe) in 1596, " There was then set up, a curious wrought tabernacle of gray marble, and in the same an alabaster image of *Diana*, and water conveyed from the Thames, prilling from her naked breast. " *Stowe, in Cheap Ward.*

Statues, and particularly that of *Diana*, with water conveyed through them to give them the appearance of weeping figures, were anciently a frequent ornament of fountains. So, in *The City Match*, A& III. sc. iii :

" ————Now could I cry
" Like any image in a fountain, which
" Runs lamentations. "

And again in *Rosamund's Epistle to Henry II.* by Drayton :

" Here in the garden, wrought by curious hands,
" Naked *Diana* in the fountain stands. WHALLEY.

⁸ — *I will laugh like a hyen,*] The bark of the hyena was anciently supposed to resemble a loud laugh.

So, in Webster's *Duchess of Malfy*, 1623 :

" ——— Methinks I see her laughing,
" Excellent *Hyena* ! "

Again, in *The Cocker's Prophecy*, 1594 :

" You laugh hyena-like, weep like a crocodile. "

STEEVENS.

ORL. But will my Rosalind do so?

ROS. By my life, she will do as I do.

ORL. O, but she is wise.

ROS. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: Make the doors⁹ upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

ORL. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say, — *Wit, whither wilt?*²

ROS. Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

ORL. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

⁹ — Make the doors —] This is an expression used in several of the midland counties, instead of *bar the doors*. So, in *The Comedy of errors*:

“The doors are *made* against you.” STEEVENS.

² — *Wit, whither wilt?*] This must be some allusion to a story well known at that time, though now perhaps irretrievable. JOHNSON.

This was an exclamation much in use, when any one was either talking nonsense, or usurping a greater share in conversation than justly belonged to him. So, in Decker's *Satiromastix*, 1602: “My sweet, *Wit whither wilt thou*, my delicate poetical fury,” &c.

Again, in Heywood's *Royal King*, 1637:

“Wit: — is the word strange to you? *Wit?* —

“*Whither wilt thou?*”

Again, in the Preface to *Greene's Groatsworth of Wit*, 1621:

Wit whither wilt thou? woe is me,

“Thou hast brought me to this miserie.”

The same expression occurs more than once in Taylor the water-poet, and seems to have been the title of some ludicrous performance. STEEVENS.

If I remember right, these are the first words of an old madrigal. MALONE.

ROS. Marry, to say,—she came to seek you there, You shall never take her without her answer,³ unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion,⁴ let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool.

ORL. For these two hours Rosalind, I will leave thee.

ROS. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

ORL. I must attend the duke at dinner; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

ROS. Ay, go your ways, go your ways;—I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no less:—that flattering tongue of yours won me:—'tis but one cast away, and so,—come death.—Two o'clock is your hour?

ORL. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

ROS. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise,

³ *You shall never take her without her answer,*] See Chaucer's *Marchantes Tale*, ver. 10, 138 — 10, 149:

“ Ye, fire, quod Proserpine, and wol ye so?
 “ Now by my modre Ceres soule I swere.
 “ That I shall yeve hire suffisant answere,
 “ And alle women after for hire sake;
 “ That though they ben in any gilt ytake,
 “ With face bold they shul hemselfe excuse,
 “ And beere hem down that wolden hem accuse.
 “ For lack of answere, non of us shal dien.
 “ Al had ye seen a thing with bothe youre eyen,
 “ Yet sh' l we so visage it hardely,
 “ And wepe and swere and chiden subtilly,
 “ That ye shul ben as lewed as ben gees. ”

TYRWHITT.

⁴ ——— *make her fault her husband's occasion,*] That is, represent her fault as occasioned by her husband. Sir T. Hanmer reads, *her husband's accusation.* JOHNSON.

or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most patheticall break-promise,⁵ and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the grosse band of the unfaithfull: therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

ORL. With no less religion, than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: So, adieu.

Ros. Well, time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let time try: ⁶ Adieu!

[Exit ORLANDO.]

CEL. You have simply misus'd our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose pluck'd over your head, and shew the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.⁷

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love; But it cannot be founded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

CEL. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

⁵ ——— *I will think you the most patheticall break-promise,*] The same epithet occurs again in *Love's Labour's Lost*, and with as little apparent meaning:

“ ——— most patheticall nit.” STEEVENS.

I believe, by *patheticall break-promise*, Rosalind, means a lover whose falsehood would most deeply affect his mistress.

MALONE.

⁶ *time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let time try:]* So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“ And that old common arbitrator, Time,

“ Will one day end it.” STEEVENS.

⁷ ——— *to her own nest.]* So, in Lodge's *Rosalynde*: And “ I pray you (quoth Aliena) if our own robes were off, what mettall are you made of, that you are so satyricall against women? Is it not a foule bird defiles her owne nest?” STEEVENS.

ROS. No, that fame wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought,⁷ conceiv'd of spleen, and born of badness; that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge, how deep I am in love—I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.⁸

CEL. And I'll sleep. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

Another part of the Forest.

Enter JAQUES and Lords, in the habit of Foresters.

JAQ. Which is he that kill'd the deer?

1 LORD. Sir, it was I.

JAQ. Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory:—Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

2 LORD. Yes, sir.

JAQ. Sing it; 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

⁷ ——— *begot of thought, i. e. of melancholy.* So, in *Julius Cæsar*:

“take thought, and die for Cæsar.” STEEVENS.

⁸ ——— *I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.*] So, in *Macbeth*:

“Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there

“Weep our sad bosoms empty.” STEEVENS.

S O N G.

1. *What shall he have, that kill'd the deer?*

2. *His leather skin, and horns to wear.*⁸

1. *Then sing him home:*

*Take thou no scorn, to wear the horn;*⁹

It was a crest ere thou wast born.

1. *Thy father's father wore it:*

2. *And thy father bore it:*

All. *The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,*

Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

The rest shall
bear this bur-
den.

[Exeunt.]

⁸ *His leather skin, and horns to wear.*] Shakspeare seems to have formed this song on a hint afforded by the novel which furnished him with the plot of his play. "What news, Forrester? Hast thou wounded some deere, and lost him in the fall? Care not, man, for so small a losse; thy fees was but the *skinne*, the *shoulders*, and the *horns*." Lodge's *Rosalynde, or Euphues's Golden Legacie*, 1592. For this quotation the reader is indebted to Mr. Malone.

So likewise in an ancient MS. entitled *The Boke of Huntyng, that is cleped Mayster of Game*: "And as of fees, it is to wite that what man that *smyte a dere atte his tree with a dethes stroke*, and he be recouered by sonne going doune, he shall haue the *skyn*, &c."

STEEVENS.

⁹ *Take thou no scorn, to wear the horn;*] In *King John* in two parts, 1591, a play which our authour had without doubt attentively read, we find these lines:

"But let the foolish Frenchman *take no scorn*,

"If Philip front him with an English *horn*." MALONE.

To *take scorn* is a phrase that occurs again in *King Henry VI*, P. I. A& IV. sc. iv:

"And *take foul scorn*, to fawn on him by sending."

STEEVENS.

S C E N E III.²*The Forest.**Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.*

ROS. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? and here much Orlando!³

CEL. I warrant you, with pure love, and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth—to sleep: Look, who comes here.

Enter SILVIUS.

SIL. My errand is to you, fair youth;—

² The foregoing noisy scene was introduced only to fill up an interval, which is to represent two hours. This contraction of the time we might impute to poor Rosalind's impatience, but that a few minutes after we find Orlando sending his excuse. I do not see that by any probable division of the acts this absurdity can be obviated. JOHNSON.

³ ——— *and here much Orlando!*] Thus the old copy. Some of the modern editors read, but without the least authority.

I wonder much, Orlando is not here. STEEVENS.

The word *much* should be explained. It is an expression of latitude, and taken in various senses. Here's *much* Orlando—i. e. Here is no Orlando, or we may look for him. We have still this use of it, as when we say, speaking of a person who we suspect will not keep his appointment, "Ay, you will be sure to see him there *much*!" WHALLEY.

So the vulgar yet say, "I shall get *much* by that no doubt," meaning that they shall get nothing. MALONE.

Here much Orlando! is spoken ironically on Rosalind perceiving that Orlando had failed in his engagement. HOLT WHITE.

Much, in our author's time, was an expression denoting admiration. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II. Act II. sc. iv:

"What, with two points on your shoulder? *much*!"

Again, in *The Taming of the Shrew*:

"'Tis *much*!—Servant, leave me and her alone." MALONE.

Much! was more frequently used to indicate disdain. See notes on the first of the two passages quoted by Mr. Malone. STEEVENS.

My gentle Phebe bid me⁴ give you this:
[Giving a letter.]

I know not the contents; but, as I guess,
By the stern brow, and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenour: pardon me,
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

ROS. Patience herself would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer;⁵ bear this, bear all:
She says, I am not fair; that I lack manners;
She calls me proud; and, that she could not love me
Were man as rare as phoenix; O's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:
Why writes she so to me?—Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

SIL. No, I protest, I know not the contents;
Phebe did write it.

ROS. Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colour'd hand;⁶ I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands;

⁴ ——— bid me —] The old copy redundantly reads — did bid me.
STEEVENS.

⁵ Patience herself would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer;] So, in *Measure for Measure*:
“This would make mercy swear, and play the tyrant.”
STEEVENS.

⁶ Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool, —
I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colour'd hand:] As this passage now stands, the
metre of the first line is imperfect, and the sense of the whole; for
why should Rosalind dwell so much upon Phebe's hands, unless
Silvius had said something about them? — I have no doubt but the
line originally ran thus:

Phebe did write it with her own fair hand.
And then Rosalind's reply will naturally follow. M. MASON.

She has a hufwife's hand: but that's no matter:
I fay, ſhe never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

SIL. Sure, it is hers.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boiſterous and a cruel ſtile,
A ſtile for challengers; why, ſhe deſies me,
Like Turk to Chriſtian: woman's gentle brain³
Could not drop forth ſuch giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance:—Will you hear the
letter?

SIL. So pleaſe you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebes me: Mark how the tyrant writes.

*Art thou god to ſhepherd turn'd, [Reads.
that a maiden's heart hath burn'd?—*

Can a woman rail thus?

SIL. Call you this railing?

Ros. *Why, thy godhead laid apart,
War'ſt thou with a woman's heart?*

Did you ever hear ſuch railing?—

*Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance⁴ to me.—*

Meaning me a beaſt.—

*If the ſcorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raiſe ſuch love in mine,
Alack, in me what ſtrange effect
Would they work in mild aſpect?
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move?*

³ ——— woman's gentle brain —] Old copy — women's. Cor-
rected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

⁴ ——— vengeance —] is uſed for miſchief. JOHNSON.

*He, that brings this love to thee,
Little knows this love in me:
And by him seal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind⁵
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;⁶
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die.*

SIL. Call you this chiding?

CEL. Alas, poor shepherd!

ROS. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity.—
Wilt thou love such a woman?—What, to make
thee an instrument, and play false strains upon thee;
not to be endured!—Well, go your way to her, (for,
I see, love hath made thee a tame snake,)⁷ and say this
to her;—That if she love me, I charge her to love
thee; if she will not, I will never have her, unless
thou entreat for her.—If you be a true lover, hence,
and not a word; for here comes more company.

[Exit SILVIUS.

Enter OLIVER.

OLI. Good-morrow, fair ones: Pray you, if you
know

* ———youth and kind—] *Kind* is the old word for *nature*.

JOHNSON.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*: “You must think this, look you,
that the worm will do his *kind*.” STEEVENS.

⁶ ———all that I can make;] i. e. raise as profit from any thing.
So, in *Measure for Measure*: “He’s in for a commodity of brown
paper; of which he made five marks ready money.” STEEVENS.

⁷ ———I see, love hath made thee a tame snake,] This term was,
in our author’s time, frequently used to express a poor contempti-
ble fellow. So, in *Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600: “—— and you,
poor snakes, come seldom to a booty.”

Again, in *Lord Cromwell*, 1602:

“———the poorest snake,

“That feeds on lemons, pilchards——.” MALONE.

Where, in the purlieus⁶ of this forest, stands
A sheep-cote, fenc'd about with olive-trees?

CEL. West of this place, down in the neighbour
bottom,

The rank of oſiers, by the murmuring ſtream,
Left on your right hand,⁷ brings you to the place:
But at this hour the houſe doth keep itſelf,
There's none within.

OLI. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then I ſhould know you by deſcription;
Such garments, and ſuch years: *The boy is fair,
Of female favour, and beſtows himſelf
Like a ripe ſiſter:*⁸ *but the woman low,*⁹
And browner than her brother. Are not you
The owner of the houſe I did enquire for?

CEL. It is no boaſt, being aſk'd, to ſay, we are

ORL. Orlando doth commend him to you both;

⁶ ——— purlieus of this forest,] *Purlieu*, ſays Manwood's *Treatiſe on the Foreſt Laws*, c. xx. “Is a certaine territorie of ground adjoining unto the foreſt, meared and bounded with unmoveable marks, meeres, and boundaries: which territories of ground was alſo foreſt, and afterwards diſaforeſted againe by the perambulations made for the ſevering of the new foreſt from the old.”

REED.

Bullokar, in his *Expoſitor*, 1616, deſcribes a *purlieu* as “a place neere joining to a foreſt, where it is lawful for the owner of the ground to hunt, if he can diſpend fortie ſhillings by the yeere, of freeland.” MALONE.

⁷ Left on your right hand,] i. e. paſſing by the rank of oſiers, and leaving them on your right hand, you will reach the place.

MALONE.

⁸ ——— beſtows himſelf

Like a ripe ſiſter:] Of this quaint phraſeology there is an example in *King Henry IV.* P. II: “How might we ſee Falſtaff beſtow himſelf to-night in his true colours?” STEEVENS.

⁹ ——— but the woman low,] *But*, which is not in the old copy, was added by the editor of the ſecond folio, to ſupply the metre. I ſuſpect it is not the word omitted, but have nothing better to propoſe. MALONE.

And to that youth, he calls his Rosalind,
He sends this bloody napkin;¹ Are you he?

ROS. I am: What must we understand by this?

OLI. Some of my shame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkerchief was stain'd.

CEL. I pray you, tell it.

OLI. When last the young Orlando parted from you,
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour;² and, pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,³
Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aside,
And, mark, what object did present itself!
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,⁴

¹ — *napkin*;] i. e. *handkerchief*. Ray says, that a pocket handkerchief is so called about Sheffield in Yorkshire. So, in Greene's *Never too Late*, 1616: "I can wet one of my new lock-ram *napkins* with weeping."

Napery, indeed, signifies linen in general. So, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1635:

" — pr'ythee put me into wholesome *napery*."

Again, in Chapman's *May-Day*, 1611: "Besides your munition of manchet *napery* plates." *Naperia*, Ital. STEEVENS.

² *Within an hour*;] We must read — *within two hours*. JOHNSON.
May not *within an hour* signify *within a certain time*?

TYRWHITT.

³ — *of sweet and bitter fancy*,] i. e. *love*, which is always thus described by our old poets, as composed of contraries. See a note on *Romeo and Juliet*, A & I. sc. ii.

So, in Lodge's *Rosalynde*, 1590: "I have noted the variable disposition of *fancy*, — a bitter pleasure wrapt in *sweet* prejudice."

MALONE.

⁴ *Under an oak*,] The ancient copy reads — *Under an old oak*; but as this epithet hurts the measure, without improvement of the sense, (for we are told in the same line that its "boughs were moss'd with *age*," and afterwards, that its top was "bald with dry *antiquity*,") I have omitted *old*, as an unquestionable interpolation.

STEEVENS.

⁵ *Under an oak*, &c.] The passage stands thus in Lodge's *novel*

A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
 Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
 A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
 Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
 The opening of his mouth; but suddenly
 Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
 And with indented glides did slip away
 Into a bush: under which bush's shade
 A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,⁵
 Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
 When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
 The royal disposition of that beast,
 To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:

vel: "Saladyne, wearie with wandring up and downe, and hungry with long fasting, finding a little cave by the side of a thicket, eating such fruite as the Forrest did affoord, and contenting himself with such drinke as nature had provided, and thirst made delicate, after his repast he fell into a dead sleepe. As thus he lay, a hungry lyon came hunting downe the edge of the grove for pray, and espying Saladyne, began to ceaze upon him: but seeing he lay still without any motion, he left to touch him, for that lyons hate to pray on dead carkasses: and yet desirous to have some foode, the lyon lay downe and watcht to see if he would stirre. While thus Saladyne slept secure, fortune that was careful of her champion, began to smile, and brought it so to passe, that Rosader (having stricken a deere that but lightly hurt fled through the thicket) came pacing downe by the grove with a boare-speare in his hande in great haste, he spyed where a man lay asleepe, and a lyon fast by him: amazed at this sight, as he stood gazing, his nose on the sodaine bledde, which made him conjecture it was some friend of his. Whereupon drawing more nigh, he might easily discern his visage, and perceived by his phisnomie that it was his brother Saladyne, which drave Rosader into a deepe passion, as a man perplexed, &c. — But the present time craved no such doubting ambages: for he must eyther resolve to hazard his life for his reliefe, or else steale away and leave him to the crueltie of the lyon. In which doubt hee thus briefly debated," &c. STEEVENS.

⁵ *A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,*] So, in *Arden of Fever-sham*, 1592:

" ——— the starven lioness

" When she is dry-suckt of her eager young." STEEVENS.

This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

CEL. O, I have heard him speak of that same
brother ;

And he did render him ⁶ the most unnatural
That liv'd 'mongst men.

OLI. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to Orlando ;—Did he leave him there,
Food to the fuck'd and hungry lioness ?

OLI. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd so :
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him ; in which hurtling ⁷
From miserable slumber I awak'd.

CEL. Are you his brother ?

Ros. Was it you he rescu'd ?

CEL. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill
him ?

OLI. 'Twas I ; but 'tis not I : I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin ?—

⁶ *And he did render him —*] i. e. describe him. MALONE.
So, in *Cymbeline* :

“ May drive us to a render where we have liv'd.”

STEEVENS.

⁷ — *in which hurtling —*] To *hurtle* is to move with impetuosity and tumult. So, in *Julius Cæsar* :

“ A noise of battle *hurtled* in the air.”

Again, in Nash's *Lenten Stuff*, &c. 1591 : “ — hearing of the gangs of good fellows that *hurtled* and *bustled* thither,” &c.

Again, in Spenser's *Faerie Queen*, B. I. c. iv :

“ All *hurtlen* forth, and she with princely pace,” &c.

Again, B. I. c. viii :

“ Came *hurtling* in full fierce, and forc'd the knight retire.”

STEEVENS.

OLI. By, and by.
 When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
 Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
 As, how I came into that desert place;⁸ ———
 In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
 Who gave me fresh array, and entertainment,
 Committing me unto my brother's love;
 Who led me instantly unto his cave,
 There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
 The lions had torn some flesh away,
 Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
 And cry'd, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
 Brief, I recover'd him; bound up his wound;
 And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
 He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
 To tell this story, that you might excuse
 His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
 Dy'd in this blood;⁹ unto the shepherd youth
 That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

CEL. Why, how now, Ganymede? sweet Gany-
 mede? [ROSALIND faints.]

OLI. Many will swoon when they do look on
 blood.

⁸ *As, how I came into that desert place;*] I believe, a line following this has been lost.

As, in this place, signifies — *as for instance*. So, in *Hamlet*:

“*As*, stars with trains of fire,” &c.

I suspect no omission. STEEVENS.

⁹ *Dy'd in this blood;*] Thus the old copy. The editor of the second folio changed *this* blood unnecessarily to — *his* blood. Oliver points to the handkerchief, when he presents it; and Rosalind could not doubt whose blood it was after the account that had been before given. MALONE.

Perhaps the change of *this* into *his*, is imputable only to the compositor, who casually omitted the *t*. Either reading may serve; and certainly that of the second folio is not the worst, because it prevents the disgusting repetition of the pronoun *this*, with which the present speech is infected. STEEVENS.

CEL. There is more in it :—Cousin—Ganymede!²

OLI. Look, he recovers.

ROS. I would, I were at home.

CEL. We'll lead you thither :—

I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

OLI. Be of good cheer, youth :—You a man?—
You lack a man's heart.

ROS. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sir,³ a body would think this was well counterfeited : I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited.—Heigh ho!—

OLI. This was not counterfeit; there is too great testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.

ROS. Counterfeit, I assure you.

OLI. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

ROS. So I do : but, i'faith I should have been a woman by right.

CEL. Come, you look paler and paler ; pray you, draw homewards :—Good sir, go with us.

OLI. That will I, for I must bear answer back
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

ROS. I shall devise something : But, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him :—Will you go?

[*Exeunt.*

² ——— *Cousin — Ganymede!*] Celia in her first fright forgets Rosalind's character and disguise, and calls out *cousin*. then recollects herself, and says, Ganymede. JOHNSON.

³ *Ah, sir,*] The old copy reads — *Ah, sirra, &c.* Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

ACT V SCENE I.

The same.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

TOUCH. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

AUD. 'Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

TOUCH. A most wicked sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Mar-text. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

AUD. Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no interest in me in the world: here comes the man you mean.

Enter WILLIAM.

TOUCH. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown: By my troth, we that have good wits, have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

WILL. Good even, Audrey.

AUD. God ye good even, William.

WILL. And good even to you, sir.

TOUCH. Good even, gentle friend: Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, pr'ythee, be cover'd. How old are you, friend?

WILL. Five and twenty, sir.

TOUCH. A ripe age: Is thy name, William?

WILL. William, sir.

TOUCH. A fair name: Wast born i'the forest here?

WILL. Ay, fir, I thank God.

TOUCH. *Thank God*;—a good answer: Art rich?

WILL. 'Faith, fir, so, so.

TOUCH. *So, so*, is good, very good, very excellent good:—and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wife?

WILL. Ay, fir, I have a pretty wit.

TOUCH. Why, thou say'st well. I do now remember a saying; *The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool*. The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth;⁴ meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?

WILL. I do, fir.

TOUCH. Give me your hand: Art thou learned?

WILL. No, fir.

TOUCH. Then learn this of me; To have, is to have: For it is a figure in rhetorick, that drink, being pour'd out of a cup into a glass, by filling

⁴ *The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, &c.*] This was designed as a sneer on the several trifling and insignificant sayings and actions, recorded of the ancient philosophers, by the writers of their lives, such as Diogenes Laertius, Philostratus, Eunapius, &c. as appears from its being introduced by one of their *wise sayings*. WARBURTON.

A book called *The Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers*, was printed by Caxton in 1477. It was translated out of French into English by Lord Rivers. From this performance, or some republication of it, Shakspeare's knowledge of these philosophical trifles might be derived. STEEVENS.

⁵ ——— meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid? Part of this dialogue seems to have grown out of the novel on which the play is formed: "Phebe is no lattice for your lips, and her grapes hang so hie, that gaze at them you may, but touch them you cannot." MALONE.

the one doth empty the other: For all your writers do consent, that *ipse* is he; now you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

WILL. Which he, fir?

TOUCH. He, fir, that must marry this woman: Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar, leave,—the society,—which in the boorish is, company,—of this female,—which in the common is,—woman, which together is, abandon the society of this female; or, clown thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; to wit, I kill thee,⁶ make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble, and depart.

AUD. Do, good William.

WILL. God rest you merry, fir. [Exit.

Enter CORIN.

COR. Our master and mistress seek you; come, away, away.

TOUCH. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey;—I attend, I attend. [Exeunt.

⁶ ——— to wit, *I kill thee*,] The old copy reads — “or, to wit, I kill thee.” I have omitted the impertinent conjunction *or*, by the advice of Dr. Farmer. STEEVENS.

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER.

ORL. Is't possible, ⁶ that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her? and, loving, woo? and, wooing, she should grant? And will you persevere to enjoy her?

OLI. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; ⁷ but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old sir Rowland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Enter ROSALIND.

ORL. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the duke, and

⁶ *Is't possible, &c.*] Shakspeare, by putting this question into the mouth of Orlando, seems to have been aware of the impropriety which he had been guilty of by deserting his original. In Lodge's novel, the elder brother is instrumental in saving Aliena from a band of ruffians, who "thought to steal her away, and to give her to the king for a present, hoping, because the king was a great leacher, by such a gift to purchase all their pardons." Without the intervention of this circumstance, the passion of Aliena appears to be very hasty indeed. STEEVENS.

⁷ ——— *nor her sudden consenting;*] Old copy — nor sudden. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

all his contented followers: Go you, and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

ROS. God save you, brother.

OLI. And you, fair sister.⁸

ROS. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf.

ORL. It is my arm.

ROS. I thought, thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

ORL. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

ROS. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon, when he shew'd me your handkerchief?

ORL. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

ROS. O, I know where you are:—Nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden, but the fight of two rams,⁹ and Cæsar's thrafonical brag of—I *came, saw, and overcame*: For your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they look'd; no sooner look'd, but they lov'd; no sooner lov'd, but they sigh'd; no sooner sigh'd, but they ask'd one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before

⁸ *And you, fair sister.*] I know not why Oliver should call Rosalind sister. He takes her yet to be a man. I suppose we should read — *And you, and your fair sister.* JOHNSON.

Oliver speaks to her in the character she had assumed, of a woman courted by Orlando his brother. CHAMIER.

⁹ — *never any thing so sudden, but the fight of two rams,*] So, in Laneham's *Account of Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment at Kennelworth Castle, 1575*: “ — outrageous in their racez az rams at their rut.” STEEVENS.

marriage: they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them.²

ORL. They shall be married to-morrow; and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy, in having what he wishes for.

ROS. Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

ORL. I can live no longer by thinking.

ROS. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, (for now I speak to some purpose,) that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: I speak not this, that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, inasmuch, I say, I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three years old,

² — clubs cannot part them.] It appears from many of our old dramas, that, in our author's time, it was a common custom, on the breaking out of a fray, to call out "*Clubs — Clubs,*" to part the combatants.

So, in *Titus Andronicus*:

"*Clubs, clubs; these lovers will not keep the peace.*"

The preceding words — "they are in the very *wrath* of love," show that our author had this in contemplation. MALONE.

So, in the First Part of *K. Henry VI.* when the Mayor of London is endeavouring to put a stop to the combat between the partisans of Gloucester and Winchester, he says,

"I'll call for *clubs*, if you will not away."

And in *Henry VIII.* the Porter says, "I missed the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cried out *Clubs!* when I might see from far some forty truncheoneers draw to her succour." M. MASON.

conversed with a magician, most profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, you shall marry her: I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is,³ and without any danger.

ORL. Speak'st thou in sober meanings?

ROS. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician:⁴ Therefore, put you in your best array, bid your friends;⁵ for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

PHE. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,

To show the letter that I writ to you.

³ — *human as she is,*] That is, not a phantom, but the real Rosalind, without any of the danger generally conceived to attend the rites of incantation. JOHNSON.

⁴ — *which I tender dearly,* though I say I am a magician:] *Though I pretend to be a magician,* and therefore might be supposed able to elude death. MALONE.

This explanation cannot be right, as no magician was ever supposed to possess the art of *eluding death*. Dr. Warburton properly remarks, that this play "was written in King James's time, when there was a severe inquisition after witches and magicians." It was natural therefore for one who called herself a magician, to allude to the danger, in which her avowal, had it been a serious one, would have involved her. STEEVENS.

⁵ — *bid your friends;*] i. e. *invite* your friends. REED.

So, in *Titus Andronicus*:

"I am not *bid* to wait upon this bride." STEEVENS.

ROS. I care not, if I have : it is my study,
To seem despiteful and ungentle to you ;
You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd ;
Look upon him, love him ; he worships you.

PHE. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to
love.

SIL. It is to be all made of sighs and tears ;—
And so am I for Phebe.

PHE. And I for Ganymede.

ORL. And I for Rosalind.

ROS. And I for no woman.

SIL. It is to be all made of faith and service ; —
And so am I for Phebe.

PHE. And I for Ganymede.

ORL. And I for Rosalind.

ROS. And I for no woman.

SIL. It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes ;
All adoration, duty and observance,
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance ;⁶ —
And so am I for Phebe.

PHE. And so am I for Ganymede.

ORL. And so am I for Rosalind.

ROS. And so am I for no woman.

PHE. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?
[To ROSALIND.]

⁶ — all trial, all observance ;] I suspect our author wrote—
all obedience. It is highly probable that the compositor caught
observance, from the line above ; and very unlikely that the same
word should have been set down twice by Shakspeare so close to
each other. MALONE.

Read—obeisance. The word observance is evidently repeated by
an error of the press. RITSON.

SIL. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?
[To PHEBE.]

ORL. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

ROS. Who do you speak to, ⁶ *why blame you me to love you?*

ORL. To her, that is not here, nor doth not hear.

ROS. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.⁷—I will help you, [To SILVIUS] if I can:—I would love you, [To PHEBE] If I could.—To-morrow meet me all together.—I will marry you, [To PHEBE] if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow:—I will satisfy you, [To ORLANDO] if ever I satisfy'd man, and you shall be married to-morrow:—I will content you, [To SILVIUS] if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow.—As you [To ORLANDO] love Rosalind, meet;—as you, [To SILVIUS] love Phebe, meet;—And as I love no woman, I'll meet.—So fare you well; I have left you commands,

SIL. I'll not fail, if I live.

PHE.

Nor I.

ORL.

Nor I.

[*Exeunt.*]

⁶ Who do you speak to,] Old copy—*Why* do you speak too.
Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

⁷ — 'tis like the Howling of Irish wolves against the moon. This is borrowed from Lodge's *Rosalynde*, 1592: "I tell thee, Montanus, in courting Phœbe, thou barkest with the wolves of Syria, against the moons." MALONE.

S C E N E III.

The same.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

TOUCH. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

AUD. I do desire it with all my heart : and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world. * Here come two of the banish'd duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

1 PAGE. Well met, honest gentleman.

TOUCH. By my troth, well met : Come, fit, fit, and a song.

2 PAGE. We are for you : fit i'the middle.

1. PAGE. Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse ; which are the only prologues to a bad voice ?

2 PAGE. I'faith, i'faith ; and both in a tune, like two gypsies on a horse.

* ——— a woman of the world.] To go to the world, is to be married. So, in *Much ado about Nothing* ; “ Thus (says Beatrice) every one goes to the world, but I.”

An anonymous writer, supposes, that in this phrase there is an allusion to Saint Luke's Gospel, xx. 34 : The children of this world marry, and are given in marriage.” STEEVENS.

S O N G.⁹

I.

*It was a lover, and his lass,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
 That o'er the green corn-field did pass
 In the spring time, the only pretty rank time,²
 When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
 Sweet lovers love the spring.*

II.

*Between the acres of the rye,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
 These pretty country folks would lie,
 In spring time, &c.*

⁹ The stanzas of this song are in all the editions evidently transposed: as I have regulated them, that which in the former copies was the second stanza is now the last.

The same transposition of these stanzas is made by Dr. Thirlby, in a copy containing some notes on the margin, which I have perused by the favour of Sir Edward Walpole. JOHNSON.

² ——— *the only pretty rank time,*] Thus the modern editors. The old copy reads:

In the spring time, the onely pretty rang time.

I think we should read:

In the spring time, the only pretty ring time.

i. e. the aptest season for marriage; or, the word *only* for the sake of equality of metre, may be omitted. STEEVENS.

The old copy reads—*rang time*. The emendation was made by Dr. Johnson. Mr. Pope and the three subsequent editors read—the pretty spring time. Mr. Steevens proposes—“ring time, i. e. the aptest season for marriage.” The passage does not deserve much consideration. MALONE.

In confirmation of Mr. Steevens's reading, it appears from the old calendars that the spring was the season of marriage.

DOUCE.

III.

*This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life, was but a flower
In spring time, &c.*

IV.

*And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring time, &c.*

TOUCH. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.⁴

1 PAGE. You are deceiv'd, sir; we kept time, we lost not our time.

TOUCH. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be with you; and God mend your voices!—Come, Audrey. [*Exeunt.*]

⁴ Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.] Though it is thus in all the printed copies, it is evident from the sequel of the dialogue, that the poet wrote as I have reform'd in my next, *untimeable*.—*Time* and *tune*, are frequently misprinted for one another in the old editions of Shakspeare. THEOBALD.

This emendation is received, I think very undeservedly, by Dr. Warburton. JOHNSON.

The reply of the Page proves to me, beyond any possibility of doubt, that we ought to read *untimeable*, instead of *untuneable*, notwithstanding Johnson rejects the amendment as unnecessary. A mistake of a similar nature occurs in *Twelfth Night*. M. MASON.

The sense of the old reading seems to be—*Though the words of the song were trifling, the music was not (as might have been expected) good enough to compensate their defect.* STEEVENS.

S C E N E I V.

Another part of the Forest.

*Enter Duke senior, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO,
OLIVER, and CELIA.*

DUKE S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?

ORL. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do
not;

As those that fear they hope, and know they fear. †

⁶ *As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.]* This
strange nonsense should be read thus:

As those that fear, their hap, and know their fear.

i. e. As those that fear the issue of a thing when they know their
fear to be well grounded. WARBURTON.

The depravation of this line is evident, but I do not think the
learned commentator's emendation very happy. I read thus:

As those that fear with hope, and hope with fear.

Or thus, with less alteration:

As those that fear, they hope, and now they fear.

JOHNSON.

The author of *The Revisal* would read:

As those that fear their hope, and know their fear.

STEEVENS.

Perhaps we might read:

As those that feign they hope, and know they fear.

BLACKSTONE.

I would read:

As those, that fear, then hope; and know, then fear.

MUSGRAVE.

I have little doubt but it should run thus:

⁶ *As those who fearing hope, and hoping fear.*

This strongly expresses the state of mind which Orlando was in at
that time; and if the words *fearing* and *hoping* were contracted in
the original copy, and written thus:—fear^s—hop^s (a practice not
unusual at this day) the g might easily have been mistaken for y,
a common abbreviation of *they*. M. MASON.



W. Hamilton, inv.

A. Quire, sculp.

SHAKESPEARE.

Mac. To you I give myself, for I am yours.

Des. As you like it. Oth. If there be truth in sight, you are my Scotland.

ACT V. SCENE IV.

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE.

ROS. Patience once more, whiles our compact is
urg'd :——

You say, if I bring in your Rosalind, [*To the DUKE.*
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

DUKE S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give
with her.

ROS. And you say, you will have her, when I
bring her? [*To ORLANDO.*

ORL. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

ROS. You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing?
[*To PHEBE.*

PHE. That will I, should I die the hour after.

ROS. But, if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

PHE. So is the bargain.

ROS. You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will?
[*To SILVIUS.*

SIL. Though to have her and death were both
one thing.

ROS. I have promis'd to make all this matter even.
Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter;—
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter :—
Keep your word, Phebe,⁶ that you'll marry me ;

I believe this line requires no other alteration than the addition
of a semi-colon :

As those that fear; they hope, and know they fear. HENLEY.

The meaning, I think, is, *As those who fear,— they, even those
very persons, entertain hopes, that their fears will not be realized;
and yet at the same time they well know that there is reason for
their fears.* MALONE.

⁶ *Keep your word, Phebe,]* The old copy reads — Keep you your
word; the compositor's eye having probably glanced on the line
next but one above. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd:—
 Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,
 If she refuse me:—and from hence I go,
 To make these doubts all even. ⁵

[*Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA.*

DUKE S. I do remember in this shepherd-boy
 Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

ORL. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him,
 Methought he was a brother to your daughter:
 But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born;
 And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
 Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
 Whom he reports to be a great magician,
 Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

JAQ. There is, sure, another flood toward, and
 these couples are coming to the ark! Here comes
 a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues
 are call'd fools. ⁶

TOUCH. Salutation and greeting to you all!

JAQ. Good my lord, bid him welcome: This
 is the motley-minded gentleman, that I have so
 often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he
 swears.

⁵ To make these doubts all even.] Thus, in *Measure for Measure*;

“ ——— yet death we fear,

“ That makes these odds all even. STEEVENS.

⁶ Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, &c.] What strange beasts? and yet such as have a name in all languages? Noah's ark is here alluded to; into which the clean beasts entered by sevens, and the unclean by two, male and female. It is plain then that Shakspeare wrote, *here come a pair of unclean beasts*, which is highly humorous. WARBURTON.

Strange beasts are only what we call odd animals. There is no need of any alteration. JOHNSON.

TOUCH. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure;⁴ I have flatter'd a lady; I have been politick with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

JAQ. And how was that ta'en up?

TOUCH. 'Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.⁵

JAQ. How seventh cause?—Good my Lord, like this fellow.

DUKE S. I like him very well.

TOUCH. God'ild you, sir;⁶ I desire you of the like.⁷ I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the

⁴ ——— *trod a measure*;] So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, A& V. sc. ii:

“To tread a measure with you on this grass.”

See note on this passage. REED.

Touchstone to prove that he has been a courtier, particularly mentions a *measure*, because it was a very stately solemn dance. So, in *Much ado about Nothing*: “—the wedding mannerly modest, as a *measure* full of state and ancientry. MALONE.

⁵ ——— *and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.*] So, all the copies; but it is apparent from the sequel that we must read—*the quarrel was not upon the seventh cause.* JOHNSON.

By the *seventh cause*, Touchstone, I apprehend, means the lie *seven times removed*; i. e. the *retort courteous*, which is *removed seven times* (counting backwards) from the *lie direct*, the last and most aggravated species of lie. See the subsequent note on the words “—a lie seven times removed. MALONE.

⁶ *God'ild you, sir*;] i. e. *God yield you, reward you.* So, in the *Collection of Chester Mysteries* Mercer's play, p. 74, b. MS. Harl. Brit. Mus. 2013:

“The high father of heaven, I pray,

“To yelde you your good deed to day.”

See note on *Macbeth*, A& sc. vi. STEEVENS.

⁷ ——— *I desire you of the like.*] We should read—*I desire of you the like.* On the Duke's saying, *I like him very well*, he replies, *I desire you will giye me cause, that I may like you too.*

WARBURTON.

country copulatives, to swear, and to forswear; according as marriage binds, and blood breaks:⁸ — A poor virgin, fir, an ill-favour'd thing, fir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, fir, to take that that no man else will: Rich honesty dwells like a miser, fir, in a poor house; as your pearl, in your foul oyster.

DUKE S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

TOUCH. According to the fool's bolt, fir, and such dulcet diseases.⁹

I have not admitted the alteration, because there are other examples of this mode of expression. JOHNSON.

See a note on the first scene of the third A& of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, where many examples of this phraseology are given.

So also, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. ix:

"If it be I, of pardon I you pray."

Again, B. IV. c. viii:

"She dear besought the prince of remedy." STEEVENS.

⁸ — according as marriage binds, and blood breaks:] To swear according as marriage binds, is to take the oath enjoined in the ceremonial of marriage. JOHNSON.

— to swear, and to forswear; according as marriage binds, and blood breaks:] A man by the marriage ceremony SWEARS that he will keep only to his wife; when therefore, to gratify his lust, he leaves her for another, BLOOD BREAKS his matrimonial obligation, and he is FORSWORN. HENLEY.

⁹ — dulcet diseases.] This I do not understand. For diseases it is easy to read discourses: but, perhaps, the fault may lie deeper. JOHNSON.

Perhaps he calls a proverb a disease. Proverbial sayings may appear to him as the surfeiting diseases of conversation. They are often the plague of commentators.

Dr. Farmer would read—in such dulcet diseases; i. e. in the sweet uneasinesses of love, a time when people usually talk nonsense.

STEEVENS.

Without staying to examine how far the position last advanced is founded in truth, I shall only add, that I believe the text is right, and that this word is capriciously used for sayings, though neither in its primary or figurative sense it has any relation to that word. In *The Merchant of Venice* the Clown talks in the same style, but more

JAG. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

TOUCH. Upon a lie seven times removed;² — Bear your body more seeming,³ Audrey:—as thus,

intelligibly: —“ the young gentleman (*according to the fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning*) is indeed deceased. MALONE.

² Upon a lie seven times removed;] Touchstone here enumerates seven kinds of lies, from the *Retort courteous* to the *seventh* and most aggravated species of lie, which he calls the *lie direct*. The courtier's answer to his intended affront, he expressly tells us, was the *Retort courteous*, the *first* species of lie. When therefore he says, that they found the quarrel was on the lie seven times REMOVED, we must understand by the latter word, the lie removed seven times, counting backwards, (as the word *removed* seems to imitate, from the last and most aggravated species of lie, namely, the *lie direct*. So, in *All's well that ends well*:

“ Who hath some four or five removes come short

“ To tender it herself.”

Again, in the play before us: “ Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling,” i. e. so distant from the haunts of men.

When Touchstone and the courtier met, they found their quarrel originated on the *seventh cause*, i. e. on the *Retort courteous*, or the lie seven times removed. In the course of their altercation, after their meeting, Touchstone did not dare to go farther than the sixth species, (counting in regular progression from the first to the last, the *lie circumstantial*; and the courtier was afraid to give him the *lie direct*; so they parted. In a subsequent enumeration of the degrees of a lie, Touchstone expressly names the *Retort courteous*, as the *first*; calling it therefore here “ the seventh cause,” and “ the lie seven times removed,” he must mean, distant seven times from the most offensive lie, the *lie direct*. There is certainly therefore no need of reading with Dr. Johnson in a former passage—“ We found the quarrel was *not* on the seventh cause.”

The misapprehension of that most judicious critick relative to these passages must apologize for my having employed so many words in explaining them. MALONE.

³ ——— *seeming*,] i. e. seemly. *Seeming* is often used by Shakspeare for becoming, or fairness of appearance. So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

“ ——— these keep

“ *Seeming* and favour all the winter long. STEEVENS.

fir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard;³ he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was : This is called the *Retort courteous*. If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would sent me word, he cut it to please himself: This is called the *Quip modest*. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgement : This is call'd the *Reply churlish*. If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true : This is call'd the *Reproof valiant*. If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie: This is called the *Countercheck quarrelsome* : and so to the *Lie circumstantial*, and the *Lie direct*.

JAQ. And how oft did you say, his beard was not well cut?

TOUCH. I durst go no further than the *Lie circumstantial*, nor he durst not give me the *Lie direct*; and so we measured swords, and parted.

JAQ. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

TOUCH. O fir, we quarrel in print, by the book;⁴

³ — as thus fir, I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard;] This folly is touched upon with high humour by Fletcher, in his *Queen of Corinth* :

“ ———— Has he familiarly
 “ Dislik'd your yellow starch, or said your doublet
 “ Was not exactly frenchified? —
 “ ———— or drawn your sword,
 “ Cry'd 'twas ill mounted? Has he given the lie
 “ In circle, or oblique, or semicircle,
 “ Or direct parallel? you must challenge him.”

WARBURTON.

⁴ O fir, we quarrel in print, by the book;] The poet has, in this scene, rallied the mode of formal duelling, then so prevalent, with the highest humour and address : nor could he have treated it with a happier contempt, than by making his Clown so knowing in the forms and preliminaries of it. The particular book here alluded to is a very ridiculous treatise of one Vincentio Saviolo,

as you have books for good manners : ⁶ I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort courteous ; the second, the Quip modest ; the third the Reply

intituled, *Of Honour and honourable Quarrels*, in quarto, printed by Wolf, 1594. The first part of this tract he entitles, *A discourse most necessary for all gentlemen that have in regard their honours, touching the giving and receiving the lie, whereupon the Duello and the Combat in divers forms doth ensue; and many other inconveniences for lack only of true knowledge of honour, and the right understanding of words, which here is set down.* The contents of the several chapters are as follow. I. *What the reason is that the party unto whom the lie is given ought to become challenger, and of the nature of lies.* II. *Of the manner and diversity of lies.* III. *Of lies certain, [or direct.]* IV. *Of conditional lies, [or the lie circumstantial.]* V. *Of the lie in general.* VI. *Of the lie in particular.* VII. *Of foolish lies.* VIII. *A conclusion touching the wresting or returning back of the lie, [or the countercheck quarrellsome.]* In the chapter of conditional lies, speaking of the particle *if*, he says, "*Conditional lies be such as are given conditionally, as if a man should say or write these wordes:—if thou hast said that I have offered my lord abuse, thou liest; or if thou sayest so hereafter, thou shalt lie. Of these kind of lies, given in this manner, often arise much contention in wordes,—whereof no sure conclusion can arise.*" By which he means, they cannot proceed to cut one another's throat, while there is an *if* between. Which is the reason of Shakspeare making the Clown say, "*I knew when seven justices could not make up a quarrel: but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an if; as, if you said so, then I said so, and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your if is the only peace-maker; much virtue in if.*" Caranza was another of these authentick author's upon the Duello. Fletcher, in his last Act of *Love's Pilgrimage*, ridicules him with much humour. **WARBURTON.**

The words which I have included within crotches are Dr. Warburton's. They have been hitherto printed in such a manner as might lead the reader to suppose that they made a part of Saviolo's work. The passage was very inaccurately printed by Dr. Warburton in other respects, but has here been corrected by the original. **MALONE.**

⁵ ——— *books for good manners:]* One of these books I have. It is entituled *The Boke of Nurture, or Schole of good manners, for Men, Servants and Children, with stans puer ad mensam; 12mo.* black letter, without date. It was written by Hugh Rhodes, a gentleman, or musician, of the Chapel Royal; and was first published in 4to. in the reign of King Edward VI. **STEEVENS.**

churlish ; the fourth, the Reproof valiant ; the fifth, the Countercheck quarrellsome ; the sixth, the Lie with circumstance ; the seventh, the Lie direct. All these you may avoid, but the Lie direct ; and you may avoid that too, with an *If*. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel ; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *If*, as, *If you said so, then I said so* ; and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your *If* is the only peace-maker ; much virtue in *If*.

JAQ. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord ? he's as good as any thing and yet a fool.

DUKE S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse,⁶ and under the presentation of that, he shoots his wit.

Enter HYMEN,⁷ leading ROSALIND in woman's clothes ; and CELIA.

Still Musick.

HYM. *Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.*

*Good duke, receive thy daughter,
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither ;*

*That thou might'st join her hand with his,
Whose heart within her bosom is.⁸*

Another is, *Galateo of Maister John Casa, Archbishop of Benevento ; or rather, a Treatise of the manners and behaviours it behoveth a man to use and eschewe in his familiar Conversation. A Work very necessary and profitable for all Gentlemen or other ; translated from the Italian by Robert Peterson of Lincoln's Inn, 4to. 1576. REED.*

⁶ — like a stalking-horse. See my note on *Much ado about Nothing*, A& II. sc. iii. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Enter Hymen,*] Rosalind is imagined by the rest of the com-

Ros. To you I give myself, for I am yours.

[To DUKE S.]

To you I give myself, for I am yours.

[To ORLANDO.]

pany to be brought by enchantment, and is therefore introduced by a supposed aerial being in the character of Hymen. JOHNSON.

In all the allegorical shows exhibited at ancient weddings, *Hymen* was a constant personage. Ben Jonson, in his "*Hymenæi, or the Solemnities of Masque and Barriers, at a Marriage*," has left us instructions how to dress this favourite character. "On the other hand entered *Hymen*, the god of marriage, in a *saffron-coloured robe*, his under vestures white, his sockes yellow, a yellow veile of filke on his left arme, his head crowned with roses and marjoram, in his right hand a *torch*." STEEVENS.

* *That thou might'st join her hand with his,*

Whose heart within her bosom is.] The old copy, instead of *her*, reads *his* in both lines. Mr. Rowe corrected the first, and I once thought that emendation sufficient, and that *Whose* might have referred not to the last antecedent *his*, but to *her*, i. e. Rosalind. Our author frequently takes such licences. But on further consideration it appears to me probable, that the same abbreviation was used in both lines, and that as *his* was certainly a misprint in the first line for *her*, so it also was in the second, the construction being so much more easy in that way than the other. "That thou might'st join her hand with the hand of him whose heart is lodged in her bosom" i. e. whose affection she already possesses. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, the King says to the Princess:

"Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast."

Again, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart,

"The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest,

"He carried thence incaged in his breast."

Again, in *King Richard III*:

"Even so thy breast incloseth my poor heart."

Again, in *Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

"Thy heart thou leav'st with her, when thou dost hence depart,

"And in thy breast inclosed bear'st her tender friendly heart."

In the same play we meet with the error that has happened here. The Princess addressing the ladies who attend her, says:

"But while 'tis spoke, each turn away his face."

Again, in a former scene of the play before us:

"Helen's cheek, but not his heart." MALONE.

DUKE S. If there be truth in fight, you are my daughter.

ORL. If there be truth in fight,⁹ you are my Rosalind.

PHE. If fight and shape be true,
Why then, — my love adieu!

ROS. I'll have no father, if you be not he:—
[To DUKE S.

I'll have no husband, if you be not he:—
[To ORLANDO.

Norne'er wed woman, if you be not she. [To PHEBE.

HYM. Peace, ho! I bar confusion:

'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events:

Here's eight that must take hands,

To join in Hymen's bands,

If truth holds true contents.²

You and you no crosses shall part!

[To ORLANDO and ROSALIND.

You and you are heart in heart:

[To OLIVER and CELIA.

You [To PHEBE] to his love must accord,

Or have a woman to your lord:—

You and you are sure together,

To TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

As the winter to foul weather.

Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,

Feed yourselves with questioning;³

⁹ *If there be truth in fight,*] The answer of Phebe makes it probable that Orlando says:

If there be truth in shape:—

that is, *if a form may be trusted*; if one cannot usurp the form of another. JOHNSON.

² *If truth holds true contents.*] That is, if there be truth in truth, unless truth fails of veracity. JOHNSON.

³ *— with questioning;*] Though Shakspeare frequently uses

That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish.

S O N G.

*Wedding is great Juno's crown;⁴
O blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock then be honoured:
Honour, high honour and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!*

DUKE S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to
me;

Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.

PHE. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.⁵

[To SILVIUS.

Enter JAQUES DE BOIS.

JAQ. DE B. Let me have audience for a word, or
two;

I am the second son of old sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly:—

*question for conversation, in the present instance questioning may have
its common and obvious signification. STEEVENS.*

⁴ *Wedding is, &c.] Catullus, addressing himself to Hymen, has
this stanza:*

*Quæ tuis careat sacris,
Non queat dare præfides
Terra finibus: at queat
Te volente. Quis huic deo
Compararier ausit? JOHNSON.*

⁵ — combine.] Shakspeare is licentious in his use of this verb,
which here, as in *Measure for Measure*, only signifies to bind:

“ I am combined by a sacred vow,
“ And shall be absent.” STEEVENS.

Duke Frederick,⁵ hearing how that every day
 Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
 Addres'd a mighty power: which were on foot,
 In his own conduct, purposely to take
 His brother here, and put him to the sword:
 And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;
 Where, meeting with an old religious man,
 After some question with him, was converted
 Both from his enterprize, and from the world:
 His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
 And all their lands restor'd to them again
 That were with him exil'd: This to be true,
 I do engage my life.

DUKE S. Welcome, young man;
 Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:
 To one, his lands with-held; and to the other,
 A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
 First, in this forest, let us do those ends
 That here were well begun, and well begot:
 And after, every of this happy number,
 That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us,
 Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
 According to the measure of their states.
 Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
 And fall into our rustick revelry:—
 Play, musick;—and you brides and bridegrooms all,
 With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

JAQ. Sir, by your patience:—If I heard you rightly,
 The Duke hath put on a religious life,
 And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

⁵ *Duke Frederick, &c.*] In Lodge's novel the usurping Duke is not diverted from his purpose by the pious counsels of a hermit, but is subdued and killed by the twelve peers of France, who were brought by the third brother of *Rosalind* (the *Orlando* of this play) to assist him in the recovery of his right. STEEVENS.

JAQ. DE B. He hath.

JAQ. To him will I: out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd. —
You to your former honour I bequeath;

[To DUKE S.

Your patience, and your virtue, well deserves it:—
You [To ORLANDO] to a love, that your true faith
doth merit:—

You [To OLIVER] to your land, and love, and great
allies:—

You [To SILVIUS] to a long and well deserved bed;—
And you [To TOUCHSTONE] to wrangling; for thy
loving voyage

Is but for two months victual'd:—So to your plea-
sures;

I am for other than for dancing measures.

DUKE S. Stay, Jaques, stay.

JAQ. To see no pastime, I:—what you would have
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave.⁶ [Exit.

DUKE S. Proceed: proceed we will begin these
rites,

As we do trust they'll end, in true delights.

[A dance.

⁶ *To see no pastime, I: — what you would have*

I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave.] Amidst this general festivity, the reader may be sorry to take his leave of Jaques, who appears to have no share in it, and remains behind unreconciled to society. He has, however, filled with a gloomy sensibility the space allotted to him in the play, and to the last preserves that respect which is due to him as a consistent character, and an amiable though solitary moralist.

It may be observed, with scarce less concern, that Shakspeare has on this occasion forgot old Adam, the servant of Orlando, whose fidelity should have entitled him to notice at the end of the piece, as well as to that happiness which he would naturally have found, in the return of fortune to his master. STEEVENS.

It is the more remarkable, that old Adam is forgotten; since at the end of the novel, Lodge makes him *captaine of the king's guard*. FARMER.

E P I L O C U E.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue: but it is no more unhandfome, than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true, that *good wine needs no bush*,⁷ 'tis true, that a good play needs no epilogue: Yet to good wine they do use good bushes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then,⁸ that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play; I am not furnish'd like a beggar,⁹ therefore to beg will not become me: my way is, to conjure you; and I'll

⁷ — *no bush*,] It appears formerly to have been the custom to hang a *tuft of ivy* at the door of a vintner. I suppose *ivy* was rather chosen than any other plant, as it has relation to Bacchus. So, in Gascoigne's *Glass of Government*, 1575:

“ Now a days the good wyne needeth none *Ivy Garland*.”

Again, in *The Rival Friends*, 1632:

“ 'Tis like the *ivy-bush* unto a tavern.”

Again, in *Summer's last Will and Testament*, 1600:

“ Green *ivy-bushes* at the vintners' doors.” STEEVENS.

The practice is still observed in Warwickshire and the adjoining counties, at statute-hirings, wakes, &c. by people who sell ale at no other time. And hence, I suppose, the *Bush* tavern at Bristol, and other places. RITSON.

⁸ *What a case am I in then*, &c.] Here seems to be a chasm, or some other depravation, which destroys the sentiment here intended. The reasoning probably stood thus: *Good wine needs no bush*, *good plays need no epilogue*; but bad wine requires a good bush, and a bad play a good epilogue. *What case am I in then?* To restore the words is impossible; all that can be done without copies is, to note the fault. JOHNSON.

Johnson mistakes the meaning of this passage. Rosalind says, that good plays need no epilogue; yet even good plays do prove the better for a good one. What a case then was she in, who had neither presented them with a good play, nor had a good epilogue to prejudice them in favour of a bad one? M. MASON.

⁹ — *furnish'd like a beggar*,] That is, *dressed*: so before, he was *furnished* like a huntsman. JOHNSON.

begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please them: and so I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive by your fimping, none of you hate them,) that between you and the women, the play may please.²

² — *I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please them: and so I charge you, &c.]* The old copy reads — *I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, — that between you and the women, &c.* STEEVENS.

This passage should be read thus: *I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleases them; and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, — to like as much as pleases them, that between you and the women, &c.* Without the alteration of *You* into *Them*, the invocation is nonsense; and without the addition of the words, *to like as much as pleases them*, the inference of, *that between you and the women the play may pass*, would be unsupported by any precedent premises. The words seem to have been struck out by some senseless player, as a vicious redundancy. WARBURTON.

The words *you* and *y^m* written as was the custom in that time, were in manuscript scarcely distinguishable. The emendation is very judicious and probable. JOHNSON.

Mr. Heath observes, that if Dr. Warburton's interpolation be admitted [“to like as much, &c.”] “the men are to like only just as much as pleased the women, and the women only just as much as pleased the men; neither are to like any thing from their own taste: and if both of them disliked the whole, they would each of them equally fulfil what the poet desires of them. — But Shakspeare did not write so nonsensically; he desires the women to like as much as pleased the men, and the men to *set the ladies a good example*; which exhortation to the men is evidently enough implied in these words, “that between you and the women the play may please.”

Mr. Heath, though he objects (I think very properly) to the interpolated sentence, admits by his interpretation the change of “— pleases *you*” to “— pleases *them*,” which has been adopted by the late editors. I by no means think it necessary; nor is Mr. Heath's exposition in my opinion correct. The text is sufficiently clear, without any alteration. Rosalind's address appears to me simply this: “I charge you, O women, for the love you

If I were a woman,³ I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me,⁴ and breaths that I defy'd not:⁵ and, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet

bear to men, to approve of as much of this play as affords you entertainment; and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, [not to *set an example to*, but] to *follow or agree in opinion* with the ladies; that between you both the play may be successful." The words "to follow, or agree in opinion with, the ladies" are not indeed expressed, but plainly implied in those subsequent; "that, between you and the women, the play may please." In the epilogue to *King Henry IV.* P. II. the address to the audience proceeds in the same order: "All the gentlewomen here have forgiven [i. e. are favourable to] me; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not *agree with* the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly."

The old copy reads — as *please* you. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe.

Like all my predecessors, I had here adopted an alteration made by Mr. Rowe, of which the reader was apprized in the note; but the old copy is certainly right, and such was the phraseology of Shakspeare's age. So, in *K. Richard III.*:

"Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
"And may direct his course, as *please* himself."

Again, in *Hamlet*:

"—— a pipe for fortune's finger,
"To sound what stop she *please*."

Again, in *K. Henry VIII.*:

"All men's honours
"Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
"Into what pitch he *please*." MALONE.

I read — "and so I charge you, O men," &c. This trivial addition, (as Dr. Farmer joins with me in thinking,) clears the whole passage. STEEVENS.

³ *If I were a woman,*] Note, that in this author's time, the parts of women were always performed by men or boys.

HANMER.

⁴ —— *complexions that liked me,*] i. e. that I liked. So again in *Hamlet*: "This *likes* me well." STEEVENS.

⁵ —— *breaths that I defy'd not:*] This passage serves to manifest the indelicacy of the time in which the plays of Shakspeare

breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curt'sy,
bid me farewell. [*Exeunt.* ⁶

were written. Such an idea, started by a modern dramatist, and put into the mouth of a female character, would be hooted with indignation from the stage. STEEVENS.

⁶ Of this play the fable is wild and pleasing. I know not how the ladies will approve the facility with which both Rosalind and Celia give away their hearts. To Celia much may be forgiven for the heroism of her friendship. The character of Jaques is natural and well preserved. The comick dialogue is very sprightly, with less mixture of low buffoonery than in some other plays; and the graver part is elegant and harmonious. By hastening to the end of his work, Shakspeare suppressed the dialogue between the usurper and the hermit, and lost an opportunity of exhibiting a moral lesson in which he might have found matter worthy of his highest powers. JOHNSON.

See p. 196. *Is but a quintaine, &c.*] Dr. Warburton's explanation would, I think, have been less exceptionable, had it been more simple: yet he is here charged with a fault of which he is seldom guilty, want of refinement. "This (says Mr. Guthrie) is but an imperfect (to call it no worse) explanation of a beautiful passage. The *quintaine* was not the object of the darts and arms; it was a stake, driven into a field, upon which were hung a shield and trophies of war, at which they shot, darted, or rode with a lance. When the shield and trophies were all thrown down, the *quintaine* remained. Without this information, how could the reader understand the allusion of —

———— my better parts
Are all thrown down. ———"

In the present edition I have avoided as much as possible all kind of controversy; but in those cases where errors by having been long adopted are become inveterate, it becomes in some measure necessary to the enforcement of truth.

It is a common but a very dangerous mistake, to suppose, that the interpretation which gives most spirit to a passage is the true one. In consequence of this notion two passages of our author, one in *Macbeth*, and another in *Othello*, have been refined, as I conceive, into a meaning that I believe was not in his thoughts. If the most spirited interpretation that can be imagined, happens to be inconsistent with his general manner, and the phraseology both of him and his contemporaries, or to be founded on a custom

which did not exist in his age, most assuredly it is a false interpretation. Of the latter kind is Mr. Guthrie's explanation of the passage before us.

The military exercise of the *quintaine* is as ancient as the time of the Romans; and we find from Matthew Paris, that it subsisted in England in the thirteenth century. *Tentoria variis ornamentorum generibus venustantur; terræ infixis sudibus scuta apponuntur, quibus in crastinum quintanæ ludus, scilicet equestris, exerceretur.* M. Paris, *ad ann.* 1253. These probably were the very words that Mr. Guthrie had in contemplation. But Matthew Paris made no part of Shakspeare's library; nor is it at all material to our present point what were the customs of any century preceding that in which he lived. In his time, without any doubt, the *quintaine* was not a military exercise of tilting, but a mere rustic sport. So Minshew, in his *Dict.* 1617: "A *quintaine* or *quintelle*, a game in request at marriages, when Jac and Tom, Dic, Hob and Will, strive for the gay garland." So also, Randolph at somewhat a later period [*Poems*, 1642]:

"Foot-ball with us may be with them [the Spaniards] bal-loone;

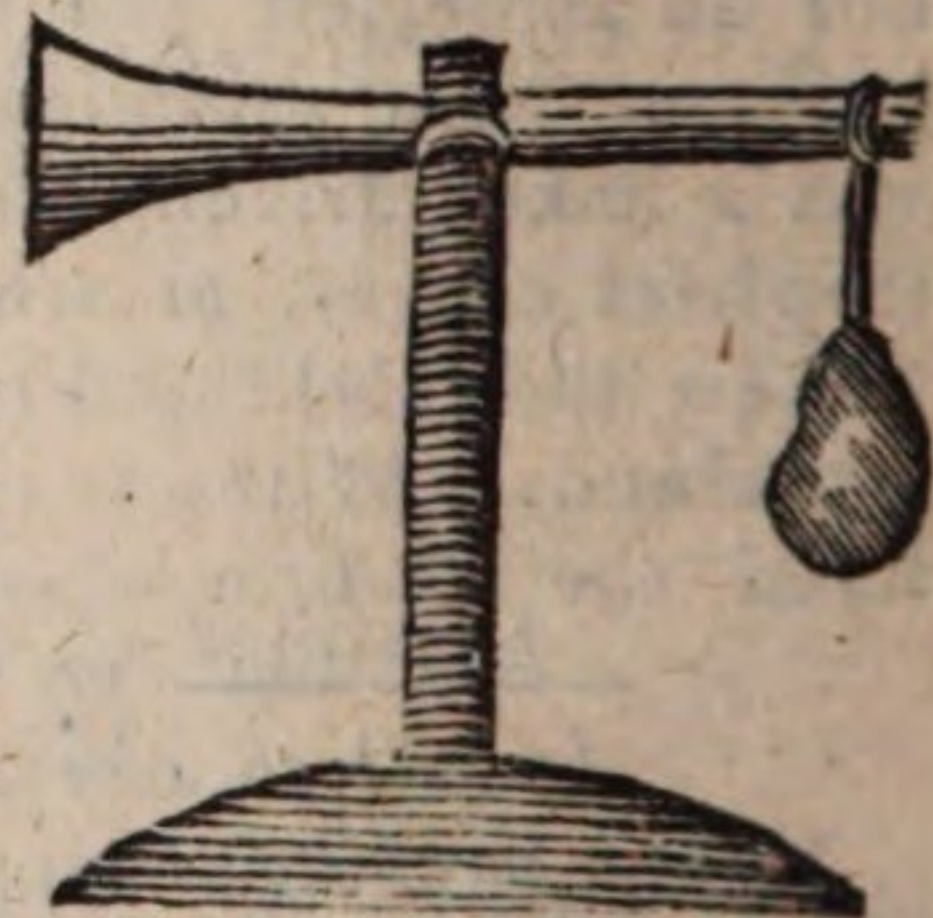
"As they at *tilts*, so we at *quintaine* runne;

"And those old pastimes relish best with me,

"That have least art, and most simplicitie."

But old Stowe has put this matter beyond a doubt; for in his *SURVEY OF LONDON*, printed only two years before this play appeared, he has given us the figure of a *quintaine*, as represented in the margin.

"I have seen (says he) a *quinten* set up on Cornhill, by the Leaden Hall, where the attendants on the lords of merry disports have runne, and made greates pastime; for hee that hit not the broad end of the *quinten* was of all men laughed to scorne; and hee that hit it full, if he rid not the faster, had a sound blow in his necke with a bagge full of sand hanged on the other end." Here we see were no shields hung, no trophies of war to be thrown down. "The great design of the sport, (says Dr. Plott in his *History of Oxfordshire*) is to try both man and horse, and to *break the board*; which whoever does, is for the time *Princeps juventutis*." — Shakspeare's similes seldom correspond on both sides. "My better parts being all thrown down, my youthful spirit being subdued by the power of beauty, I am now (says Orlando) as inanimate as a wooden *quintaine* is (not when its better parts are thrown down, but as that lifeless block is at all times)." Such, perhaps, is the meaning. If however the words "better parts," are to be applied



to the quintaine, as well as to the speaker, the *board* above-mentioned, and not any *shield* or *trophy*, must have been alluded to.

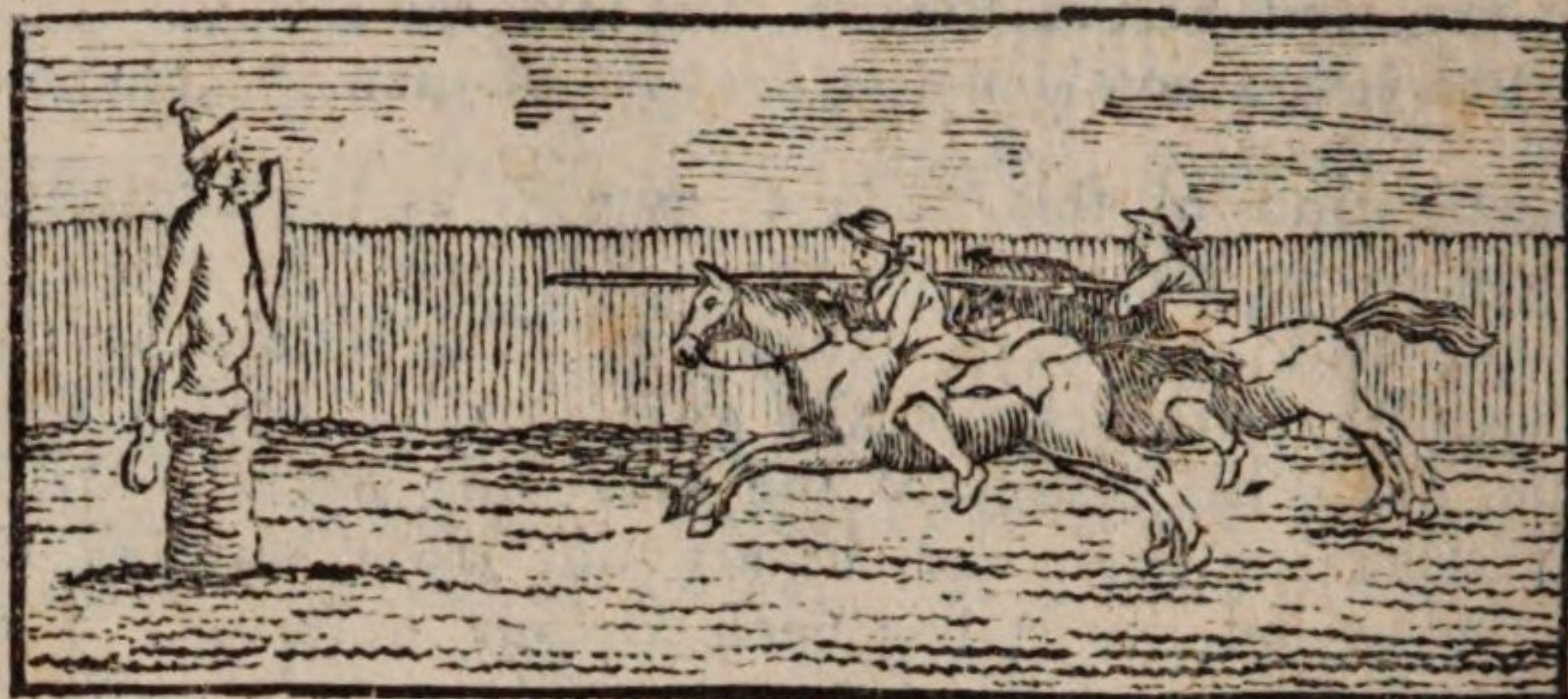
Our author has in *Macbeth* used "my better part of man" for *manly spirit*:

"Accursed be the tongue that tells me so,
"For it has cow'd my better part of man." MALONE.

The explanation of this passage, as well as the accounts of the *quintain*, are by no means satisfactory; nor have the labours of the critic or the antiquary been exhausted. The whole of Orlando's speech should seem to refer to the quintain, but not to such a one as has been described in any of the preceding notes. Mr. Guthrie is accused of having borrowed *his* account from Matthew Paris, an author with whom, as it has been already observed, Shakspeare was undoubtedly not acquainted; but this charge is erroneous, for no such passage as that above cited is to be found in M. Paris. This writer does indeed speak of the quintain under the year 1253, but in very different words. *Eodem tempore juvenes Londinenses statuto pavone pro bravio ad stadium quod quintena vulgariter dicitur, vires proprias & equorum cursus sunt experti.* He then proceeds to state that some of the King's pages, and others belonging to the household, being offended at these sports, abused the Londoners with foul language, calling them scurvy clowns and greasy rascals, and ventured to dispute the prize with them; the consequence of which was, that the Londoners received them very briskly, and so belaboured their backs with the broken lances, that they were either put to flight, or tumbled from their horses and most terribly bruised. They afterwards went before the King, the tears still trickling from their eyes, and complained of their treatment, beseeching that he would not suffer so great an offence to remain unpunished; and the King, with his usual spirit of revenge, extorted from the citizens a very large fine. So far M. Paris; but Mr. Malone has through some mistake cited Robertus Monachus, who wrote before M. Paris, and has left an extremely curious account of the Crusades. He is describing the arrival of some messengers from Babylon, who, upon entering the Christian camp, find to their great astonishment (for they had heard that the Christians were perishing with fear and hunger) the tents curiously ornamented, and the young men practising themselves and their horses in tilting against shields hung upon poles. In the oldest edition of this writer, instead of "*quintanæ ludus*," it is "*ludus equestris*." However, this is certainly not the quintain that is here wanted, and therefore Mr. Malone has substituted another, copied indeed from a contemporary writer, but still not illustrative of the passage in question. I shall beg leave then to present the reader with some others, from which it will appear, that the quintain

was a military exercise in Shakspear's time, and not a mere rustic sport, as Mr. Malone imagines.

1



2



3



No. 1. is copied from an initial letter in an Italian book, printed in 1560. Here is the figure of a man placed upon the trunk of a tree, holding in one hand a shield, in the other a bag of sand. No. 2. is the Saracen quintain from *Pluvinel' instruction du Roi Louis XIII. dans l'exercice de monter à cheval*. This sort of quintain, according to Menestrier, was invented by the Germans, who, from their frequent wars with the Turks, accustomed their soldiers to point their lances against the figure of their enemy. The skill consisted in shivering the lance to pieces, by striking it against the head of the man, for if it touched the shield, the figure turned round and generally struck the horseman a violent blow with his sword. No. 3. is the Flemish quintain, copied from a print after Wouvermans; it is called *La bague Flamande*, from the ring which the figure holds in his right hand; and here the object was to take away the ring with the point of the lance, for if it struck any other part, the man turned round and hit the rider with his sand-bag. This is a mixture of the quintain and running at the ring, which two sports have been some how or other in like manner confounded by the Italians, who sometimes express the running

at the ring by *correre alla quintana*. The principle of all these was the same, viz. to avoid the blow of the sword or sand-bag, by striking the quintain in a particular place.

It might have been expected that some instance had been given of the use of these quintains in England; and for want of it an objection may be taken to this method of illustrating the present subject: but let it be remembered, that Shakspeare has indiscriminately blended the usages of all nations; that he has oftentimes availed himself of hearsay evidence; and again, that as our manners and customs have at all times been borrowed from the French and other nations, there is every reason to infer that this species of the quintain had found its way into England. It is hardly needful to add, that a knowledge of very many of our ancient sports and domestic employments is not now to be attained. Historians have contented themselves to record the vices of kings and princes, and the minutiae of battles and sieges; and, with very few exceptions, they have considered the discussion of private manners (a theme perhaps equally interesting to posterity,) as beneath their notice and of little or no importance.

As a military sport or exercise, the use of the quintain is very ancient, and may be traced even among the Romans. It is mentioned in Justinian's Code, Lib. III. Tit. 43; and its most probable etymology is from "*Quintus*," the name of its inventor. In the days of chivalry it was the substitute or rehearsal of tilts and tournaments, and was at length adopted, though in a ruder way, by the common people, becoming amongst them a very favourite amusement. Many instances occur of its use in several parts of France, particularly as a seignorial right exacted from millers, watermen, new-married men, and others; when the party was obliged, under some penalty, to run at the quintain upon Whitsunday and other particular times, at the lord's castle for his diversion. Sometimes it was practised upon the water, and then the quintain was either placed in a boat, or erected in the middle of the river. Something of this kind is described from Fitzstephen by Stowe in his *Survey*, p. 143, edit. 1618, 4to. and still continues to be practised upon the Seine at Paris. Froissart mentions, that the shield quintain was used in Ireland in the reign of Richard II. In Wales it is still practised at weddings, and at the village of Offham, near Town Malling in Kent, there is now standing a quintain, resembling that copied from Stowe, opposite the dwelling-house of a family that is obliged under some tenure to support it, but I do not find that any use has been ever made of it within the recollection of the inhabitants.

Shakspeare then has most probably alluded to that sort of quintain which resembled the human figure; and if this be the case, the speech of Orlando may be thus explained: "I am unable to

thank you; for, surprized and subdued by love, my intellectual powers, which are my better parts, fail me; and I resemble the quintain, whose human or active part being thrown down, there remains nothing but the lifeless trunk or block which once upheld it."

Or, if *better parts* do not refer to the quintain, "that which here stands up" means the *human part* of the quintain, which may be also not unaptly called a lifeless block. DOUCE.

THE END OF THE EIGHTH VOLUME.

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The Plays of William Shakespeare with the corrections and illustrations of
various commentators, to which are added notes

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